THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D! 1728 *by* Benj. Frank

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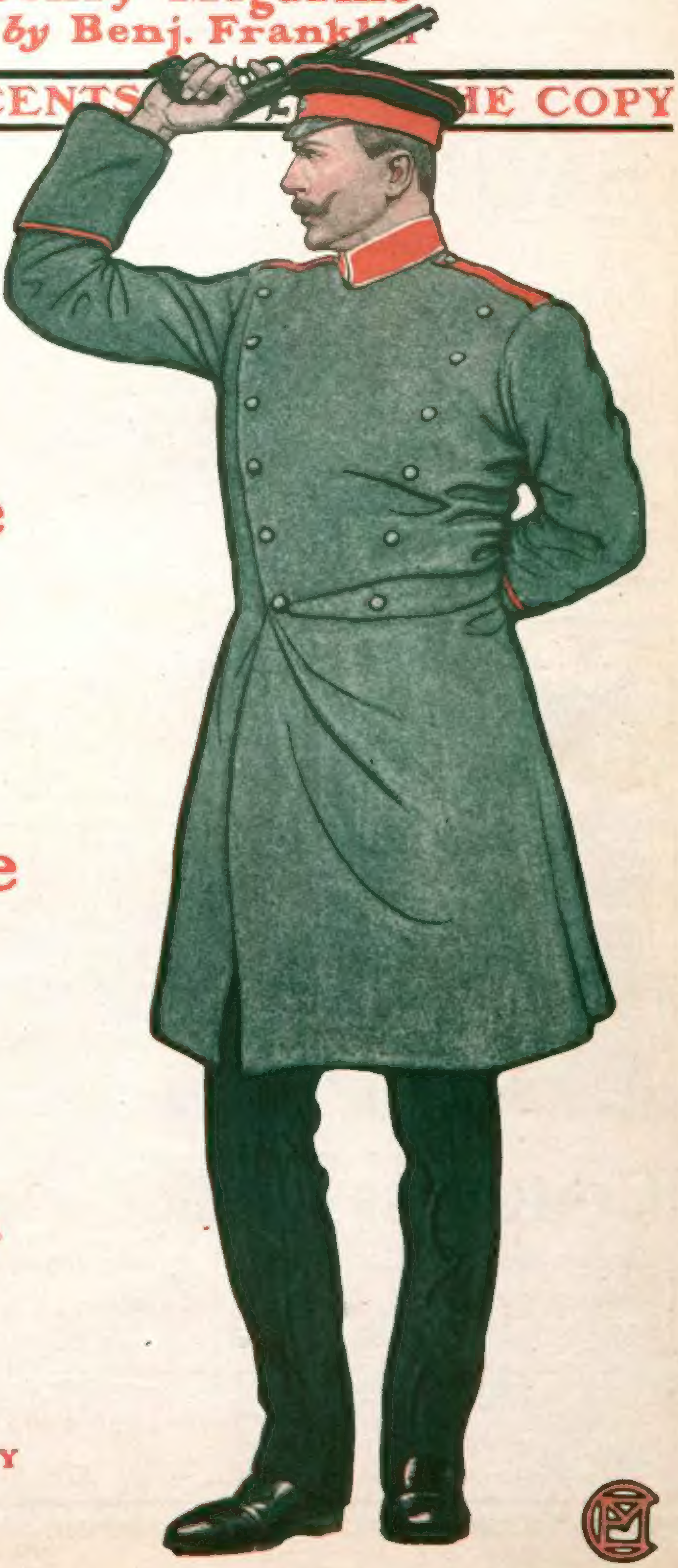

The Duel

By C. F. W. Doehring

The Romance of the Princess Radziwell

By W. T. Stead

The Education of the Grindleys

By Jerome K. Jerome

Wretched Colombia

By Frederic C. Penfield

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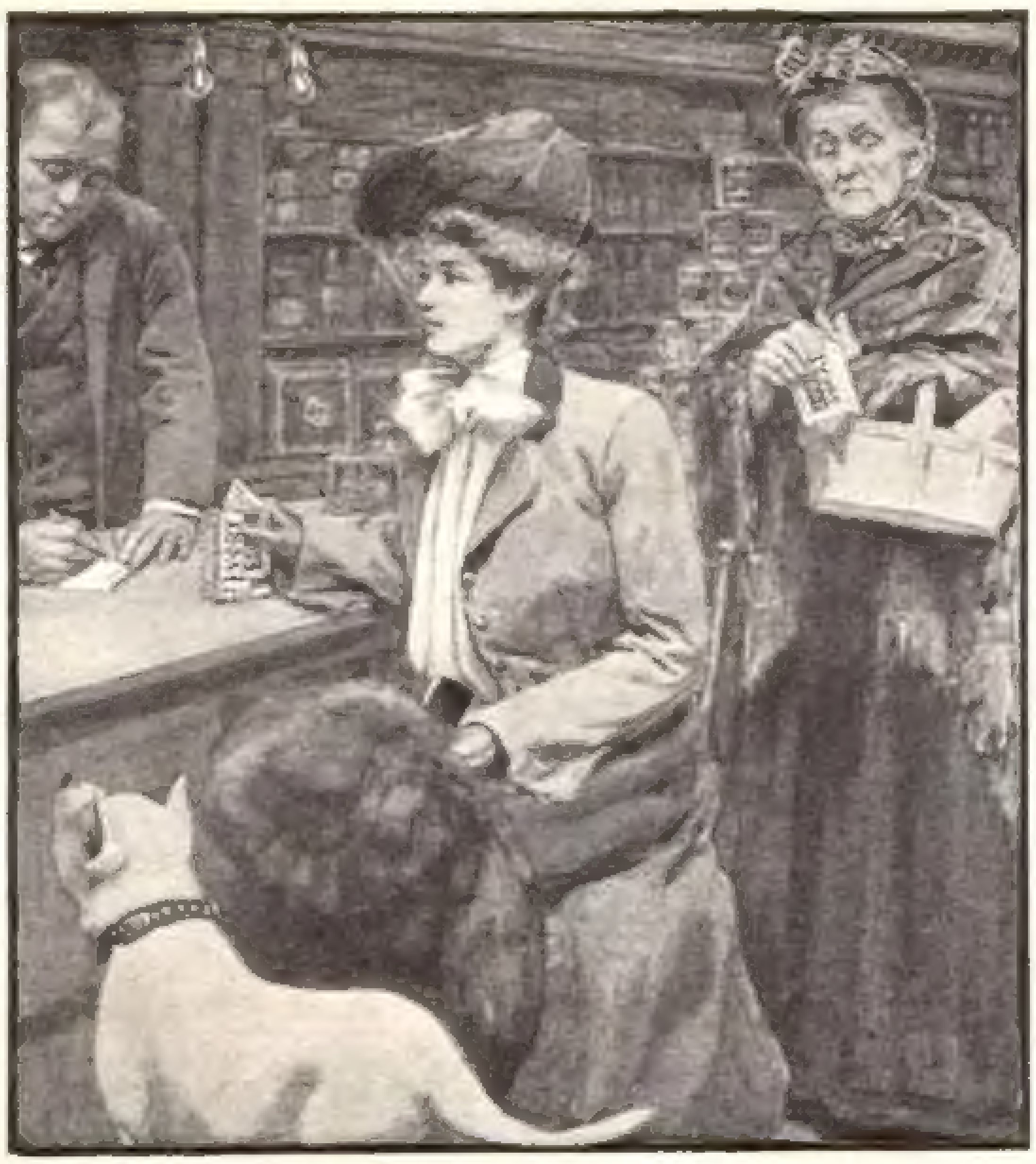

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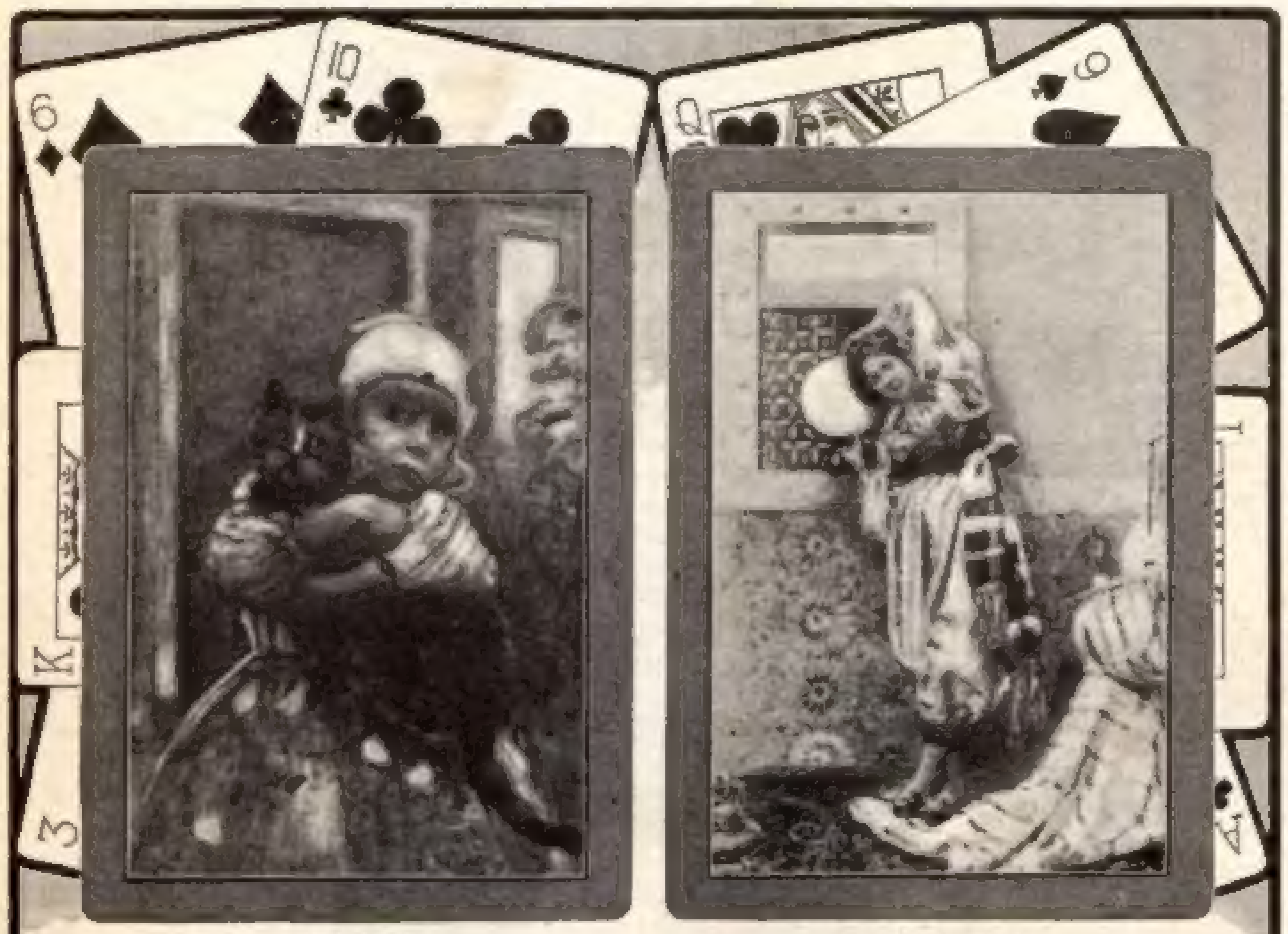

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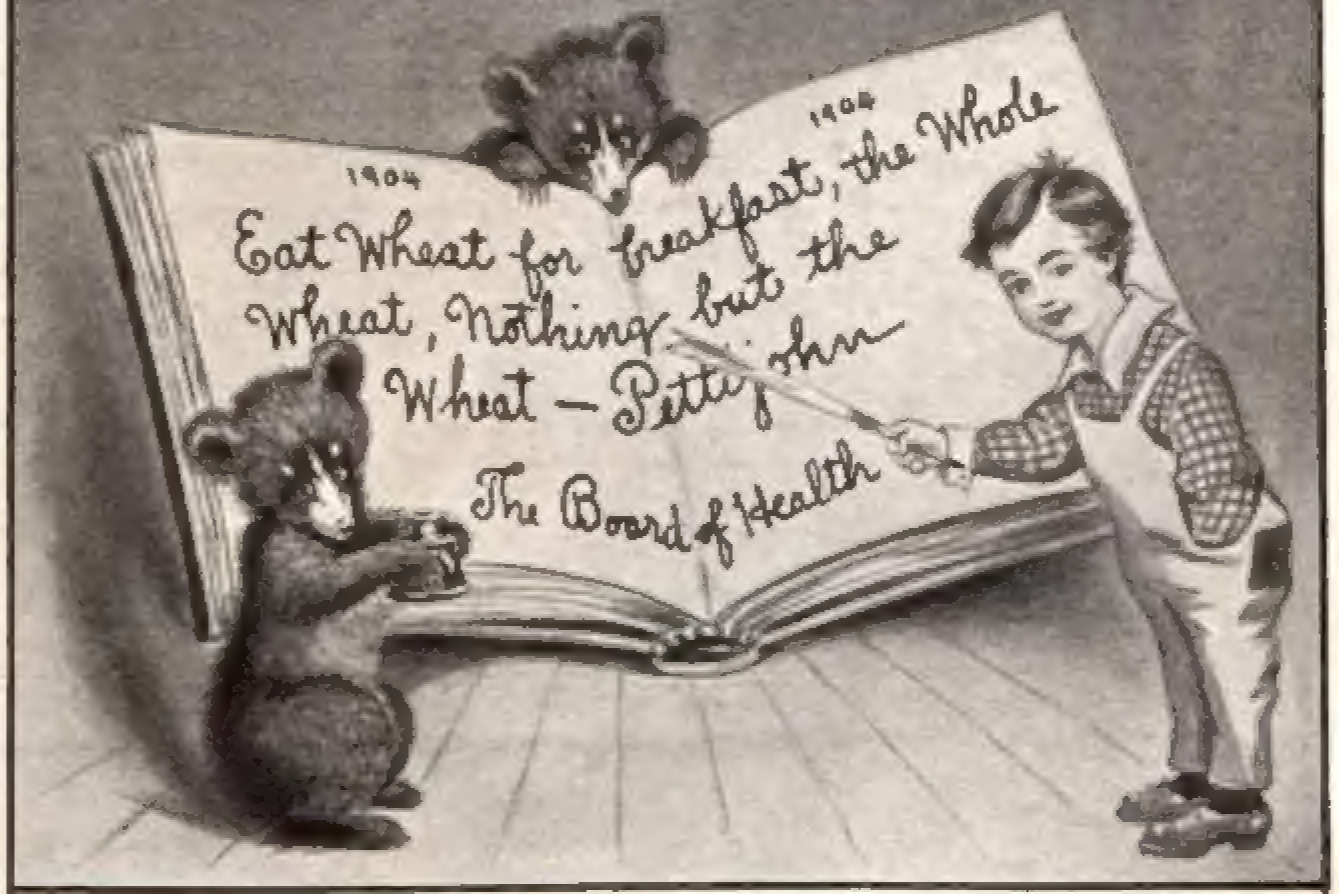
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The Romance of Princess Radziwell—By W. T. Stead

FIFTEEN years ago, when I was staying at the Hotel de l'Europe in St. Petersburg, I met a very charming, witty and attractive lady. She was introduced to me as Princess Radziwell, and I was told she was a great personal friend of the Empress Frederick. She was a novelist who, although a Romanist, had written a story illustrative of the manners or morals of the celibate clergy which had created a certain scandal in Berlin, and she had, either on that account or because of her friendship with Empress Frederick, been requested by Prince Bismarck to remove from the German capital. She was at that time in good standing in society and her husband was a nobleman of great wealth. The famous Congress of Berlin was held in the Radziwell Palace in 1878, and during its sitting Princess Radziwell had made the acquaintance of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury. She kept up a correspondence with Lord Beaconsfield till the day of his death, and her friendship with the Salisburys continued unbroken until the death of Lady Salisbury. Princess Radziwell was also a friend of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, to whom she had given some assistance when he was writing his book on Russia.

In those days she was a *grande dame* moving in the best circles of European society. The Radziwell family is one of the most famous on the Continent, and she more than sustained its ancient reputation by her attainments, by her knowledge of *la haute politique*, her fascination and personal charm. She not only conversed freely in half a dozen languages, but was capable of writing books in Russian, Polish, French, German and English. Of all the persons whom I met in St. Petersburg there were few who impressed me more than Princess Radziwell.

Years passed during which I never heard of her or from her. Her daughter married a resident of the Channel Islands and she occasionally came to London to visit her daughter. But after a time I saw nothing more of her until a few years ago I heard that the family fortune had been dissipated in unfortunate speculations, and that the Princess was no longer living in Russia, but was to be found in hotels in the Riviera, and afterward, to my immense surprise, I had a letter from her from South Africa. The story I then heard was that she had invested some money in Rhodesia and had gone to Cape Town to look after her investments. She sent me for publication in the Review of Reviews an extremely well-written article in praise of Mr. Rhodes, about whom she wrote with genuine appreciation and with all her customary literary skill. I published the article and shortly afterward the Princess returned to London, when I met her at the Carlton Hotel.

While at the Carlton she was the heroine of an extraordinary jewel robbery. Her pearls, which were valued at many thousand pounds sterling, were said to have been stolen, and the papers for days were full of this great crime. The Prime Minister was invoked to stir up the police to more vigorous exertions. The hotel was turned upside down with detectives, and great was the hullabaloo everywhere. After the excitement had died down it was announced that the jewels which had been stolen were only paste copies of the genuine pearls, which all the while were safe in the strong box of her bankers at Berlin. A few days later she calmly announced that the stolen pearls had been returned to her by post. It was an astonishing romance, and to this day no one is quite sure whether any jewels have ever been stolen, or whether the whole thing was not a figment of the Princess' imagination.

For Princess Radziwell is of imagination all compact, her fancies are so vivid that she often seems to experience a great difficulty in discriminating between the solid realities of life and the figments of her imaginative brain. Many people have great reputations as liars who, in reality, do not deserve the ill-repute which their statements have earned. General Ignatieff, whom the Turks were wont to call "the father of liars," and who was known in Constantinople as "Mentir Pasha," was declared by his friends to be the most truthful man alive. "His misfortune," they said, "is that whenever his lips utter a statement he considers it gospel truth, and he repeats it constantly, believing his statement, whatever it may be, to have been the accurate account of what actually happened!" Princess Radsiwell is something like Count Ignatieff in that respect, with the result that she is often accused of lying, when she has only allowed her romantic imagination to visualize the non-existent with such vividness that to her it possesses an objective reality.

I was aware of her peculiar genius in the domain of imaginative fiction, but I must honestly confess that, although on my guard, she misled me as to the nature of her relations with the late Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury. When Lord Salisbury was alive, many years ago, she had once been a guest at Hatfield; this had given her the local color of the place, and upon this single basis of fact she reared an edifice of fiction so circumstantial, so detailed and so lifelike that, together with others, I was completely taken in.

She kept a journal in those days in which she made copious entries describing her repeated visits to Hatfield and her conversations with Lord Salisbury. She produced telegrams from the late Prime Minister making appointments, and, in short, by innumerable deft character touches, she conveyed the impression to all those who were permitted to read her journal that Lord Salisbury treated her with the utmost confidence and discussed with her with the utmost frankness the question of South African policy. Lord Salisbury's personal friends, to whom I spoke about it at the time, ridiculed the whole story. But the deception was so extraordinarily clever that it seemed to me incredible that it could have been invented. I used to say that if it were a fraud Princess Radziwell possessed dramatic genius and imaginative talent much greater than that of any other human being that I had ever met. This, however, as the result proved, was the true explanation, and the Princess was found out by a very curious little detail. One of her entries in her journal described how she had gone down to Hatfield by a train leaving King's Cross at a certain hour in the afternoon. On the occasion of her solitary visit to Hatfield many years ago she had gone down by that train, but it had long ago been discontinued, and the diary stood revealed in its true light, namely, as an imaginative story built up on reminiscences of the past.

Shortly after this Princess Radziwell went off to Africa again, where she started a paper and professed herself to be devoted to the task of reconciling Mr. Rhodes and the Dutch. Mr. Rhodes knew her, and she had dined once or twice at his house at Groote Schuur. She was a brilliant conversationalist, and from her past career in Europe, to say nothing of her unlimited capacity for drawing upon her imagination, she was very good company. Mr. Rhodes, who was a very shrewd man, was never deceived by "the old Princess," as he used to call her, but he liked her, found her amusing, and believed she was a genuine admirer of his political ideals.

In those days when the war was raging in South Africa no one ever had any security that any letters which were sent to South Africa would reach their destination. My letters were constantly opened and suppressed. Consequently I took very good care, whenever I wrote, to fill my letters with as much political information and comment as was calculated to edify the jingo officials who tampered with private correspondence.

Mr. Rhodes was one of the worst letter-writers in the world; he never answered a letter and I never knew whether any of my letters reached him or not. Princess Radziwell wrote to me every mail concerning the progress of her negotiations, as she called them, between the Dutch politicians of the Cape and those Rhodesians whom she thought were most in sympathy with the Dutch. I, in turn, kept her very well posted as to how things were going in London. On one occasion I wrote her a long letter asking her to see that it reached Mr. Rhodes' hands. In this letter I urged Mr. Rhodes with much vehemence to abandon the policy to which he had obstinately adhered of screening Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Rhodes knew very well how far Mr. Chamberlain was incriminated in the conspiracy which culminated in the Jameson Raid. I adjured him, for the sake of his own reputation and for the sake of the country, to let the truth come out. This letter I sent to Princess Radziwell, feeling it was very doubtful whether she would get it and desiring nothing better than that it should fall into the hands of the High Commissioner. By some wonder it got through the post office without being opened and reached her safely. She told me she sent a copy to Mr. Rhodes, but whether she did or not I could not say. If he got it it produced no more effect than others I sent in the same strain. Mr. Rhodes felt that he could not honorably give away his fellow-conspirator, and he died without revealing the secret.

Mr. Rhodes' health was failing when he returned to England on his last visit before his death. When he was here cablegrams arrived from the Cape announcing that various bills professing to have been drawn in his name had been discounted by Princess Radziwell. Mr. Rhodes was very indignant; he said he had never drawn any bills, and if his name were appended to any such documents they were forgeries. The immediate result of this declaration was that Princess Radziwell was arrested on charge of forgery and put on her trial. Mr. Rhodes' health was so very precarious that it was very doubtful whether he would be able to stand the voyage to the Cape. Some of his friends urged him to let the thing pass; his life was more important than any number of forged bills; the money did not matter much, and his evidence could be taken by commission. Mr. Rhodes, however, would not listen to any such representations; he said that at any cost he must attend as a witness in the trial and submit himself to cross-examination. He did so. When Princess Radziwell was placed in the dock Mr. Rhodes entered the witness-box, swore that the signature was not his, that he had never signed any bills of the kind and that the document was a forgery. There was no serious cross-examination. The jury without hesitation found the Princess guilty, and she was sentenced to two years' imprisonment as a forger. If she had not been a Princess her sentence would probably have been more severe. In jail she was allowed considerable liberty, and she spent much time in writing her memoirs.

When she came out of jail a few months ago she was destitute and appealed to the Salvation Army for assistance as a discharged prisoner. They were very kind and compassionate, as they are to all persons in her unfortunate position.

The next we heard of her was that she was in London and had begun proceedings against the executors of Mr. Rhodes' estate for the payment of a sum of one million four hundred thousand pounds sterling, which, she alleged, had been promised to her by Mr. Rhodes. In support of this astonishing claim she produced three bills which were not stamped, which purported to have been drawn by Mr. Rhodes in her favor. Two were for half a million sterling each and the third was for £400,000. She alleged that these bills had been given to her for political services which she had rendered to Mr. Rhodes. As soon as the statement appeared in the English press a cable was sent to Cape Town. The Daily Telegraph correspondent interviewed Doctor Jameson, who denounced the Princess. As soon as this was printed in London the Princess brought an action against this paper, claiming damages of £50,000 for libel.

This brings the story up to the date of writing. She published the other day, in a Parisian paper, a long article in which she declared that she loved Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Rhodes loved her, and added many other details of a more or less romantic description, to which it is unnecessary to allude here.

The Princess, I understand, does not deny that the bill upon which she was convicted was a forgery, but she alleges that she was not the forger, and she maintains that it is necessary for her to take this action, not merely to recover the money which was promised her by Mr. Rhodes, but in order to clear her own reputation. If the case ever comes into court it is not hard to predict the outcome. I knew Mr. Rhodes very well. I repeatedly discussed Princess Radziwell with him; I have had even more opportunities of discussing Mr. Rhodes with Princess Radziwell. In those days there was not even the slightest suggestion that she had rendered anything to Mr. Rhodes that justified her the payment of a threepenny piece. She wanted to marry Mr. Rhodes and was always disgusted with me because I told her she would make him a very bad wife. The wife, I told her, ought to supplement the deficiencies of her husband, whereas she would not contribute to him the element he most lacked. His ethical education, I always said, had been somewhat neglected, but her ethical education had not even begun. On Mr. Rhodes' part there was never any shadow of pretense that their relations had been either politically or personally intimate. He admired her vivacity, her energy and the keen interest which she took in political affairs at the Cape. There it stopped. As for any thought of marrying "the old Princess" the idea never crossed his mind. The notion that Mr. Rhodes would ever give bills to the extent of a million and a half sterling to anybody, let alone to a lady like Princess Radziwell, is utterly inconceivable to any one who knew anything of his character, or of his dealings, either with money or his friends. His manner with ladies was very charming. There was no truth in the story that he was a woman-hater, but I have never heard a breath of scandal connecting his name with that of any woman in the world. He had, I believe, on two, or at least one occasion, helped Princess Radziwell when she was in difficulties. That fact, if nothing else, ought to have saved him from the proceedings which are now being taken apparently with no other purpose than to create a European sensation and to cast reflections upon his memory.

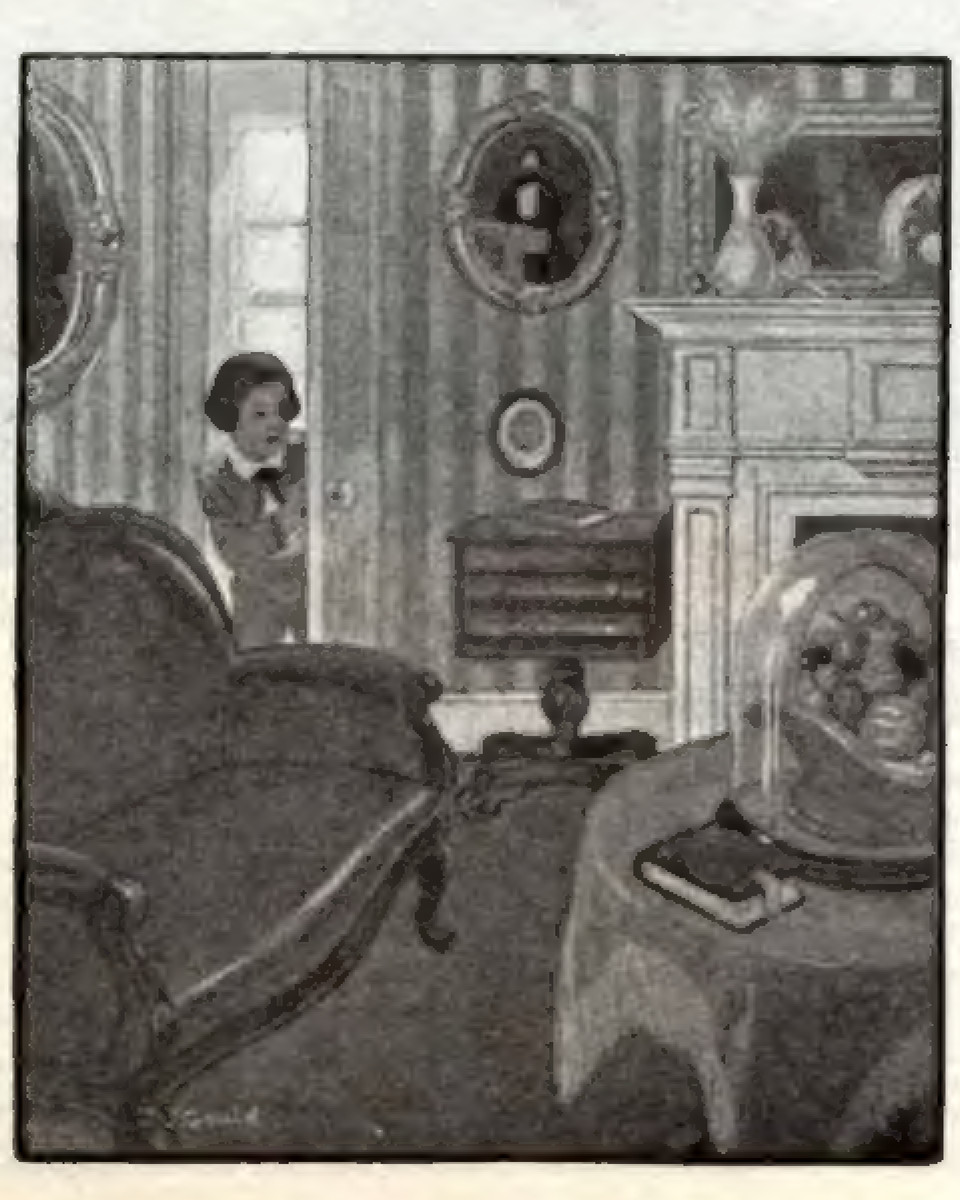
How the Princess has secured funds for beginning the action no one at present seems to know. That a lawyer is acting on her behalf is undoubtedly true, and it is said he has retained for the case the services of Mr. Rufus Isaacs, probably the most brilliant of the younger English barristers. For my part I am inclined to believe that the case will end like the famous jewel robbery at the Carlton. At least, it will probably have served its purpose as a preliminary advertisement for the Princess' memoirs.

THE PARLOR

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

The kitchen's where the cookies are and other stuff to eat,
And you can fool around in there and dance and scuff your feet;
The dinin'-room is light and bright and kind of "every-day,"
And, when it rains or snows outside, a bully place to play;
The settin'-room is best of all, with lamps and books and plants,
And chairs a chap can curl up in without the "don'ts" and "can'ts";
The bedrooms — well, they don't count much except at night, you see,
But say! the best front parlor — that's the room that worries *me*.

It's shut up almost all the week, the shades are pulled down tight,
The blinds are closed and it's as dark, almost, as if 'twas night;
And if you do peek in you see the what-not shells in rows,
The album and that picture thing you hold against your nose;
The organ and the sofa, too, the chairs all settin' round,
Each just *exactly* straight as if 'twas planted in the ground;
And every blessed thing that's there seems just as if it said,
"Come in, my boy, but keep real still, 'cause all creation's dead."



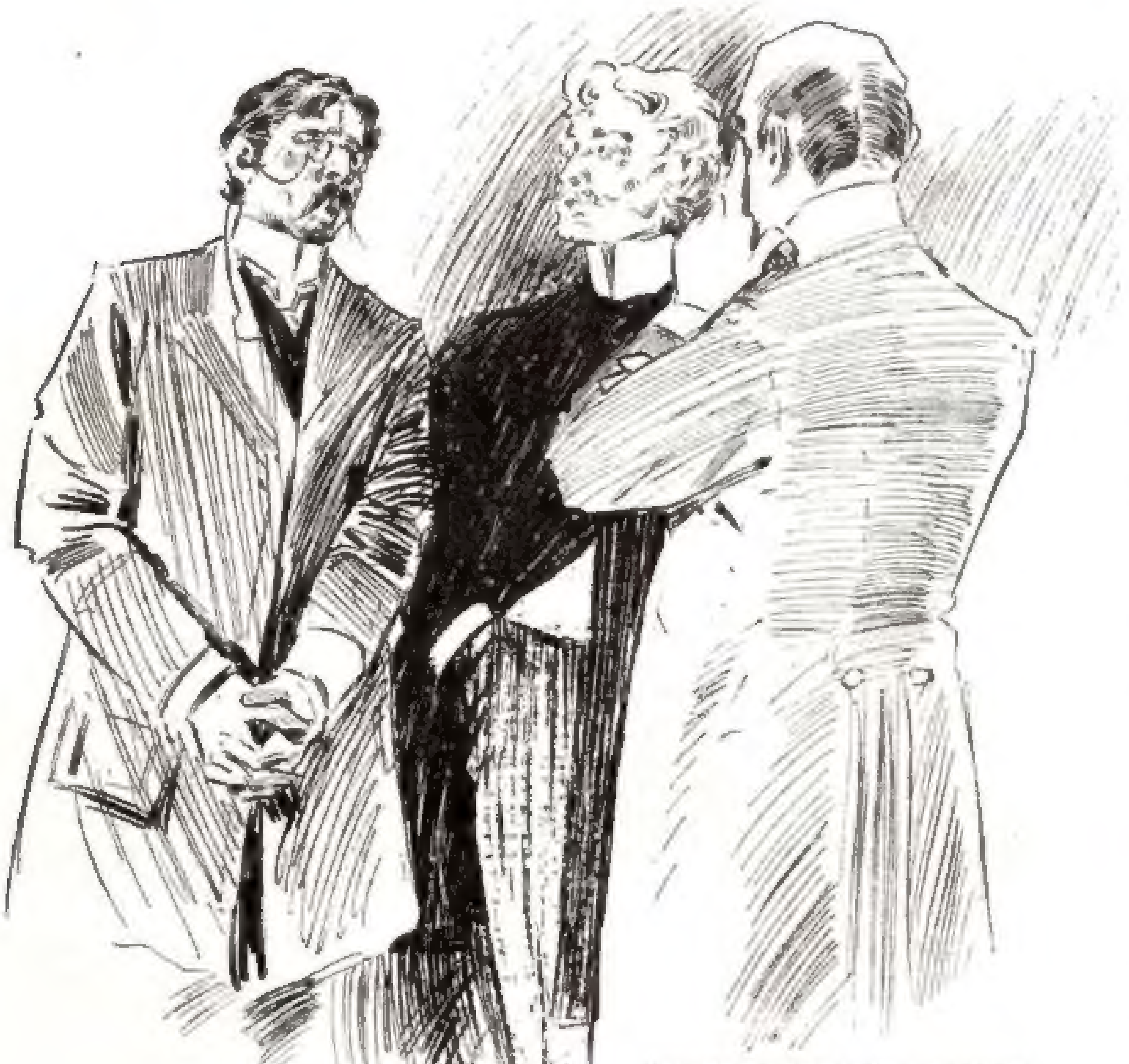
When Sunday comes it's opened up, but there's no comfort then,
And you keep wishin' all the time they'd shut it up again.
You mustn't make the organ go, nor move the furniture,
You can't lay down because your boots 'll spoil the sofa, *sure*.
You mustn't rock the patent chair 'cause somethin' on it's broke
And sounds like cats that want to sing, but can't, because they choke;
You mustn't touch the what-not stuff, nor blow the pampas grass,
Nor look out of the window 'cause your breath smokes up the glass.

The other rooms you understand — you're livin' in 'em now;
But that old parlor, sakes alive! What is it, anyhow?
It's grand and fine, I s'pose, and suits the minister and such,
And p'raps it's just the place to keep the things you mustn't touch.
And maybe Sunday ought to be a day when no one's glad,
But I don't see why bein' good should make you feel so bad;
And when I git to be a man and rich, there ain't a doubt
That in the house *I* build they'll leave the best front parlor out.

THE TEST FOR POETS

An Experiment in Literary Detective Work

BY ALLAN P. AMES



"THERE MUST BE A SCHOOL FOR POETS WHERE THEY TEACH THEM THAT WAY OF USING THE HANDS"

SO LONG had it been since she sought my advice that I was no less astonished than pleased. In obedience to her summons I appeared promptly at five and found her alone—as she had promised—and perplexed, as indicated by the tone of her note.

Since Gertrude had gone in for the intellectual we had become comparative strangers. I was of that once proud army of outdoor suitors—motorists, golfers, cross-country riders and such—who had suddenly found the object of their bluff pursuit immured in a castle whose unfamiliar walls defied assault and whose garrison of litterateurs and poetasters rapidly gained a strength that enabled it to sally and put us to ignominious flight. In such days as these a private audience and a chance of service were boons no man in his senses would discard, least of all one who had suffered several weeks of banishment.

She received me in one of those lacy, floppy garments, which subtracted several inches from her splendid breadth of shoulder. Her hair, too, was arranged to show the utmost altitude of a forehead that no artifice could make scholastic; and I missed the rich coloring that, in seasons past, when we rode and tramped and sailed together, she had fostered with ingenuous pride. But even these changes left me unprepared for her announcement:

"I want to consult you about a poem."

"A poem!" I exclaimed, scarcely believing my senses.

"Well," she admitted with some embarrassment, "it may seem strange; but it won't after I explain."

"Strange! I should say it did. Why, what can an unread, unromantic business man tell you about poetry—you who train with a push of poets? Didn't you take me to task once for not knowing the difference between an epic and a madrigal?"

"But this is not that kind of a question. It concerns a poem, yet the circumstances are such that I can't appeal to Mr. Loudon or Somerville Adams or Carl Bereitenberg."

"What's the trouble? Is it out of their line? Nowadays, I hear, poets specialize, like doctors and painters."

"That's it," said Gertrude, moving her chair closer and adopting a confidential tone. "I'm sure one of those three wrote this, but I can't decide whose style it most resembles."

"That's funny; seeing they've been sending you specimens about twice a week."

"I've compared it with everything else they've written me, and it's quite different."

"Then I take it the last verses weren't signed. Now, that doesn't seem like Loudon or Adams or Bereitenberg. What confines your suspicions to them? Maybe this modest violet is some new poet trying to butt in."

"You'll understand when you've heard more of the facts," she said pensively. "But, first, I'll show you the poem."

Gertrude trailed over to a little desk in one corner of the room and returned with a sheet of paper containing several lines of typewriting. "It came by mail several days ago," said she. "You see, there's no signature nor distinguishing mark of any kind."

I read as follows:

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such fair assistance for my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.

Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.

"H—m," I observed musingly. "It *is* rather unlike theirs. Even I can see that. Er—do you like it?"

"I didn't at first," she admitted; "but the more I read it the nicer it seems. It's so quaint and old-fashioned, and so appropriate. There's something reminiscent about it, too; I've looked over everything they've written without finding a clew."

"And yet you insist that nobody could have done it but Loudon or Adams or Bereitenberg. Why?"

As I paused for a reply Gertrude's cheeks became flaming signals of distress. "This is the greatest proof of confidence I ever gave you," she began with evident reluctance. "I trust you because I realize that, in spite of your utter inability to appreciate many of the finer and higher things of life, you are at bottom a sensible young man; but if you laugh it will be your last chance to do anything for *me*."

"I promise not to laugh."

Cautiously she glanced about the room, at the closed doors and thickly-curtained windows, then, putting her lips within two inches of my tingling ear, whispered: "They as good as *told* me they wrote it!"

"Which?"

"Each of them! All three!"

"No!" I cried in horror.

"They did," she declared, nodding vigorously. "Not in so many words; but each tried to create that impression. For instance—when I showed it first to Mr. Loudon, and told him how much I admired it and longed to thank the author, he shyly hung his head and replied, 'I can't tell you how glad I am. They say a mystic bond exists between us poets and those who inspire our best work, and I am sure that the author of this unworthy tribute will understand your approval, even unvoiced.'"

A sudden coughing spell enabled me to retire into the depths of a friendly handkerchief.

"Those were his words," she went on mournfully; "and when, as he was leaving, I said, 'Thank you ever so much for the lovely verses,' he only smiled in a mysterious way and waved his hand as though to deprecate a compliment."

"Incredible! But, after that, why did you try the others?"

"I didn't intend to. I should have believed Mr. Loudon had not Mr. Bereitenberg absolutely forced his way into the trap. He called the same afternoon and found the poem lying where we had left it on the table. I had to tell him some one had sent it anonymously, and then he asked how I liked it, and when I told him I was perfectly crazy about it he said no more; but when he was gone I found his initials in pencil, very small, down here in the lower right-hand corner of the sheet. He must have put them there while I wasn't looking."

"I see you've rubbed them out," said I.

"Yes; I didn't want Mr. Adams to see them."

"Temptress! Weren't two victims enough? Why did you see fit to ensnare poor Sommy Adams, too?"

"After the way the others acted I was angry enough for anything," replied Gertrude, now almost in tears. "And Mr. Adams behaved just the same—looked—oh, so proud and humble, and waved aside my thanks with the same gesture. There must be a school for poets where they teach them that way of using the hands."

"I never dreamed of such depravity, even among those 'literary fellers.' But go on. Where do I come in?"

"I am 'most distracted thinking about it and trying to decide which to believe. It isn't just that the one who told the truth and really wrote those beautiful verses should suffer for the hypocrisy of the rest. I hoped the truth would come out of itself; but it hasn't, and the strain of treating them all alike until it does is wearing me to a shadow. So I sent for you. *Please help.* I must know."

"Seems to me my game is to leave things as they are. Here are my rivals all under the same cloud. They're all goats now. Why should *I* be anxious to pick the sheep. Gertrude, it isn't fair. The law doesn't compel a prisoner to take the stand against himself."

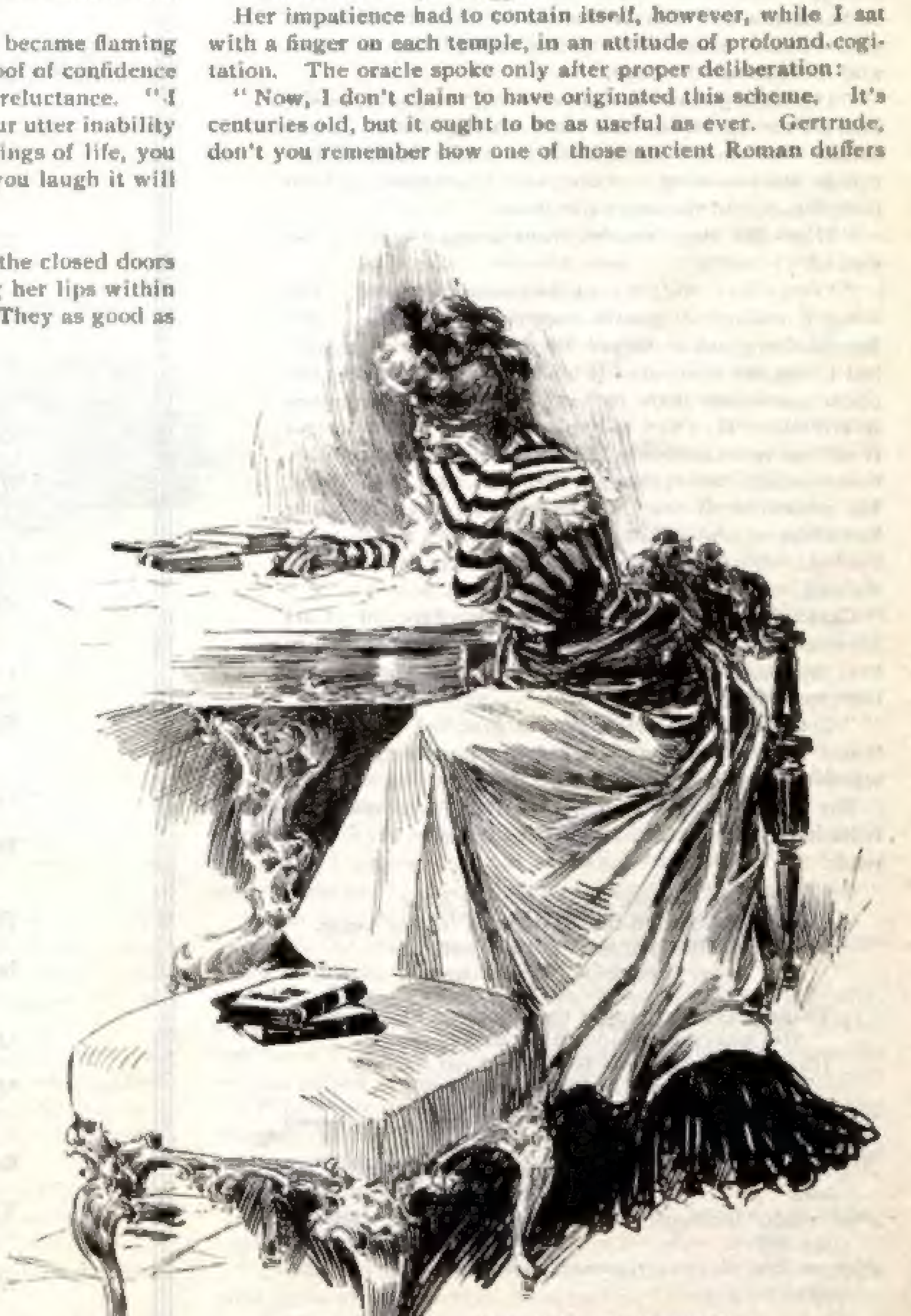
"Now, that's not like you," she pleaded, with a fugitive touch on my sleeve. "I thought you would be glad to help me."

"I *am* glad," I promptly answered.

"Then what do you suggest?"

Her impatience had to contain itself, however, while I sat with a finger on each temple, in an attitude of profound cogitation. The oracle spoke only after proper deliberation:

"Now, I don't claim to have originated this scheme. It's centuries old, but it ought to be as useful as ever. Gertrude, don't you remember how one of those ancient Roman duffers



WITH THE FATE OF CARL BEREITENBERG, SENTIMENTALIST AND IMPRESSIONIST, BEFORE HER wrote a verse cracking up the emperor, and, because he neglected to sign his name, some rival poet claimed it and drew a big reward?"

"We did read about something like that in school. Virgil, wasn't it?"

"It doesn't matter who. But the way he squared himself proved him the wisest kind of a guy, and you might profit by his experience. When he saw somebody else appropriating his glory, you know, he told the emperor what the game was and suggested a test to demonstrate who was the true author. He and the other poet were to write more verses completing the first, which, I believe, was somewhat unfinished. The impostor did his best, but he was out of his class, and Virgil, or Horace, or whoever it was, won in a walk. Why couldn't you try the same plan?"

"I will! I will!" she cried, enthusiastically jumping up and wringing my hand. "I knew you could help me out, old fellow. There's something in that head of yours besides horses, even if you do wear your hair short."

"You see," I continued, considerably encouraged, "this poem of yours is hot stuff, but there isn't enough of it. Didn't it strike you as incomplete?"

Gertrude seated herself beside me on the divan and studied the two verses intently. "It does seem as though there should be more," she replied thoughtfully.

"There *is* more," I declared.

"Where?" she asked, wondering at my confidence.

"W—why—in the head of the fellow that wrote these two—where else?" I responded hurriedly.

"Yes; that's sensible. Whoever wrote these can write a third as good. I'll tell Mr. Loudon and Mr. Bereitenberg and Mr. Adams each to complete his work. Won't it be interesting?"

"Very," said I, "for them."

. . . .

Thanks to the eagerness with which those three rhymsters followed up their fancied advantage I did not have to wait long for the second summons.

"The returns are all in," she telephoned. "They've sent their verses by mail, and I'm dying to open them, but won't until you arrive. Hurry, please."

"Nervy bluffers, anyway," I thought, as I slammed down the top of my desk and bolted fof a car.

It was inspiring weather, the first really decent weather in weeks; and, with the prospect of victory fitting wings to my feet, I sprang up the front steps two at a time and almost into the arms of the daughter of the house, whose anxiety had caused her to watch and meet me at the door.

"I thought you never were coming," she said, as she hurried me up to her own little sitting-room. It was a long time since I had passed its magic portals; but things were coming my way, and I intended to keep them headed in the same direction.

"How did they receive your suggestion?" I inquired.

"Well, they didn't appear over-delighted. But when I insisted, of course they couldn't refuse. Mr. Bereitenberg asked to see the original verses again; but I laughed him out of it by demanding whether the poem meant so little to him that he had forgotten it already. He tried to explain that he had 'dashed it off' so spontaneously that it left no lasting impression—said he never thought them out, just 'felt' them. He remembered the 'motif,' but the exact wording had escaped him. But I told him, never mind, to do his best. Now we'll see what his best is. This is his writing. We'll open this envelope first."

Gertrude sat down, with the fate of Carl Bereitenberg, sentimentalist and impressionist, before her, together with the two other sealed packets and the typewritten verses.

"Let's read the original one first," I suggested, "and his right after. That's the best way to tell whether they harmonize."

She agreed, and, taking Bereitenberg's contribution from its envelope, laid them side by side. Thus we read:

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
  And found such fair assistance for my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
  And under thee their poesy disperse.

Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
  And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
  And given grace a double majesty.

Thus, soul conjoined with soul, we float, an empyrean cloud,
Aloft where naught but Silence is, afar from all the loud
And wildly wailing, weary world. Forever through our days
May we two be Love's comets, whirled along celestial ways.

"My—ee!" said Gertrude with a long breath. "It's lovely, but it doesn't quite fit, does it?"

"Not quite," said I.

"He hasn't even the same metre."

"In my opinion, a fatal defect. The only way I can distinguish one thing Bereitenberg writes from another is by their different metres."

"I didn't think it was he, anyway," she said musingly. "I'm glad it isn't."

"H—m. So you have preferences. Who do you hope wrote this—Loudon?"

"I didn't say so. But, now Mr. Bereitenberg's claims are disposed of, there is an even chance that he did."

"We'll soon know. Loudon is the strenuous one, isn't he? Imitates Kipling and that Man-with-the-Hoe chap?"

"Not at all," she replied warmly. "Originality is Mr. Loudon's most striking quality. Didn't you know he was founding a new school of poetry? I like his verse the best of all; it is so strong."

"It'll have to be to stand this test," I chuckled.

"We'll open his next," said she, "and I'll show you—— Oh!" she exclaimed. "Splendid! I knew it was he."

With the stubbiest of pens and a river of ink Loudon had written, in a stern, masterful hand:

Thou art my guardian friend, my spirit guide,
  Along steep paths of effort, unto where
Eternal Genius sits and songs abide,
  And laurels rain their crowns for victors' wear.

"It fits, it fits!" cried Gertrude excitedly. "The metres are exactly the same. Listen:

"And gív | en gráce | a doúb | le má | jes tý."
"Thou árt | my guár | dian friénd | , my spír | it gúide."

"Perhaps they are turned out of similar moulds," I replied. "But they're far from being the same stuff. I should think you could see that."

"Oh, what do you know about poetry?" she retorted amiably.

"Not a thing," I answered humbly. "But you're not going to decide the contest without giving poor Adams a chance?"

"We might as well see what he's written; although it would be more charitable to send his letter back unopened. This kind of verse is quite out of his line, you know. He's really extremely shallow; writes little besides *vers de société.*"

This characteristic bit from Adams:

She frowned upon me in the dance,
  When hearts were light and laughter free;
She frowned upon me, and I felt
  The world grow dark and cold when she
Frowned as she passed me in the dance.

"There, you see," said Gertrude with evident satisfaction; "*he* couldn't have written it. How silly this seems beside Mr. Loudon's inspiring lines. His last is even better than the first two; don't you think so?"

"No," I said bluntly, "I don't. Neither would you if ——"

But she let me get no further. "I expected to find you prejudiced, but not unjust. I am grateful to you; but my first duty is to poor Mr. Loudon. Think how our dreadful suspicions might have injured him. You must go now, for I've got to write and ask his forgiveness."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Before you send me away let's settle this matter for good. I'm not a qualified critic, Gertrude, like you; but, for the last time, I ask: Can't you see that this verse of Loudon's isn't even in the same class with the first two? Comparatively speaking, it's rot."

"Shame on you!" she cried reproachfully. "I hope this affair will never reach his ears. He is so morbidly sensitive, he'd never get over it."

"I don't care," I responded doggedly. "I'm not going to stand by and see you bamboozled. They're all fakirs; and he's the worst of the lot, because he's the skillfullest."

"How can you be so coarse and ungenerous! Really, if you don't stop you'll force me to think that you're jealous. Perhaps *you* can show me what a proper continuation of those verses should be."

Nothing becomes Gertrude less than sarcasm. Therefore I wasted no more words, but came straight to the point.

"I can," I replied promptly. "And, what's more, I will. Here, give me that paper."

Beneath the original verses I rapidly scribbled six lines and handed it back for her inspection. The whole poem read thus:

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
  And found such fair assistance for my verse,
As every alien tongue hath got my use,
  And under thee their poesy disperse.

Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
  And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
  And given grace a double majesty.

Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
  Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
  And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
    But thou art all my art, and dost advance
    As high as learning my rude ignorance.

She read with lips pursing captiously.

"*Now*, what do you think?" I asked.

"Good—surprisingly good, for you. I didn't think you had it in you."

"Yes; I pride myself on my *memory.*"

"Nevertheless, I like Mr. Loudon's better," she continued, heeding neither the word nor the emphasis.

"Gertrude!" I arose and faced her with feelings beyond utterance.

"Why, how you behave," said she. "I never knew you took such pride in your poetic ability. Can't you see," she added pityingly, "your verse is two lines too long? You should have written another quatrain."

"Quatrain your grandmother!" I replied rudely. "Can't you see I've filled out a sonnet?"

"I like it better in quatrains," she said simply.

"But it *is* a sonnet."

"Besides, you have no business to be writing verse," she went on, plainly considering my last assertion not worth contradicting. "I don't care for you as a poet at all. You're too big."

"Oh, that's the trouble, is it? Then know that I'm not writing verse; I'm only doing missionary work. I started out to prove those three rhymsters a precious gang of humbugs, and I don't intend to let one escape—not even that inspired liar, Loudon. Since you won't take my unsupported word, here's evidence that you can't dispute."

So saying, I stalked over to the bookcase, and from the set of Shakespeare selected the volume of Sonnets and laid it on her lap, open at the seventy-eighth. Then I stepped back to watch the face bending over the words of the immortal master.

Astonishment, shame, indignation—it betrayed them all, as she read and compared.

"Any mistakes?" I finally inquired.

"Not one," she answered, without looking up.

"Rather presumptuous of those fellows, don't you think, trying to improve upon Shakespeare?"

"Sacrilege!" said Gertrude in a hushed voice. "Do you suppose they knew?"

The
Dutiful Mariner

By Wallace Irwin

'Twas off the Eastern Filigrees—
  Wizzle the pipes o'ertop!—
When the gallant Captain of the Cheese
  Began to skip and hop.

"Oh, stately man and old, beside,
  Why dost gymnastics do?
Is such example dignified
  To set before your crew?"

"Oh, hang me crew!" the Captain cried,
  "And scuttle of me ship.
If I'm the skipper, blarst me hide!
  Ain't I supposed to skip?

"I'm growing old," the Captain said;
  "My dancing days are done;
But while I'm skipper of this ship
  I'll skip with any one.

"I'm growing gray," I heard him say,
  "And I cannot rest or sleep
While under me the troubled sea
  Lies forty spasms deep.

"Lies forty spasms deep," he said;
  "But still me trusty sloop
Each hour, I wot, goes many a knot
  And many a bow and loop.

"The hours are full of knots," he said,
  "Untie them if ye can.
In vain I've tried, for Time and Tied
  Wait not for any man.

"My fate is hard," the old man sobbed,
  "And I am sick and sore.
My aged limbs of rest are robbed,
  And skipping is a bore.

"But Duty is the seaman's boast,
  And on this gallant ship
You'll find the skipper at his post
  As long as he can skip."

And so the Captain of the Cheese
  Skipped on again as one
Who lofty satisfaction sees
  In duty bravely done.

"You have the facts; draw your own conclusions," I replied.

"And the mystery isn't solved, after all," she said sorrowfully.

Then, after a pause:

"If none of those three sent the first part of the sonnet, who did?"

"Who would venture such liberties with a Shakespearean sonnet except some irreverent, unromantic man of business?" I observed. "Like me."

Cæsar Perkins, the Colored Æsop

CÆSAR PERKINS was the last negro member of the Virginia Legislature. Cæsar was black—very black. Not a drop of white blood coursed through his veins. Just before the expiration of his term Cæsar scored the Democrats in a humorous speech for their failure to keep a campaign promise to submit the prohibition question to the voters of the State.

"Yawl Democrats," he said—for Cæsar was untutored and expressed himself in genuine darky dialect—"is 'bout ter let dis Assembly break up widout keepin' yo' promis' ter pass on de licker question. You was mighty pert ter promis' 'fo' de 'lection, an' I speck I kin spin a yarn right here what'll 'splain dat bizness fer de satisfaction uv de people. Yo' capers brings ter min' monst'us forcible de story uv de cat an' de rat.

"Dat tale was tol' ter me in ol' Cumberlan' County, down on Jeems's River, when I wasn't nowhar near bein' grow'd up. It runs 'bout like dis:

"One time dar was a big tub er licker settin' out in de barnyard. A rat come outer his hol' an' 'gun ter bruise 'roun' de place. He seed dat tub, an' he smell sumpin', he didn' kno' what. He kep' on nosin' 'roun' twel fus' thing he know'd he was on de rim er de tub. He crawl 'roun' an' 'roun', an' fall right smack inter dat tub er licker. Try hard as he could he couldn' git out. It looked like de jig was up wid 'im, sho'. He make a mighty splutteration, but 'twan't no use. Dar he was, an' dar it seem as if he gwineter stay.

"Des 'bout dat time a cat come 'long th'oo de barnyard. Mr. Cat heerd de splashin' in de tub, an' bein' a gemman of much curiosity he tuk an' r'ar up on his hin' feet to see what de racket was. Soon's he seed de nice, fat rat in dar Mr. Cat fa'rly grinned. Mr. Rat sing out, he did, 'Howdy, Mr. Cat? Dis is a mighty pickle I'se in. But it seem much mo' natchul fer me ter be et up by you dan ter git drownded in dis nasty tub er whisky; an' ef you'll git me outer dis you kin eat me fer yo' dinner.'

"De cat take de rat out, but as Mr. Rat was des drippin' wid licker he say ter hisse'f, 'It won't never do fer me ter tackle 'im while he's so soaked, an' I reckon I'll des fotch 'im out in de sun an' let 'im dry off good.' Atter he done toted 'im away he sot dar watchin' an' thinkin' what a nice dinner he gwineter have. De sun shine so warm de cat fall fas' ter sleep.

Mr. Rat, he 'skivered dat, so he crope off right easy, an' 'twan't long 'fo' he was in his hol' safe an' soun'. De cat wake up, look 'roun' an' say:

"'Hi! Whar my rat? I sho'ly had 'im here 'fo' I fell ersleep.'

"Den he go to de hole an' sing out, 'Heyo, Mr. Rat. Is you in dar?'

"'Oh, yes,' hollered back de rat; 'an' des 'bout ter take a nap.'

"'Come out a few minits,' says Mr. Cat.

"'Can't right now,' says Mr. Rat.

"'But, Mr. Rat, you 'members yo' promis' ter me,' says Mr. Cat.

"'What I promis' you?' says Mr. Rat.

"'You said ef I tuk you outen dat tub I might eat you fer my dinner.'

"'Oh, pshaw! Mr. Cat! You sho'ly mus' be jokin'. You ain' 'spectin' ter hol' me ter dat, is you? Why, man, I was in licker when I made you dat promis'.'

"An' I tell you, feller-members," concluded Cæsar Perkins, "it was de same wid de Democrats in de campaign. When dey promised ter have de local option question submitted ter de people dey was in licker, too."

Education of the Grindleys

A Course Not Listed in the University Catalogue

By Jerome K. Jerome

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FEW are the ways of the West Central district that have changed less within the last half-century than Nevill's Court, leading from Great New Street into Fetter Lane. Its north side still consists of the same quaint row of small low shops that stood there, doing perhaps a little brisker business, when George the Fourth was King; its southern side of the same three substantial houses, each behind a strip of garden pleasant by contrast with surrounding grimness, built long ago—some say before Queen Anne was dead.

Out of the largest of these, passing through the garden then well cared for, came one Sunday morning, some fifteen years before the commencement proper of this story, one Solomon Appleyard, pushing in front of him a perambulator. At the brick wall surmounted by wooden railings that divides the garden from the court Solomon paused, hearing the voice of Mrs. Appleyard speaking from the doorstep.

"If I don't see you again before dinner-time I'll try and get on without you, understand? Don't think of nothing but your pipe and forget the child. And be careful of the crossings."

Mrs. Appleyard retired into the darkness. Solomon, steering the perambulator carefully, emerged from Nevill's Court without accident. The quiet streets drew Solomon westward. An inviting seat beneath the shade overlooking the Long Water in Kensington Gardens invited to rest.

"Piper?" suggested a small boy to Solomon. "Sunday Times, 'Server?"

"My boy," said Mr. Appleyard slowly, "when you've been mewed up with newspapers eighteen hours a day for six days a week you can do without 'em for a morning. Take 'em away. I want to forget the smell of 'em."

Solomon, having assured himself that the party in the perambulator was still breathing, crossed his legs and lit his pipe.

"Hezekiah!"

The exclamation had been wrung from Solomon Appleyard by the approach of a stout, short man clad in a remarkably ill-fitting broadcloth suit.

"What, Sol, my boy!"

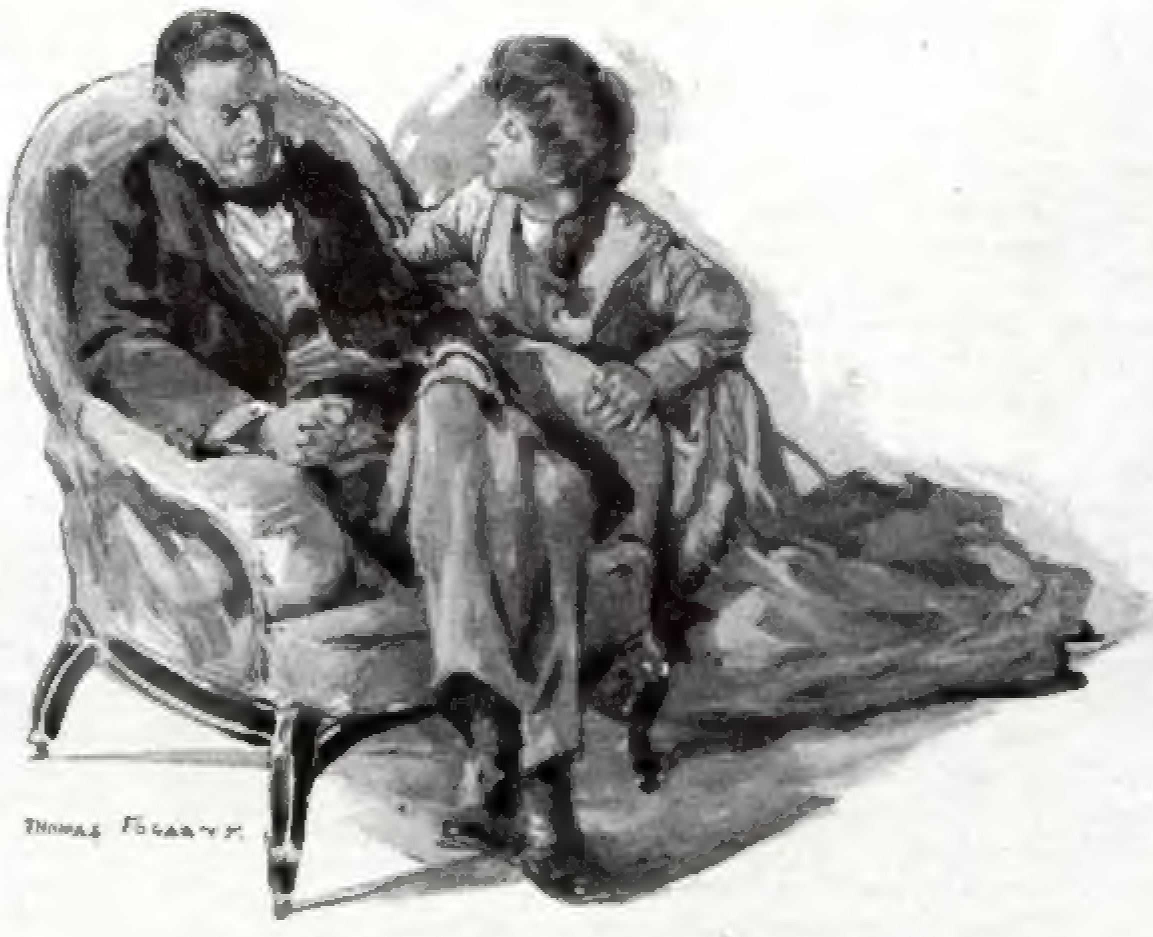
"It looked like you," said Solomon "And then I said to myself, 'No, surely it can't be Hezekiah; he'll be at chapel.'"

"You run about," said Hezekiah, addressing a youth of some four summers whom he had been leading by the hand.

"Don't you go out o' my sight, and whatever you do don't you do injury to those new clothes of yours, or you'll wish you'd never been put into them. The truth is," continued Hezekiah to his friend, his sole surviving son and heir being out of earshot, "the morning tempted me. 'Tain't often I get a bit of fresh air."

"Doing well?"

"The business," replied Hezekiah, "is going up by leaps and bounds—leaps and bounds. But, of course, all that means harder work for me. It's from six in the morning till twelve o'clock at night."



PLEADINGS, EVEN TEARS, PROVED FRUITLESS

"There's nothing I know of," returned Solomon, who was something of a pessimist, "that's given away free gratis for nothing except misfortune."

"Keeping yourself up to the mark ain't too easy," continued Hezekiah; "and when it comes to other folks—play's all they think of. Talk religion to them, why, they laugh at you! What the world's coming to I don't know. How's the printing business doing?"

"The printing business," responded the other, removing his pipe and speaking somewhat sadly, "the printing business looks like being a big thing. Capital, of course, is what hampers me, or rather the want of it. But Janet, she's careful; she don't waste much, Janet don't."

"Now with Anne," replied the other, "it's all the other way—pleasure, gayety, a day at Rosherville or the Crystal Palace, anything to waste money."

"Ah, she was always fond of her bit of fun," remembered Solomon.

"Fun!" retorted Hezekiah sharply; "I like a bit of fun myself, but not if you've got to pay for it. Where's the fun in that?"

"What I ask myself sometimes," said Solomon, looking straight in front of him, "is, What do we do it for?"

"What do we do what for?"

"Work like blessed slaves, depriving ourselves of all enjoyments. What's the sense of it. What——"

A voice from the perambulator beside him broke the thread of Solomon Appleyard's discourse. The sole surviving son of Hezekiah Grindley, seeking distraction and finding none, had crept back unperceived. A perambulator! A thing his experience told him out of which excitement in some form or other could generally be obtained. You worried it and took your chance. Either it howled, in which case you had to run for your life, followed, and unfortunately overtaken nine times out of ten, by a whirlwind of vengeance; or it gurgled, in which case the heavens smiled and halos descended on your head. In either event you escaped the deadly ennui that is the result of continuous virtue. Master Grindley, his star having pointed out to him a peacock's feather lying on the ground, had, with one eye upon his unobservant parent, removed the complicated coverings sheltering Miss Helvetia Appleyard from the world and, anticipating by a quarter of a century the prime enjoyment of British youth, had set to work to tickle that lady on the nose. Miss Helvetia Appleyard, awakened, did precisely what the tickled British maiden of to-day may be relied upon to do under similar circumstances: she first of all took swift and comprehensive survey of the male thing behind the feather. Had he been displeasing in her eyes she would, one may rely upon it, have anteceded the behavior in similar case of her descendant of to-day—that is to say, expressed resentment in no uncertain terms. Master Nathaniel Grindley proving, however, to her taste, that which might have been considered impertinence became accepted as a fit and proper form of introduction. Miss Appleyard smiled graciously; nay, further, intimated desire for more.

"That your only one?" asked the paternal Grindley.

"She's the only one," replied Solomon, speaking in tones less pessimistic.

Miss Appleyard had, with the help of Grindley Junior, wriggled herself into a sitting posture. Grindley Junior continued his attentions, the lady indicating by signs the various points at which she was most susceptible.

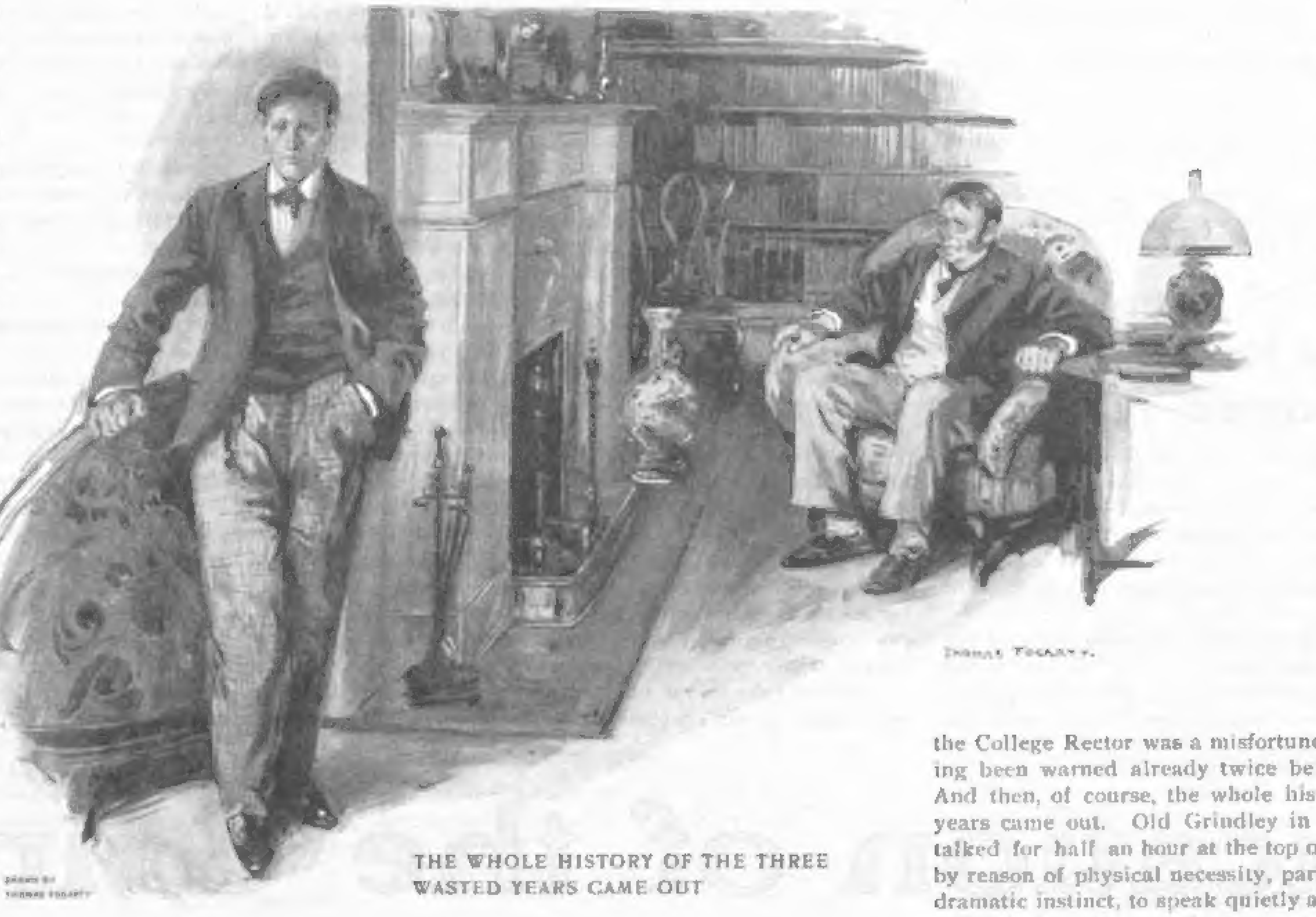
"Pretty picture they make together, eh?" suggested Hezekiah in a whisper to his friend.

"Never saw her take to any one like that before," returned Solomon, likewise in a whisper.

A neighboring church clock chimed twelve. Solomon Appleyard, knocking the ashes from his pipe, arose.

"Don't see any reason myself why we shouldn't see a little more of one another than we do," suggested Grindley Senior, shaking hands.

"Give us a look-up one Sunday afternoon," suggested Solomon. "Bring the youngster with you."



THE WHOLE HISTORY OF THE THREE WASTED YEARS CAME OUT

Solomon Appleyard and Hezekiah Grindley had started life within a few months of one another some five-and-thirty years before—likewise within a few hundred yards of one another—Solomon at his father's bookselling and printing establishment on the east side of the High Street of a small Yorkshire town; Hezekiah at his father's grocery-shop on the west side opposite. Both had married farmers' daughters. Solomon's natural bent toward gayety Fate had corrected by directing his affections to a partner instinct with Yorkshire shrewdness; and with shrewdness go other qualities that make for success rather than for happiness. Hezekiah, had circumstances been equal, might have been his friend's rival for Janet's capable and saving hand had not sweet-tempered, laughing Anne Glossop, directed by Providence to her moral welfare, one must presume, fallen in love with him. Between Janet's virtues and Anne's three hundred golden sovereigns Hezekiah had not hesitated a moment. Golden sovereigns were solid facts; wifely virtues by a serious-minded and strong-willed husband could be instilled—at all events light-heartedness suppressed. The two men, Hezekiah urged by his own ambition, Solomon by his wife's, had arrived in London within a year of one another: Hezekiah to open a grocer's shop in Kensington, which those who should have known assured him was a hopeless neighborhood; but Hezekiah had the instinct of a money-maker. Solomon, after looking about him, had fixed upon a roomy, substantial house in Nevill's Court as a promising foundation for a printer's business. That was ten years ago. The two friends, scorning delights, living laborious days, had seen but little of one another. Light-hearted Anne had borne her dour partner two children who had died. Nathaniel George, with the luck supposed to wait on number three, had lived on, and inheriting, fortunately, the temperament of his mother, had brought sunshine into the gloomy rooms above the shop in High Street, Kensington. Mrs. Grindley, grown weak and fretful, had rested from her labors.

Mrs. Appleyard's guardian angel, prudent like his protégée, had waited till Solomon's business was well established before dispatching the stork to Nevill's Court with a little girl. Later he had sent another who, not finding the close air of St. Dunstan to her liking, had found her way back again, thus passing out of this story and all others. And there remained to carry on the legend of the Grindleys and the Appleyards only Nathaniel George, now aged five, and Janet Helvetia, quite a beginner, who took life seriously.

There are no such things as facts. Narrow-minded folk—surveyors, auctioneers and such like—would have insisted that the garden between the old Georgian house and Nevill's Court was a strip of land one hundred and eighteen feet by ninety-two, containing a laburnum tree, six laurel bushes and a dwarf deodorn. To Nathaniel George and Janet Helvetia it was the land of Thule, "the farthest boundaries of which no man has reached." On rainy Sunday afternoons they played in the great gloomy pressroom, where silent ogres, standing motionless, stretched out iron arms to seize them as they ran. Then, just when Nathaniel George was eight and Janet Helvetia four and a half, Hezekiah launched the celebrated "Grindley's Sauce." It added a relish to chops and steaks, transformed cold mutton into a luxury and swelled the head of Hezekiah Grindley, which was big enough in all conscience as it was, and shriveled up his little hard heart. The Grindleys and the Appleyards visited no more. As a sensible fellow ought to have seen for himself, so thought Hezekiah, the sauce had altered all things. The possibility of a marriage between their children, things having remained equal, might have been a pretty fancy; but the son of the great Grindley, whose name in three-foot letters faced the world from every hoarding, would have to look higher than a printer's daughter. Solomon, a sudden and vehement convert to the principles of mediæval feudalism, would rather see his only child, granddaughter of the author of The History of Kettlewell and other works, dead and buried than married to a grocer's son, even though he might inherit a fortune made out of poisoning the public with a mixture of mustard and sour beer. It was many years before Nathaniel George and Janet Helvetia met one another again, and when they did they had forgotten one another.

Hezekiah S. Grindley, a short, stout and rather pompous gentleman, sat under a palm in the gorgeously-furnished drawing-room of his big house at Notting Hill. Mrs. Grindley, a thin, faded woman, the despair of her dressmaker, sat as near to the fire as its massive and imposing copper outworks would permit, and shivered. Grindley Junior, a fair-haired, well-shaped youth, with eyes that the other sex found attractive, leant with his hands in his pockets against a scrupulously-robed statue of Diana and appeared uncomfortable.

"I'm making the money—making it hand over fist. All you'll have to do will be to spend it," Grindley Senior was explaining to his son and heir.

"I'll do that all right, dad."

"I'm not so sure of it," was his father's opinion. "You've got to prove yourself worthy to spend it. Don't you think I shall be content to have slaved all these years merely to provide a brainless young idiot with the means of self-indulgence. I leave my money to somebody worthy of me—understand, sir?—somebody worthy of me."

Mrs. Grindley commenced a sentence; Mr. Grindley turned his small eyes upon her. The sentence remained unfinished.

"You were about to say something," her husband reminded her.

Mrs. Grindley said it was nothing.

"If it is anything worth hearing—if it is anything that will assist the discussion, let's have it." Mr. Grindley waited. "If not, if you yourself do not consider it worth finishing, why have begun it?"

Mr. Grindley returned to his son and heir. "You haven't done too well at school—in fact, your school career has disappointed me."

"I know I'm not clever," Grindley Junior offered as an excuse.

"Why not? Why aren't you clever?"

His son and heir was unable to explain.

"You are my son—why aren't you clever? It's laziness, sir; sheer laziness!"

"I'll try and do better at Oxford, sir—honor bright, I will!"

"You had better," his father advised him; "because, I warn you, your whole future depends on it. You know me. You've got to be a credit to me, to be worthy of the name of Grindley—or the name, my boy, is all you'll have."

Old Grindley meant it, and his son knew that he meant it. The old Puritan principles and instincts were strong in the old gentleman—formed, perhaps, the better part of him. Idleness was an abomination to him; devotion to pleasure, other than the pleasure of money-making, a grievous sin in his eyes. Grindley Junior fully intended to do well at Oxford, and might have succeeded. In accusing himself of lack of cleverness he did himself an injustice. He had brains, he had energy, he had character. Our virtues can be our stumbling-blocks as well as our vices. Young Grindley had one admirable virtue that needs above all others careful controlling: he was amiability itself. Before the charm and sweetness of it Oxford snobbishness went down. The Sauce, against the earnest counsel of its own advertisement, was forgotten, the pickles passed by. To escape the natural result of his popularity would have needed a stronger will than young Grindley possessed. For a time the true state of affairs was hidden from the eye of Grindley Senior. To "slack" it this term with the full determination of "swatting" it the next is always easy; the difficulty begins only with the new term. Possibly with luck young Grindley might have retrieved his position and covered up the traces of his folly but for an unfortunate accident. Returning to college with some other choice spirits at two o'clock in the morning, it occurred to young Grindley that trouble might be saved all round by cutting out a pane of glass with a diamond ring and entering his rooms, which were on the ground floor, by the window. That in mistake for his own he should have selected the bedroom of the College Rector was a misfortune. Young Grindley, having been warned already twice before, was "sent down." And then, of course, the whole history of the three wasted years came out. Old Grindley in his study chair, having talked for half an hour at the top of his voice, chose, partly by reason of physical necessity, partly by reason of dormant dramatic instinct, to speak quietly and slowly.

"I'll give you one chance more, my boy, and one only. I've tried you as a gentleman—perhaps that was my mistake. Now I'll try you as a grocer."

"As a what?"

"As a grocer, sir—g-r-o-c-e-r—grocer, a man who stands behind a counter in a white apron and his shirt-sleeves; who sells tea and sugar and candied peel and such like things to customers—old ladies, little girls; who rises at six in the morning, takes down the shutters, sweeps out the shop, cleans the windows; who has half an hour for his dinner of corned beef and bread, who puts up the shutters at ten o'clock at night, tidies up the shop, has his supper, and goes to bed feeling his day has not been wasted. I meant to spare you; I was wrong. You shall go through the mill as I went through it. If at the end of two years you've done well with your time, learned something—learned to be a man, at all events—you can come to me and thank me."

"I'm afraid, sir," suggested Grindley Junior, whose handsome face during the last few minutes had grown very white, "I might not make a very satisfactory grocer. You see, sir, I've had no experience."

"I'm glad to see you have some sense," returned his father dryly. "You are quite right: even a grocer's business requires learning. It will cost me a little money, but it will be the last I shall ever spend on you. For the first year you will have to be apprenticed, and I shall allow you something to live on. It shall be more than I had at your age—we'll say a pound a week. After that I shall expect you to keep yourself."

Grindley Senior rose. "You need not give me your answer till the evening. You are of age; I have no control over you unless you are willing to agree. You can go my way, or you can go your own."

Young Grindley, who had inherited a good deal of his father's grit, felt very much inclined to go his own, but, hampered on the other hand by the sweetness of disposition he had inherited from his mother, was unable to withstand the argument of that lady's tears; so that evening he accepted old Grindley's terms, asking only as a favor that the scene of his probation might be in some out-of-the-way neighborhood where there would be little chance of his being met by old friends.

"I have thought of all that," answered his father. "My object isn't to humiliate you more than is necessary for your good. The shop I have already selected, on the assumption that you would submit, is as quiet and out-of-the-way as you could wish. It is in a turning-off of Fetter Lane where you'll see few other people than printers and caretakers. You'll lodge with a woman, a Mrs. Postwhistle, who seems a very sensible person. She'll board you and lodge you, and every Saturday you'll receive a post-office order for six shillings, out of which you'll find yourself in clothes. You can take with you sufficient to last you for the first six months, but no more. At the end of the year you can change if you like and go to another shop, or make your own arrangements with Mrs. Postwhistle. If all is settled, you go there to-morrow. You go out of this house to-morrow in any event."

Mrs. Postwhistle was a large, placid lady of philosophic temperament. Hitherto the little grocer's shop in Roll's Court, Fetter Lane, had been easy of management by her own unaided efforts; but the neighborhood was rapidly changing. Other grocers' shops were disappearing one by one, making way for huge blocks of buildings where hundreds of iron presses, singing day and night, spread to the earth the song of the Mighty Pen. There were hours when the little shop could hardly accommodate its crowd of customers. Mrs. Postwhistle, of a bulk not to be moved quickly, had, after mature consideration conquering a natural disinclination to change, decided to seek assistance.

Young Grindley, alighting from a four-wheeled cab in Fetter Lane, marched up the Court, followed by a weak-kneed wastrel staggering under the weight of a small box. In the doorway of the little shop young Grindley paused and raised his hat.

"Mrs. Postwhistle?"

The lady from her chair behind the counter rose slowly.

"I am Mr. Nathaniel Grindley, the new assistant."

The weak-kneed wastrel let fall the box with a thud upon the floor. Mrs. Postwhistle looked her new assistant up and down.

"Oh," said Mrs. Postwhistle. "Well, I shouldn't 'ave felt instinctively it must be you, not if I'd 'ad to pick you out of a crowd. But if you tell me so, why, I suppose you are. Come in."

The weak-kneed wastrel receiving, to his astonishment, a shilling, departed.

Grindley Senior had selected wisely. Mrs. Postwhistle's theory was that although very few people in this world understood their own business, they understood it better than any one else could understand it for them. If handsome, well-educated young gentlemen who gave shillings to wastrels felt they wanted to become smart and capable grocers' assistants that was their affair. Her business was to teach them their work, and for her own sake to see that they did it. A month went by. Mrs. Postwhistle found her new assistant hard-working, willing, somewhat clumsy, but with a smile and a laugh that transformed mistakes, for which another would have been soundly rated, into welcome variations of the day's monotony.

"If you were the sort of woman that cared to make your fortune," said one William Clodd, an old friend of Mrs. Postwhistle's, young Grindley having descended into the cellar to grind coffee, "I'd tell you what to do. Take a bun-shop somewhere in the neighborhood of a girls' school and put that assistant of yours in the window. You'd do a roaring business."

"There's a mystery about 'im," said Mrs. Postwhistle.

"Know what it is?"

"If I knew what it was I shouldn't be calling it a mystery," replied Mrs. Postwhistle, who was a stylist in her way.

"How did you get him? Win him in a raffle?"

"Jones, the agent, sent 'im to me all in a 'urry. An assistant is what I really wanted, not an apprentice; but the premium was good and the references everything one could desire."

"Grindley, Grindley," murmured Clodd. "Any relation to the sauce, I wonder?"

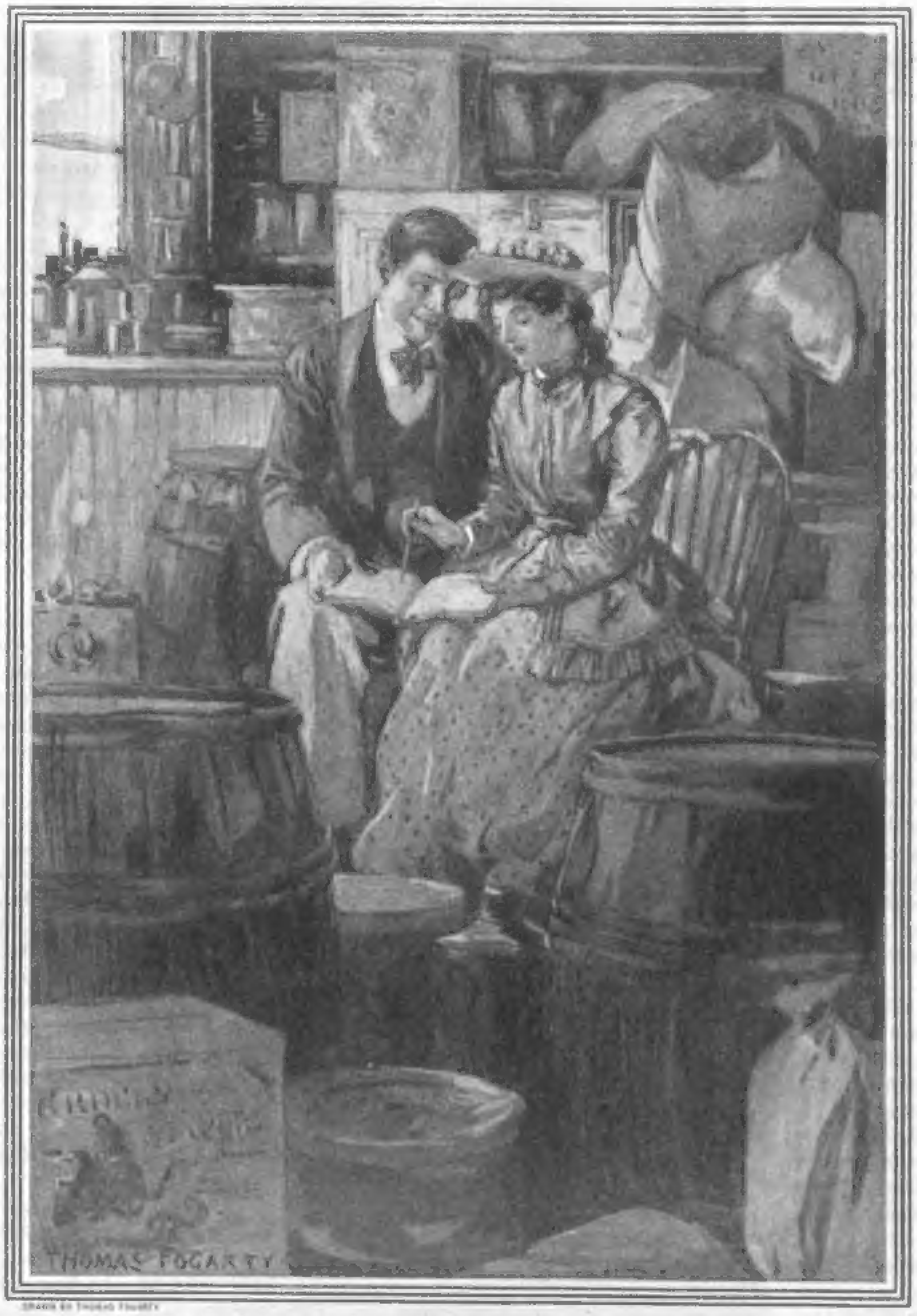
"A bit more wholesome, I should say, from the look of him," thought Mrs. Postwhistle.

The question of a post-office to meet its growing need had long been under discussion by the neighborhood. Mrs. Postwhistle was approached on the subject. Grindley Junior, eager for anything that might bring variety into his new, cramped existence, undertook to qualify himself. Within two months the arrangements were complete. Grindley Junior divided his time between dispensing groceries and dispatching telegrams and letters, and was grateful for the change.

Grindley Junior's mind was fixed upon the fashioning of a cornucopia to receive a quarter of a pound of moist. The customer, an extremely young lady, was seeking to hasten his operations by tapping incessantly with a penny on the counter. It did not hurry him; it only worried him. Grindley Junior had not acquired facility in the fashioning of cornucopias; the vertex would invariably become unrolled at the last moment, allowing the contents to dribble out on to the floor or counter. Grindley Junior was sweet-tempered as a rule, but when engaged upon the fashioning of a cornucopia was irritable.

"Hurry up, old man," urged the extremely young lady. "I've got another appointment in less than half an hour."

"Oh, d——n the thing!" said Grindley Junior, as the paper for the fourth time reverted to its original shape.



DRAWN BY THOMAS FOGARTY

IT WAS REALLY MARVELOUS, THE PROGRESS MADE BY GRINDLEY JUNIOR

An older lady, standing behind the extremely young lady and holding a telegram form in her hand, looked indignant.

"Temper, temper," remarked the extremely young lady in reproving tone.

The fifth time was more successful. The extremely young lady went out, commenting upon the waste of time always resulting when boys were employed to do the work of men. The older lady, a haughty person, handed across her telegram with the request that it should be sent off at once.

Grindley Junior took his pencil from his pocket and commenced to count.

"'*Digniori*,' not '*digniorus*,'" commented Grindley Junior, correcting the word; "'*datur digniori*,' dative singular." Grindley Junior, still irritable from struggle with the cornucopia, spoke sharply.

The haughty lady withdrew her eyes from a spot some ten miles beyond the back of the shop, where hitherto they had been resting, and fixed them for the first time on Grindley Junior.

"Thank you," said the haughty lady.

Grindley Junior looked up and immediately, to his annoyance, felt that he was blushing. Grindley Junior blushed easily; it annoyed him very much.

The haughty young lady also blushed. She did not often blush; when she did she felt angry with herself.

"A shilling and a penny," demanded Grindley Junior.

The haughty young lady counted out the money and departed. Grindley Junior, peeping from behind a tin of Abernethy biscuits, noticed that as she passed the window she turned and looked back. She was a very pretty, haughty lady. Grindley Junior rather admired dark, level brows and finely cut, tremulous lips, especially when combined with a mass of soft brown hair and a rich olive complexion that flushed and paled as you looked at it.

"Might send that telegram off, if you've nothing else to do and there's no particular reason for keeping it back," suggested Mrs. Postwhistle.

"It's only just been handed in," explained Grindley.

"You've been looking at it for the last five minutes by the clock," said Mrs. Postwhistle.

Grindley Junior sat down to the machine. The name and address of the sender was Helvetia Appleyard, Nevill's Court.

Three days passed; singularly empty days they appeared to Grindley Junior. On the fourth Helvetia Appleyard had occasion to dispatch another telegram, this time entirely in English.

"One and fourpence," sighed Grindley Junior.

Miss Appleyard drew forth her purse. The shop was empty.

"How did you come to know Latin?" inquired Miss Appleyard in quite a casual tone.

"I picked up a little at school. It was a phrase I happened to remember," confessed Grindley Junior, wondering why he should be feeling ashamed of himself.

"I am always sorry," said Miss Appleyard, "when I see any one content with the lower life whose talents might perhaps fit him for the higher." Something about the tone and manner of Miss Appleyard reminded Grindley Junior of his former rector. Each seemed to have arrived by different roads at the same philosophical aloofness from the world, tempered by chastened interest in human phenomena. "Would you not like to try to raise yourself—to improve yourself, to educate yourself?"

An unseen little rogue, who was enjoying himself immensely, whispered to Grindley Junior to say nothing but "Yes, he should."

"Will you let me help you?" asked Miss Appleyard. And the simple and heartfelt gratitude with which Grindley Junior closed upon the offer proved to Miss Appleyard how true it is that to do good to others is the highest joy.

Miss Appleyard had come prepared for possible acceptance. "You had better begin with this," thought Miss Appleyard. "I have marked the passages that you should learn by heart. Make a note of anything you do not understand and I will explain it to you when—when next I happen to be passing."

Grindley Junior took the book—Bell's Introduction to the Study of the Classics, for use of Beginners—and held it between both hands. Its price was ninepence, but Grindley Junior appeared to regard it as a volume of great value.

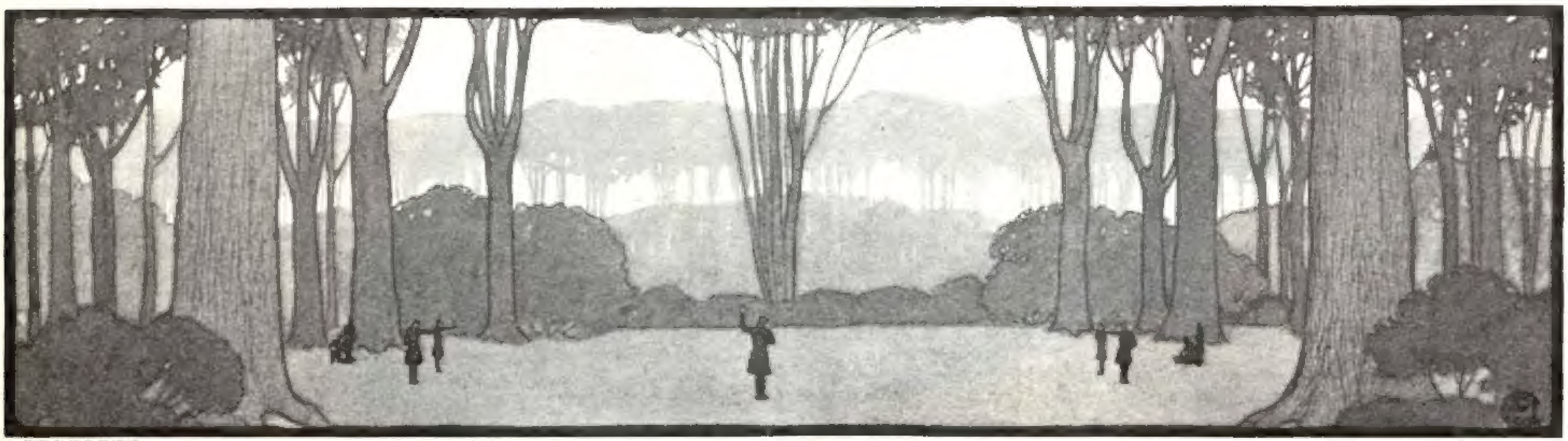
"It will be hard work at first," Miss Appleyard warned him, "but you must persevere. I have taken an interest in you; you must try not to disappoint me."

And Miss Appleyard, feeling all the sensations of an Hypatia, departed, taking light with her and forgetting to pay for the telegram. Miss Appleyard belonged to the class that young ladies who pride themselves on being tiresomely ignorant and foolish sneer at as "bluestockings"—that is to say, possessing brains, she had felt the necessity of using them. Solomon Appleyard, widower, a sensible old gentleman, prospering in the printing business and seeing no necessity for a woman regarding herself as nothing but a doll, a somewhat uninteresting plaything the newness once worn off, thankfully encouraged her. Miss Appleyard had returned from Girton wise in many things but not in knowledge of the world, which knowledge, too early acquired, does not always make for good in young man or woman. A serious little virgin, Miss Appleyard's ambition was to help the human race. What more useful work could have come to her hand than the raising of this poor but intelligent young grocer's assistant unto the knowledge and the love of higher things. That Grindley Junior happened to be an exceedingly good-looking and charming young grocer's assistant had nothing to do with the matter, so Miss Appleyard would have informed you. In her own reasoning she was convinced that her interest in him would have been the same had he been the least attractive of his sex. That there could be danger in such relationship never occurred to her. Miss Appleyard, a convinced Radical, could not conceive the possibility of a grocer's assistant regarding the daughter of a well-to-do printer in any other light than that of a graciously condescending patron. That there could be danger to herself—you would have been sorry you had suggested the idea; the expression of lofty scorn would have made you feel yourself contemptible.

Miss Appleyard's judgment of mankind was justified; no more promising pupil could have been selected. It was really marvelous, the progress made by Grindley Junior

(Continued on Page 30)

THE DUEL



DRAWN BY EMLEN McCONNELL

BY C. F. W. DOEHRING

Formerly Government Architect and Professor of Architecture at the Royal Building Academy and University at Leipzig; late Lieutenant of the Reserve in the Engineer Corps at Berlin

SIX THOUSAND duels in one year!

An official report just published shows and proves how deeply rooted in the national consciousness of Germany is the conception of a separate caste with a separate honor. Six thousand is the number given of recognized encounters; and this number, it must be remembered, includes only those meetings that came to the knowledge of the authorities. Six thousand duels and twenty-two deaths!

The code under which the duel is recognized as a necessary safeguard of personal honor and caste holds not only all officers of the army and navy but all members of the nobility by birth, the matriculated students of the universities and all persons of rank. It assumes that the continued enjoyment of this honor depends on instant readiness to maintain, with personal courage and power, at all times and under any circumstances, the undiminished esteem of one's fellows. A court of law may punish the offender in an injurious act, but it can never force from him an acknowledgment of error, and its awards do not necessarily accrue to the honor of the plaintiff. The duel is an expression of willingness and courage to conquer this acknowledgment, at the loss of health, or even life, if need be, as less precious than any diminution of honor. The refusal of satisfaction is a declaration by the offender that he has no right idea of honor; and he is to expect any outrageous and discreditable treatment.

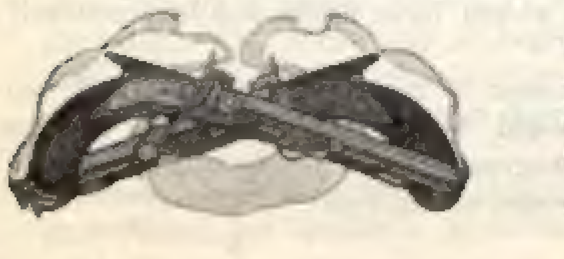
A public misunderstanding, widespread in this country, of the attitude of those who consider themselves bound by the code and of the conventions in which it is embodied, has led me to prepare this paper of instruction, as formulated from the unwritten practice of the corps of officers at large, and more particularly as received by the author himself during his term in the Royal Academy and University and his military service as an officer of the Engineer Corps of the Guard at Berlin.

The general Imperial edict of the second of May, 1874, contains this regulation: That if a personal quarrel between officers leads to a duel the chairman or a member of the committee of honor must be present at the meeting to see "that rank and position are preserved during the course of the duel." I dare to attempt to make the meaning of the words "position" and "rank" the subject of my discourse, but it is far from my intention to offer instructions, for I know very well that if any member of the corps should find himself desirous to know what his "rank and position" demand of him he can find his action prescribed on the highest authority in the regulations already mentioned.

It is rather my intention by a discussion of this subject — concerning whose details the laws of tradition are the only standard — to arouse the interest of the younger officers and to point out those conditions which have given these demands of rank and position their forms and meaning.

The formulæ of a duel between officers, even in its mildest form, are considerably stricter and more in earnest than in other circles of society.

To explain this it is necessary to investigate the nature of the injury which urges an insulted sense of honor to demand satisfaction with arms.



The honor of a Prussian officer is defined in the Imperial edict of the second of May with such impressive beauty, such convincing truth and such exhaustive depth that it would be a foolish undertaking to add a single explanatory syllable. The beautiful words of our most gracious commands, the infallible model of all knightly honor, cannot be revived too often in our thoughts. They are:

"*I expect, therefore, of the entire corps of officers of my army that they will consider their honor their greatest gain in the future, as they have done in the past; and to preserve it pure and stainless must be considered as the most sacred duty of the entire corps as well as of the single individual. The fulfillment of this duty includes the conscientious and complete fulfillment of all the other duties of an officer. True honor cannot exist without faithfulness unto death, imperturbable courage, strong determination, self-denying obedience, absolute truthfulness, true security, and a devoted fulfillment even of those duties which seem the least important of the demands that such dignity be expressed in the outward life of the officer as comes from a knowledge of the past and that he belongs to a rank and class to which is intrusted the defense of king and country.*"

These words of the King show most definitely the various regions of susceptibility and action in which an officer's sense of honor makes demands upon himself and claims upon the exterior world. But though honor may variously appear in itself it is indivisible, and an injury to any of its parts injures the whole, or, at least, threatens to do so.

We may, perhaps, look at honor from two sides or distinguish two forms of it. Of these we may designate the one as inward dignity and the other outward appearance or — to avoid the double meaning of that word — outward splendor. It is evident that these two views of honor are inseparably connected, for in truth this outward splendor can only exist if it is the result of an inward dignity. The inner vestment of honor can never be directly struck by attacks from without.

If, for instance, an officer is accused of dishonorable conduct, and the accusation is proven untrue, his inward dignity is untouched. If, on the other hand, the accusation be true his inward dignity is already destroyed by his conduct.

Whoever loses his honor loses it because he has poorly preserved it, and he has only himself to blame.

But it is different with the appearance of the outward splendor of honor. The nature of this is already evident from language and customary phrases. One speaks of a spot, an injury, a soiling of the splendor of honor. If this spot, this evil, be erased in a manner worthy of a man of honor the splendor is restored, the inner gown is untouched; but if there be delay or avoidance the spot gains the destructive power of rust, eats through the exterior and attacks the inner gown. Therefore, the officer who neglects to remove the spot that soils the outward appearance of honor is guilty of misconduct by which he injures even his inward dignity.

The brilliancy of this appearance, its delicacy to any the least touch of tarnish, is also explained in the beautiful words of the tiny form which I have had the honor to quote in the beginning. "*Honor*" — for so those words designate it — "*is, in the outward life of an officer, an expression of that dignity which comes from a knowledge of belonging to a rank and class to which is intrusted the defense of king and country.*"

In this sense the honor of the individual is a trust, whose keeping is the highest duty of a man of honor.

If an officer defends the honor of his family or his ancestry, and does not permit, in his presence, insults to those he loves, he obeys, precisely as in the defense of his own honor, the dictates which govern the conduct of a gentleman, and in so doing at the same time fulfills the duties required by his rank.

It is evident from this that, when an officer defends his injured honor in a duel he takes upon himself a defense of his rank and position. This gives one of the reasons why duels between officers are so much in earnest and no less that a duel between an officer and one who is not an officer must take its course in the same earnest manner, so that every one who compels an officer to defend his honor with arms may know that he seriously endangers his life.

This necessity of giving the duel such a serious form also enjoins upon officers in a private quarrel to have recourse to arms only when there is no other way for a retrievement of injured honor. In casting about for a peaceful settlement some guidance may be found in a careful scrutiny of the words or actions that awakened the sense of injury — a thorough search for the ultimate element of offense.

An analysis of any number of such cases would reveal without exception that the insult lay in those actions and words which *expressed disrespect* for the person insulted. Through the many steps leading from accusations of dishonorable conduct down to slight acts of impoliteness, it is always this outward expression of disrespect that is the real cause of the rising feeling of humiliation.

Let us assume that a man who is able to give satisfaction expresses a sentiment disrespectful to His Majesty the Emperor in the presence of an officer. The insult will never reach His Majesty, the commander of the army, but the offender, who dared the insult in the presence of an officer, must have known in what high esteem the latter held the person of the Emperor; therefore he had so little consideration, and consequently so little respect, for the officer that the latter has the right to demand satisfaction from him by arms.

Or suppose strained relations to exist between two officers and that chance brings it about that a simple word of politeness might furnish a natural solution of the difficulty: if that word be not spoken such an active feeling of humiliation may rise in the person injured as if he had been given a more expressive proof of disregard. If, as a further instance, an officer has been accused of dishonorable conduct and the accuser later discovers that his accusation was without foundation, and he retracts it and apologizes, his conduct, in that he has expressed an insufficiently proven accusation against an officer, may contain so large a remnant of disrespect that the officer may deem any explanation insufficient.

If, then, we can prove that, in the case of personal differences between officers, insults have occurred which threaten to lead to a duel and that the real grievance is the refusal of an outward show of respect, the way is indicated that leads, in extreme cases, to the settlement of personal differences with weapons in hand.

This is in every case a conscientious proof of whether the refusal of an outward show of respect is the result of a sudden excitement or the expression of a premeditated intention.

Where lies the extreme boundary within which private differences between officers may be settled by a duel is also

shown in the Imperial edict of the fourth of May.

"*I will as little suffer an officer in my army who will insult the honor of a brother officer as one who does not know how to defend his own honor.*"

The duel must never be sought by younger officers as a test of personal valor if it can in any honorable way be avoided. The personal valor of a Prussian officer is so far above doubt that it is unnecessary to seek any such test.

The first question that arises when an officer believes it necessary to challenge a brother officer is the choice of a bearer of the challenge.

The bearer of the challenge should be an older and experienced officer, at any rate one who is wise, careful, conscientious and recognized in the whole corps of officers as being considerate in every word he speaks. If the difference is with an officer of a higher rank than the sender of the challenge it is advisable to choose the bearer of the challenge from the same or a higher military rank than that of the one challenged. This, at least under most circumstances, greatly facilitates the negotiations.

Young officers will be at first inclined to choose the challenge-bearer from among their most intimate friends of their own age. It is with them that they have usually discussed any hypothetical differences, and also there is something attractive to a young officer in undertaking such an important duty. But, on the other hand, in the performance of this duty, experience, knowledge of men, calm and self-control are needed —qualities usually to be found in sufficient degree only among older officers who have already had experience in affairs of honor. It is not customary to choose a younger officer as the bearer of the challenge.

The question in dispute is then discussed from all sides, either with the challenge-bearer alone or in the presence of another experienced officer. The result of this discussion or the instructions given to the bearer of the challenge are then put down in writing after a careful weighing of each word. These instructions, as a rule, contain:

1. A demand for a retraction or an apology in a definite prescribed form, at a definite place, and before witnesses;
2. In case No. 1 is refused, a demand for a definite weapon under definite conditions.

The bearer of the challenge does not deliver these instructions to the opponent, but uses them only as a guarantee of authority for his every word.

For the correct conduct of the bearer there is no more fitting model than that of an ambassador at a foreign court. As the ambassador, with perfect courtesy and careful regard for form, scrupulously differentiates between the official instructions of his government and what may chance to be his individual opinions; as, even in those negotiations which end in a declaration of war, he preserves perfect calm and sinks his personality in the dignity and seriousness of his sovereign, so must it be with the bearer of a challenge. Just as the ambassador must not by hasty words drive his sovereign to war if an honorable peace is possible, so the bearer of the challenge must remember his responsibility. The bearer of the challenge, if possible, immediately makes a note of the answer he receives to his mission, and assures himself that he has correctly understood it, word for word. When the negotiations touch points that call for explanations, or when the bearer finds it desirable to confer again with the challenger, he breaks off the negotiations with the explanation that he must again ask the opinion of his principal.

The bearer of the challenge must, above everything else, avoid the conclusion that the defendant has evil motives or a lack of determination—even where the appearances are unfavorable. Appearances often deceive; and a slighting opinion rapidly results in a slighting treatment and aggravates the evil.

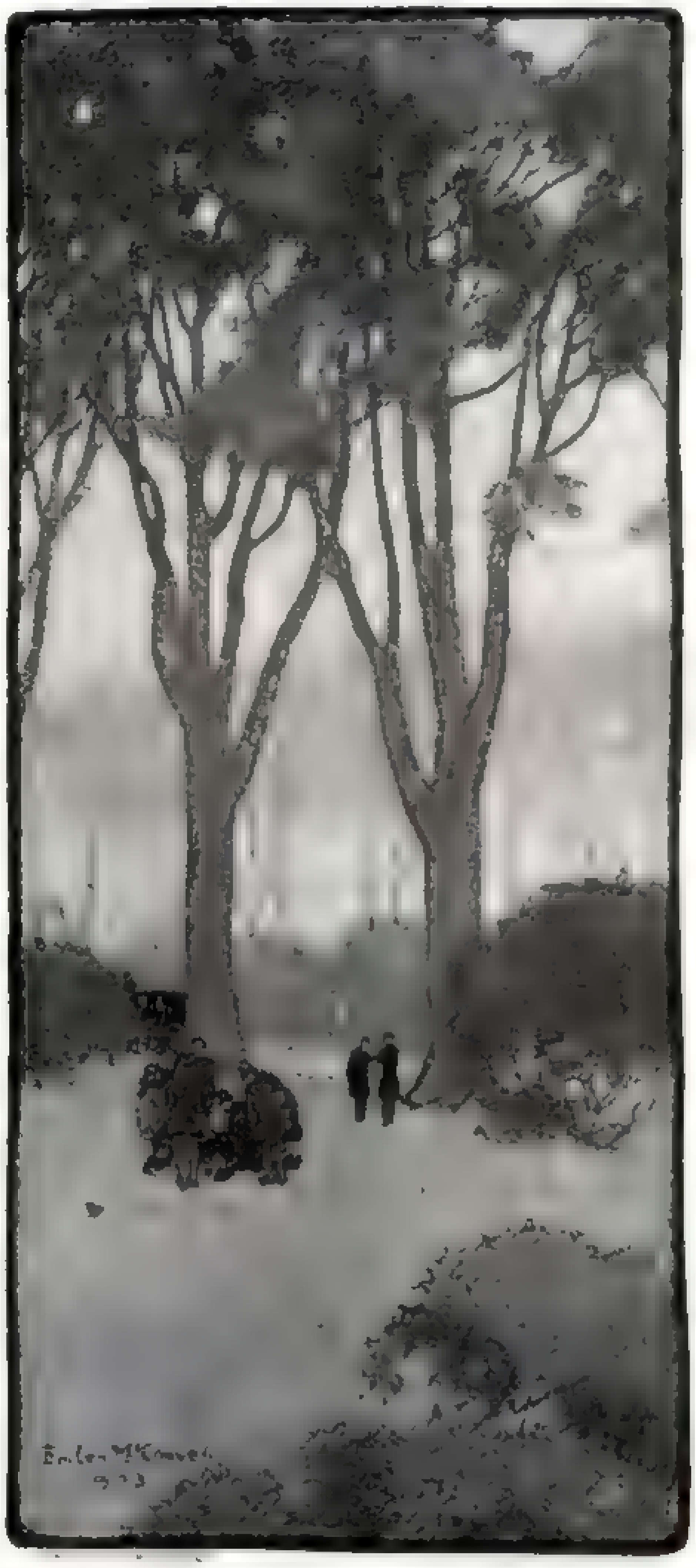
The custom of an officer's rank demands that the first step for obtaining satisfaction be taken within twenty-four hours after the insult, and that every duel take place as rapidly as possible. Yet hastiness must never be permitted. Every new negotiation with the opponent must be preceded by a calm discussion and weighing of all the factors. Haste is the last measure for the preservation of secrecy. Not only does the possibility of police interference and newspaper talk make discretion advisable, but the usage of the service is an additional demand. It is distinctly bad form to permit an unsettled difference between two officers to become a subject for discussion outside the circle of the participants and their respective committees of honor.

As soon as the opponent has chosen his representative all negotiations are between such representative and the challenge-bearer. It is customary that they also serve as seconds at the meeting.

Another person may serve as second if, for any reason, the necessity arises. As soon as an officer sends or receives a challenge he must *immediately* notify his committee of honor or send the notice through a fellow-officer. He has then fulfilled his duty in respect to the committee of honor. He may take all further steps independently, although it is self-evident that he should pay respectful attention to the advice of his committee. It is recommended that notification be given the committee in season to permit them to make the attempt at reconciliation required of them before the place of meeting is reached; though an officer who, in a quarrel with another officer, has refused to retract or apologize before the challenge was sent is scarcely likely to waver when his opponent with weapon in hand stands facing him. An attempt at reconciliation then is scarcely more than a form. But if we consider that the committee of honor fulfills its duty at the express command of His Majesty the Emperor, in order to decrease the number of duels between officers, we must take care we do not aid in belittling such a serious function.

If the negotiations of the challenge-bearer lead to the result that a duel is unavoidable the choice of a neutral referee is an important step.

The execution of the duel in a correct manner and conformably to rank and position devolves upon the referee. It is, therefore, advisable to choose an officer distinguished for his position and personality, for his strength of character and calmness of soul, as well as for his knowledge of the customary forms. The referee in a duel between officers must remember that, according to the expressed will of His Majesty, the representative of the committee of honor is the highest authority on the place of meeting, and that it is his duty to see that the duel takes its course according to customary forms. If the arrangements of the duel give occasion to the representative of the committee of honor to interfere the blame for this very disagreeable duty falls upon the referee, because, perhaps, he was not well enough versed in the demands of his rank.



THE FIRST SHOT HAD STRUCK HIM IN THE NECK

The conditions of the duel, after the records have agreed, are put in writing in the presence of the referee and must contain:

1. The place
2. The time
3. The weapons
4. The special conditions.

The procuring of the weapons and physicians and the other preparations are also clearly agreed upon at that time.

After the two principals and their seconds, the referee and the two physicians have appeared at the place of meeting, the referee first requires from both opponents their word of honor that, if the duel be fought with pistols, they do not know the weapons he has brought for them and that they have never shot from them. He then reads to all present the challenge agreed upon and drawn up in the records, which are then signed first by the two principals and their seconds, followed by the referee and the two physicians.

Next he indicates the exact place for the meeting. The choice of this depends on local conditions, as well as the distribution of light and shade, which, so far as possible, should be equal. With large steps he measures off the distance or, in the case of a duel with swords, he lets the seconds determine it by a comparison of the weapons.

In the fourth place, in a pistol duel he loads the weapons, or has the seconds do so under his supervision, each loading his own pistol while the other looks on. The seconds then draw lots for the pistols.

Lastly, after the position of the opponents has been determined by lot and they have taken their places, the pistols are handed to them by the seconds on a signal from the referee. The seconds stand to one side of their respective principals—in a pistol duel from seven to eight paces distant, so that each has a clear view of the inner side of his opposing principal. In the middle, between the two opponents, the referee takes his position at a distance of eight or nine paces from the line of fire, so that he may see both opponents and their seconds.

In a pistol duel the first care of the referee must always be to procure the right kind of pistols. If there is but little time to spare the seconds may assist him, but he, nevertheless, remains responsible for their correctness and condition.

If only such weapons can be procured as one or both of the opponents are acquainted with they can only be used if neither of them has shot with them. The referee, as has been said, must assure himself of this on the word of honor of both principals.

To avoid further proceedings, or even the entire failure of the duel, the referee must in doubtful cases, as when he cannot get new pistols from a gunsmith, secure through the seconds the promise of the opponents that, if it is possible for either to secure pistols which answer the conditions, the seconds may have time to consult their principals and agree on the choice of such pistols.

It is self-evident that this permission must not be used to make the conditions of the encounter more stringent. If weapons must be used which are known to one of the opponents, the referee must announce the extent and quality of his knowledge. The referee must decide in how far it is necessary to explain the knowledge of the weapon of the one or the other so that both may have the same advantage.

The use of pistols from which one of the opponents has already shot is excluded, as this is against all habit and custom.

In loading the pistols, which must have been thoroughly cleaned, the referee determines the amount of powder. The quantity of the latter must be such as not to influence the conditions by too small or too light or too heavy a charge.

In smooth-bore pistols the bullet must be separated from the powder by means of a piece of oiled paper. The caps must fit well and be waterproof.

It is the duty of the referee to announce the rate at which he will count. An interval of three seconds according to a stop-watch is recommended. In no case must he attempt to make the conditions milder or stricter by a strikingly slow or rapid count.

In a challenge with pistols the bearer of the challenge must instruct the referee as to:

1. The kind of pistols.
2. The distance
3. The number of rounds to be exchanged.
4. The methods of the duel.

For instance: Rifle-bore pistols with sight and hair-trigger, ten paces distance, three rounds at command.

Pistols are distinguished as follows: Smooth-bore pistols with and without sights; rifle-bore pistols with and without sights, and either smooth or rifle bore pistols with or without hair-triggers. The use of sight and hair-trigger, especially in rifle-bore pistols, is such an increase in strictness that a

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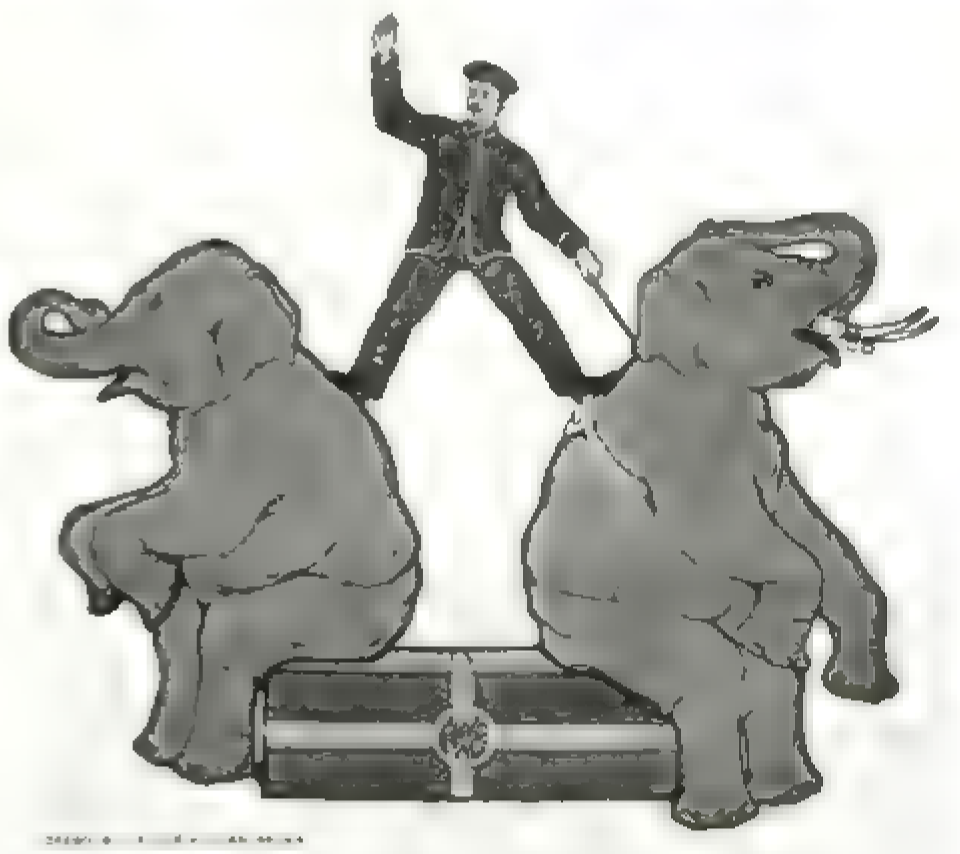
FOLLOWING THE CIRCUS

By Arthur E. McFarlane

MORE ABOUT THE ELEPHANTS



THE small boys who, when the circus trains are unloading, wait for the elephants to clamber out, then follow them to the grounds, and, even when the performance is about to begin, hang in fascination about them to the last reluctant minute in the menagerie tent, show the unerring correctness of instinct of the young. For that great, gray, swaying semilune at the far end of the many-odored canvas caravansary is the essential and unchangeable centre of interest in the whole show. If you travel with a circus for a week or a month, thereto will you most certainly gravitate, and thereabouts will you camp till the going down of the sun. Yes, and if the show remains upon that lot for several days and the keepers are good to you, you may be allowed to stay and bunk on the hay along with them at night; and, amid the slow, querulous breathing and the duskily swinging trunks, you will hear such stories as are given to few to tell, and to fewer strangers still to listen to.

Nor will you have abode among the elephants for long until you realize that their intelligence is something uncanny. You will find yourself beginning to take it for granted that they understand perfectly all you say; and when they don't pay any attention it is only because you are talking stupid nonsense which really isn't worth listening to. You will find yourself attempting to readjust your old ideas of the radical difference between a man's mind and a brute's. You will go to the little elephants for instruction, and you will end by becoming very much interested in how they get their own.

For the most part a little elephant takes to the show business as if he were born for nothing else. Once get him going at a trick, and when you leave him he will practice away by himself as no little boy or girl—even in a Sunday-school book—ever did at the piano. And mind you, too, a ten-months-old elephant is the most stuck-up and vainglorious creature in the world. When half a dozen are sent in together to do an act on the tanbark, it is always a race to see who will start showing off the first. In one circus "battle" there is a thick-headed little bull-calf who is supposed to be wounded toward the end of the engagement; and he must thereafter hobble on three legs. But about four times out of five he picks up that nigh hind pediment of his before the first preliminary gun is fired, and proceeds to lurch and bucket about the ring, trumpeting for triumph; none of those second-rate, hand-me-down actors have got ahead of *him!*

Nor is that bad memory—not a bit of it! For once an elephant learns an act, even though it is one that takes a good half-hour to go through, that act stays with him ever afterward. On occasion when a circus decides to take some of its old business out of the back of the drawer, often the trainers themselves have forgotten the run of it. But they start the elephants in at the beginning, and when there comes a difference of opinion they leave it to the beasts. If they don't, they might as well make up their minds to be made to look very foolish before that "stunt" is done with!

Curiously enough, one of the simplest and most necessary evolutions, that of lying down, is one that an elephant is most unwilling to learn. He resists that kindergarten lesson with all the force of his nature, and, although his age is only one of months as yet, it is necessary to call in a block and tackle to handle him. He can't be pushed over; but the ropes are hitched about his two off feet, the proper jerk is given and down be goes. When this is repeated a few score times he surrenders.

Learning to stand on his head is even a sorer matter with him. The trainer knows that he understands perfectly what is wanted of him, for he has had two of the other elephants rehearse the act for his benefit; and an elephant is more filled with the desire to imitate than an Indian monkey. But deuce a bit will he do any imitating now! So the half-hitch is taken about his hindlegs, the laboring winch goes clankety-clank, and he is rolled straight over on his face. It makes him furious, he trumpets with wrath, but he is wofully helpless. He is let up, and again given the word to stand on his head. Listen to it? *Jamais de la vie!* And he has only paused because he cannot make up his mind which of his tormentors—once his friends—to destroy the first!

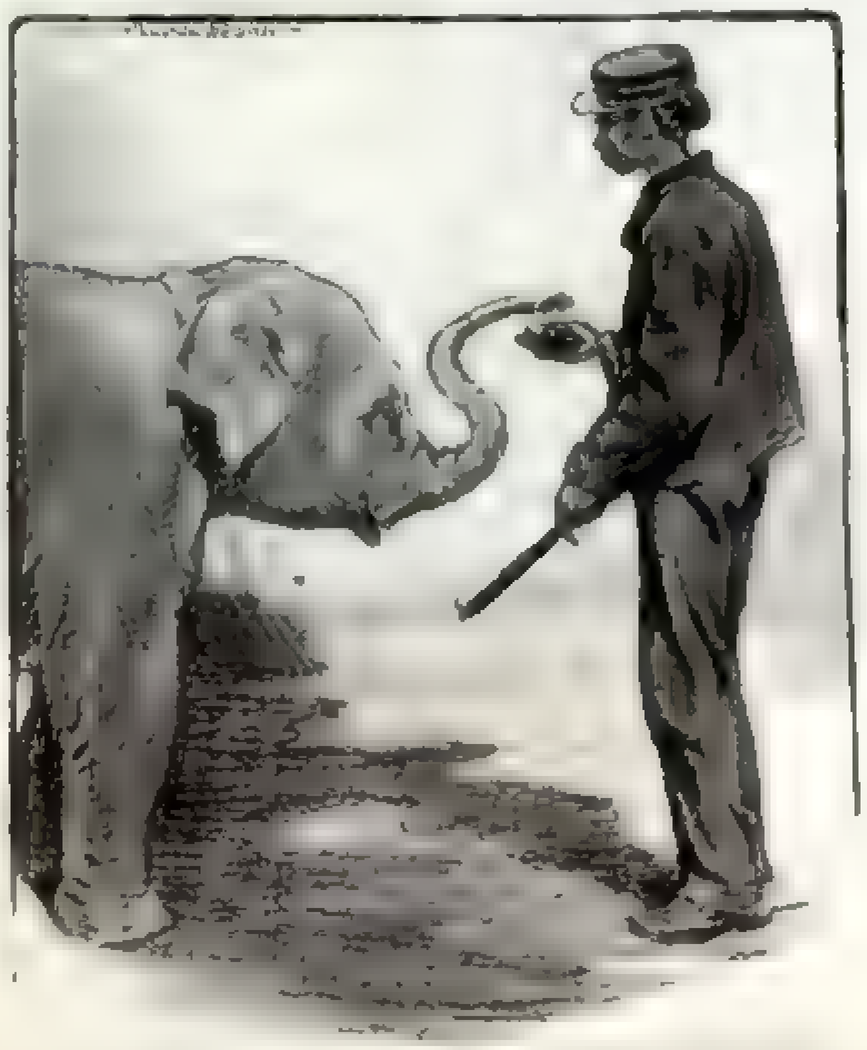
There is another nod to the men on the windlass—and up his heels begin to go a second time. Indignity of indignities! Bear it? *Never!* He will do such things. "Let me down out of this! Let me down—*let me down*, or I'll bust a blood-vessel, that's what I'll do! Oh-h, now just you wait! Let me *down*, I tell you! *Let me*——" Then they *let* him down, and that very suddenly—*bump*, on that all too ample and all too tender nose of his—and twice as hard as the first time! Again he is set on those slate-gray pegs of his. "Will you stand on your head now?" The subject is too painful; I shall carry it no further. But when next you mark the seemingly eager alacrity with which one of those small trick "babies" will hasten to up-end and balance himself upon his bulbous brows, you will have some conception of the sort of recollections that are passing through his head.

In the mean time, while their education is going on, chumships are being formed among them. Sometimes the attachment is between a little boy and girl elephant; and it is a wholly chivalrous attachment, too. To prove that for us, a keeper began meanly to "jaw" one of these tender hearted Virginias, and then smacked her with the handle of a fork. "*Now* watch *him*," he said. The Paul in the case had already thrust his ears bristlingly forward, he snorted with rage, his trunk writhed for a moment, and then he ran it between his forelegs and viced his knees together upon it.

"What does that particular manœuvre mean?" we asked.

"That means," explained the tormentor with a grin—"that means that he feels that if he didn't keep tight hold of himself he'd just have to turn right loose! And if he did that, he knows they'd *both* pay for it!"

But the would-be defender could at least show his sympathy. A minute afterward and he had twisted that too-powerless trunk of his about the maltreated Virginia's; they hunched up together, there was an interval of tearful whispering, and then all was well again.



THE CINGALESE KEEPER WILL HAVE TO BE RETAINED UNTIL THAT YOUNG COW LEARNS ENGLISH!

The same attachments are no less frequent between full-grown elephants, especially between the forlorn old ladies. Take one away without the other and you will hear some of the most choleric denunciation ever indulged in under circus canvas. "Don't you *go*, Mrs. Gamp! Don't you stir a *step!* Take my word for it, they mean no good—they'll probably put you in the poorhouse! You just stay right here by me!" And when Mrs. Gamp is dragged heartlessly out, her own suspicious shrieks are drowned only by the violence of the language sent after her abductors. And when she is brought back again, the trembling emotion of those two old creatures—so full of joy renewed—is something you can no longer laugh at

From the foregoing it will be inferred that a pretty definite order must be preserved when the big beasts are on parade, and that is the case. "To get them good and cantankerous," said a trainer, "just begin switching them around." They are essentially a conservative folk. They like what they're used to. Some things, too, they seem never to get used to—thunderstorms, for example.

When a big storm comes up, the first thing to do is to get the herd outside. Just what an elephant's beliefs as to thunder and lightning are, no two wild-animal men agree upon. But the great brutes seem always to associate bad storms with their experiences while crossing the ocean. They commence rocking and swaying from side to side as if they were trying to maintain their balance in a heavy roll. And a score of them all rocking and swaying and waving their trunks together work one another up to a tremendous pitch of excitement. In a little while, unless they are moved, they will begin to pull up their stakes, and then they need all the room there is! More than that, when the big guns begin to go off—as in all other cases of uncommon stress—elephants always want to see just where they're at. So they are swiftly unchained, the canvas opened and the whole herd taken out into open ground. They at least get a good wash gratis, and if they stampede then there is less chance of heavy damages and loss of life.

You never know just how elephants are going to act in a stampede. In one instance a big show was getting ready to leave its lot—it was in a small Middle West town—and part of the herd were preparing to make a move under the head bull man, when suddenly the latter became aware that the rest of his beasts were starting off in an uncontrollable break.

Now, elephants can be led almost like sheep, even when the stampeding madness is on them. The head keeper gave the word to the huge brute he was guiding to "put him up." And once up, he frantically gave her the hook and got her into the lead of the whole trumpeting, thundering cavalcade As luck had it, too, in the first place she was just a little swifter of stride than the best of them; and in the second, the route to the cars was a two miles almost straight ahead. And though it was no hippodrome performance, that boss bull man lay flat, and clung to the great ragged ears, and just took her through! The rest of the herd followed, jammed together from curb to curb! What horses there were along that staggered highway wheeled and shot down side lanes; or, lacking those kindly refuges, they proceeded to climb fences and take to front verandas. The herd stopped only when brought up short against the circus trains.

Meanwhile, back at the show the managers were wiping the cold, sickly sweat away, and waiting for the damage suits to begin to come in. But no such chains of tribulations were hung about their necks at all! Only, after a time, the mayor showed up, and he *had* come to protest. (He didn't see why they needed to be in any such blame hurry gettin' the *elephants* down to the cars; for as far as *he* could see, the rest of the show wouldn't be ready to pull out for another two hours yet!)

In one herd is a young cow and calf from Ceylon, and with them is a Cingalese keeper. He will have to be retained until that young cow learns English! Certain elephant-talk words still remain universal: "*Shi*" is the left or nigh side; "*muhal*" is go quickly, shove fast, etc.; "*tull*" is stop and come back. But otherwise an elephant actually does learn English, and learns a wonderful lot of it, too. Their unspoken vocabulary is not merely one of gee, haw, whoa and back up, with pulls upon the reins to help it out. Perhaps at the end of the lined-up herd there is an elephant mussing herself up with hay dust. "Fali," calls a keeper, and he scarcely raises his voice, "let that hay alone!" And she lets it alone. When one of the big ones, "Babe," for instance, is arranging the wagons in the menagerie, the boss will often give her her orders from thirty yards away at the other side of the tent. Nor can he give those orders very much quicker than she can carry them out. What is more—and this is

Editor's Note—This is the eighth and last paper in Mr. McFarlane's series, Following the Circus.

something to stop and think about—when a wagon gets stuck, and all Babe's pushing only mires it the deeper, she has been known to grasp the axle with her trunk and both lift and push at the same time!

Of late years, too, circus elephants have undoubtedly been growing in inward grace. No longer do they seem to exist only to be revenged upon those unprincipled individuals who, twenty-nine years before, have given them a bad cigar or a plug of lower grade chewing than they have been accustomed to.

One little Cockney bull man told us a story of his own to prove that an elephant's bosom may not only be filled with all unselfishness, but may also swell with the most admirable instincts of patriotism.

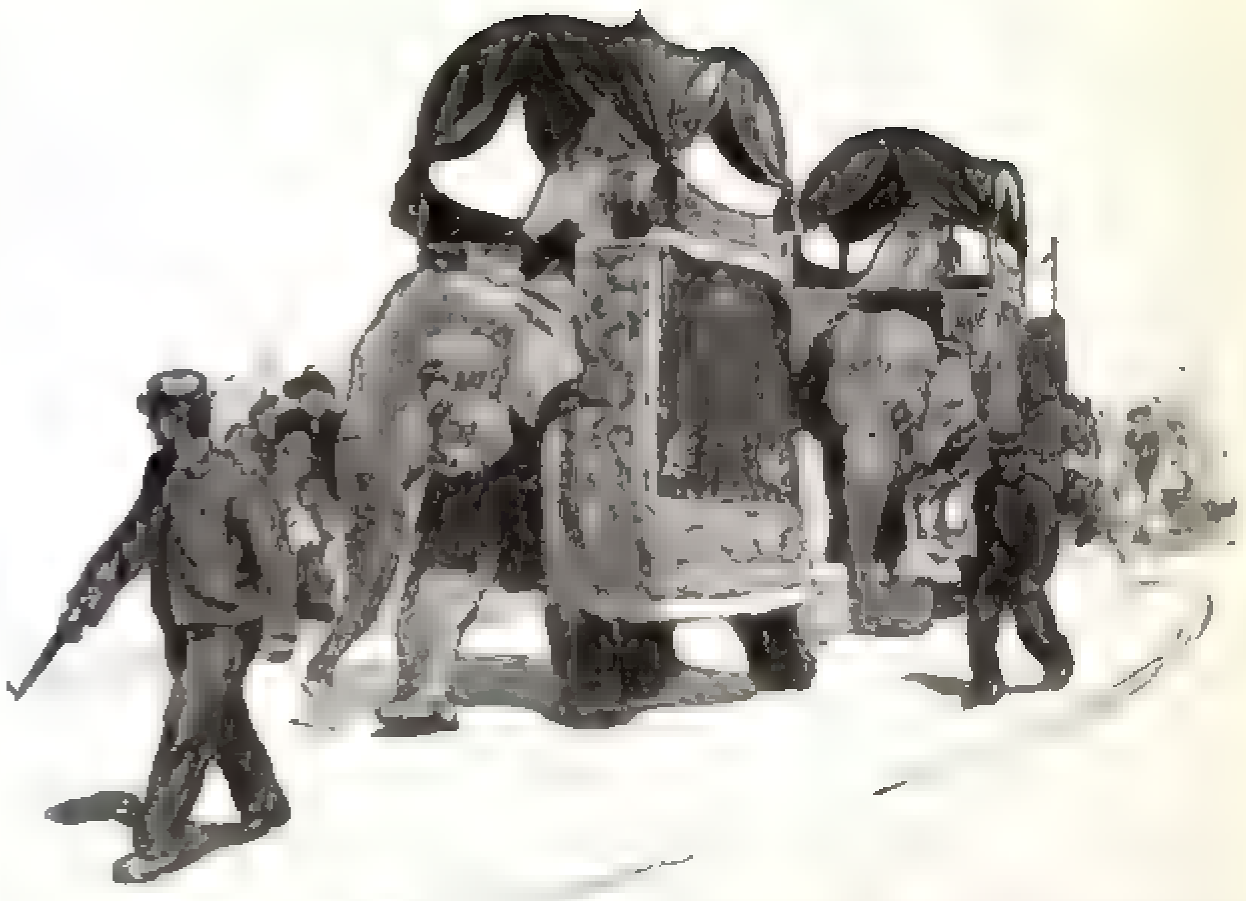
He was in charge of a herd showing at the London Olympia on the day when Ladysmith was relieved. At the first gloating bugle blast of that tumultuous evening those elephants at once proceeded to try to make forcible egress through a foot and a half of brick wall into the outer air. And get through they did, too! But once in the open they became altogether quiet and serene again. "Now, w'at was it they wanted for to see? They wanted for to see if it was true that the Jack had been run up on the Mansion 'ouse, that's w'at they wanted for to see! And wanst they sor it you could do anythink with them!" It is cruel to doubt it, but, until further evidence is produced to back it up, that story must be regarded as apocryphal.

Yet only a few minutes afterward we were listening to another story that was *not* apocryphal, but was much more amazing. It is the tale of how, some fifteen years ago, three big fellows ran away in Grass Valley, Nevada.

The thing began with a stampede when the show was pulling stakes at night. And three husky tuskers could not be located in the darkness. George Conklin—a famous wild-animal man—was left behind to pick them up and bring them on next day. But he could not find them next day. They had footed it over the rocks for miles, and in the end he had to make up his mind to hire a guide to go along with him and read the trail. But the next night came and still he had not found them. And that was for the astonishing reason that though none of those elephants had known anything but the life of the circus from their youth up, in all of them there now seemed to come out the ingrained and inscrutable cunning of the jungle. They traveled only at night; and wherever they could use the beds of water-courses they left no tracks at all. By day they hid in the thick underwoods. And lastly, when in making those swift night rushes they were compelled to cut across country, they moved so silently that many of those Grass Valley farmers through whose fields and orchards they had gone got their first news of it from the baffled Conklin himself. When he took them out and showed them their broken fences and the great footprints—as if from walking nail-kegs—in their ploughed ground they generally had to sit down to take breath. And when he passed on into a section full of darky market-gardeners, the information he had for *them* started them all in one wild emigration for the high places. Yet in an entire week never a person had as yet actually *seen* those elephants!

The situation was preposterous, but Conklin had fairly reached his limit and was ready to give up the pursuit. He resolved to put one more day on it, however, and late that afternoon fortune was with him. As he was passing a quarter of a mile to windward of a heavy clump of dwarf oaks in the centre of it he thought he caught sight of a familiar pendulum motion. It was the runaways. And they had concealed themselves exactly as their wild brothers do.

It is a queer enough story, especially their being seen by absolutely no one. But bull men wonder if there must not have been here and there a grazing horse that saw them in the clouded moonlight, and was terrified beyond the power even to scream. And this peculiar strength of horror that an elephant appears to have over the equine mind is a thing that animal men often talk about. There have been several cases in circus annals of a horse dropping dead at the first sight of one. And a rather pathetic feature of this, too, is the fact that such horses have almost invariably been blooded ones. Frank Melville tells of one lank old beast, drawing a ramshackle peanut wagon, which suddenly beheld the leading elephant in the parade as it turned the corner; it shivered for one agued moment—and was dead almost before its head reached the pavement. At first it seemed that this must be an exception to the rule of blood. It was afterward learned, however, that the poor brute's sire was of running stock.



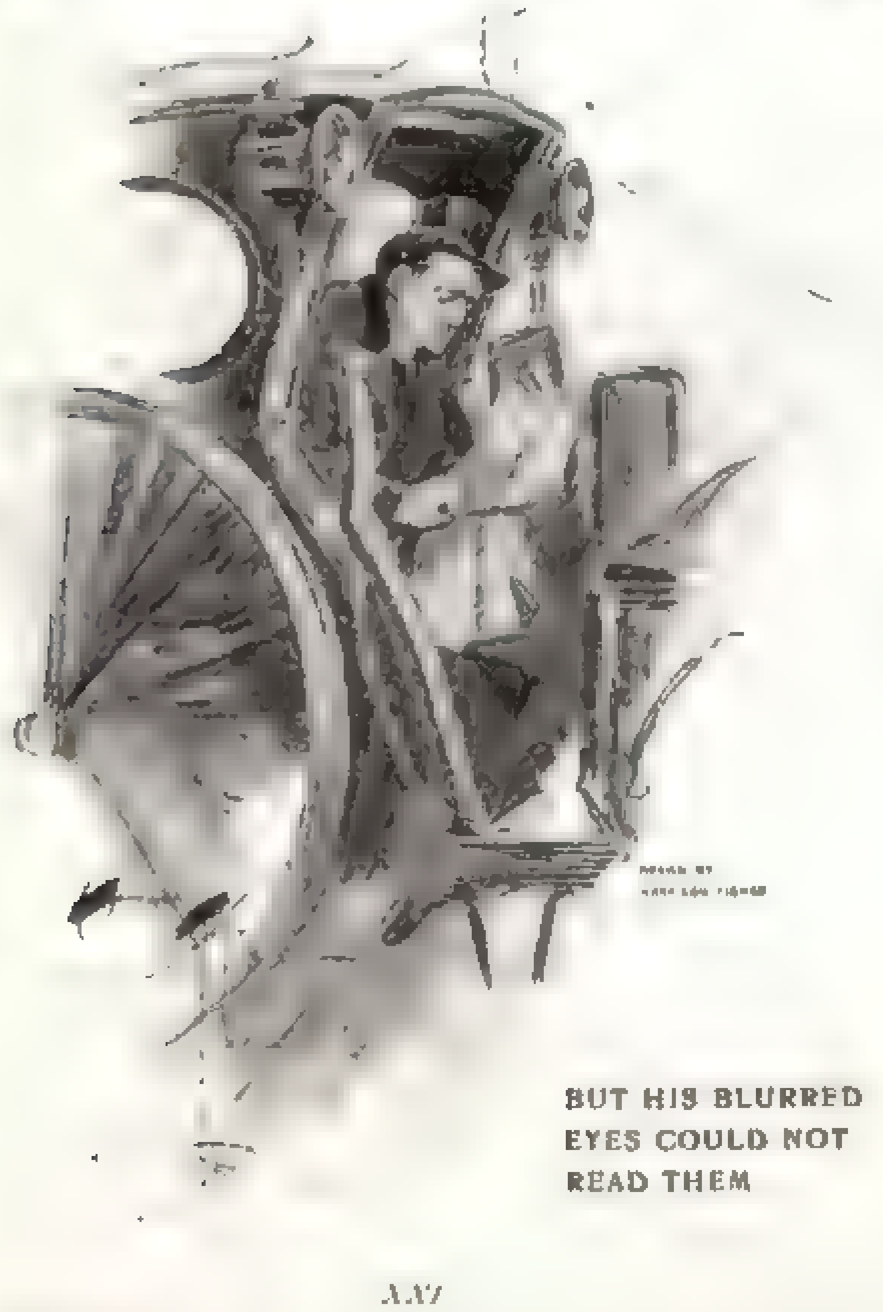
—SUDDENLY BEHELD THE LEADING ELEPHANT IN THE PARADE AS IT TURNED THE CORNER

. . . .

But we have already stayed too long in the menagerie tent It is after midnight, and the solitary gasoline torch still alight has been turned so low that it burns a sort of eerie witch-fire blue. The animals, drowsily restless, want to be left alone to sleep. Yet even now some last disturber enters—and they all give tongue at him together. The spotted hyenas, always raucous harbingers of foul weather, have for twenty hours been giving intolerable warning of the big storm on its way up from the Gulf. Now they begin again. The leopards start nervously to their feet and take it up. The great Bengal tiger's eyes blaze savagely as he sends it yarring on. The lions crest their manes, and roar and roar again. And now from the whole huge half circle of elephants (for a time motionless as the dolmens of Stonehenge) goes up the voice of their undying hatred of captivity. You never heard before such sudden blares of fury, such wild, full-throated slogans of the jungle, such terrific explosions of measureless resentment—such bellowing defiance of the man-people. It is not good in here. We shall slip away.

THE COST

By David Graham Phillips



BUT HIS BLURRED EYES COULD NOT READ THEM

XXI

TOWARD noon the next day Dumont emerged from the stupor into which Doctor Sackett's opiate had plunged him. At once his mind began to grope about for the broken clews of his business. His valet appeared.

"The morning papers," said Dumont.

"Yes, sir," replied the valet, and disappeared.

After a few seconds Culver came and stood just within the doorway. "I'm sorry, sir, but Doctor Sackett left strict orders that you were to be quiet. Your life depends on it."

Dumont scowled and his lower lip projected—the crowning touch in his most imperious expression. "The papers—all of 'em—quick!" he commanded.

Culver took a last look at the blue-white face and bloodshot eyes to give him courage to stand firm. "The doctor'll be here in a few minutes," he said, bowed and went out.

Choking with impotent rage, Dumont rang for his valet and forced him to help him dress. He was so weak when he finished that only his iron will kept him from fainting. He took a stiff drink of the brandy—the odor was sickening to him and he could hardly force it down. But once down, it strengthened him. "No, nothing to eat," he said thickly, and with slow but fairly steady step left his room and descended to the library. Culver was there—sat almost agape with amazement at sight of his master. "But you—you must not——" he began.

Dumont gave him an ugly grin. "But I *will!*" he said, and again drank brandy. He turned and went out and toward the front door, Culver following with stammering protests which he heeded not at all. On the sidewalk he hailed a passing hansom. "To the Edison Building," he said and drove off, Culver, bare-headed at the curb, looking dazedly after him. Before he reached Fifty-ninth Street he was half-sitting, half-reclining in the corner of the seat, his eyes closed and his senses sinking into a stupor from the fumes of the powerful doses of brandy. As the hansom drove down the Avenue many recognized him, wondered and pitied as they noted his color, his collapsed body, head fallen on one side, mouth open and lips greenish gray. As the hansom slowly crossed the tracks at Twenty-third Street the heavy jolt roused him.

"The newspapers," he muttered, and hurled up through the trap in the roof an order to the driver to stop. He leaned over the doors and bought half a dozen newspapers of the woman at the Flat-iron stand. As the hansom moved on he glanced at the headlines—they were big and staring, but his blurred eyes could not read them. He fell asleep again, his hands clasped loosely about the huge proclamations of yesterday's battle and his terrible rout.

The hansom was caught and stopped in a jam at Chambers Street. The clamor of shouting, swearing drivers roused him. The breeze from the open sea, blowing straight up Broadway into his face, braced him like the tonic that it is. He straightened himself, recovered his train of thought, stared at one of the newspapers and tried to grasp the meaning of its headlines. But they made only a vague impression on him. "It's all lies," he muttered. "Lies! How could those fellows smash *me!*" And he savagely flung the newspapers out of the hansom into the faces of two boys seated upon the tail of a truck.

"You're drunk early," yelled one of the boys.

"That's no one-day jag," shouted the other. "It's a hang-over."

He made a wild, threatening gesture and, as his hansom drove on, muttered and mumbled to himself, vague profanity aimed at nothing and at everything. At the Edison Building he got out. "Wait!" he said to the driver. He did not see the impudent smirk on the face of the elevator boy nor the hesitating, sheepish salutation of the doorman, uncertain how to greet the fallen king. He went straight to his office, unlocked his desk and, just in time to save himself from fainting, seized and half-emptied a flask of brandy he kept in a drawer. It had been there—but untouched—ever since he came to New York and took those offices; he never drank in business hours.

His head was aching horribly and at every throb of his pulse a pain tore through him. He rang for his messenger. "Tell Mr. Giddings I want to see him, —— you!" he said, his teeth clinched and his eyes blazing—he looked insane.

Giddings came. His conscience was clear—he had never liked Dumont, owed him nothing, yet had stood by him until further fidelity would have ruined himself, would not have saved Dumont, or prevented the Herron-Cassell raiders from getting control. Now that he could afford to look at his revenge-books he was deeply resenting the insults and indignities heaped upon him in the past five years. But he was unable to gloat, was moved to pity, at sight of the physical and mental wreck in that chair which he had always seen occupied by the most robust of despots.

"Well," said Dumont in a dull, far-away voice, without looking at him. "What's happened?"

Giddings cast about for a smooth beginning but could find none. "They did us up—that's all," he said funereally.

Dumont lifted himself into a momentary semblance of his old look and manner. "You lie, —— you!" he shouted, his mouth raw and ragged as a hungry tiger's.

Giddings began to cringe, remembered the changed conditions, bounded to his feet. "I'll tolerate such language from no man!" he exclaimed. "I wish you good-morning, sir!" And he was on his way to the door.

"Come back!" commanded Dumont arrogantly. And Giddings, the habit of implicit obedience to that voice still strong upon him, hesitated and half-turned.

Dumont was more impressed with the truth of the cataclysm by Giddings' revolt than by the newspaper headlines or by Giddings' words. And from somewhere in the depths of his reserve-self he summoned the last of his coolness and self-control. "Beg pardon, Giddings," said he. "You see I'm not well."

Giddings returned—he had taken orders all his life, he had submitted to this master slavishly; the concession of an apology mollified him and flattered him in spite of himself. "Oh, don't mention it," he said, seating himself again. "As I was saying, the raid was a success. I did the best I could. Some called our loans and some demanded more collateral. And while I was fighting front and rear and both sides, bang came that lie about your condition. The market broke. All I could do was sell, sell, sell, to try to meet or protect our loans."

Giddings heard a sound that made him glance at Dumont. His head had fallen forward and he was snoring. Giddings looked long and pityingly. "A sure enough dead one," he muttered, unconsciously using the slang of the Street which he habitually avoided. And he went away, closing the door behind him.

After half an hour Dumont roused himself—out of a stupor into a half-delirious dream. "Must get cash," he mumbled, "and look after the time loans." He lifted his head and pushed back his hair from his hot forehead. "I'll stamp on those curs yet!"

He took another drink—his hands were so unsteady that he had to use both of them in lifting it to his lips. He put the flask in his pocket instead of returning it to the drawer. No one spoke to him, all pretended not to see him as he passed through the offices on his way to the elevator. With glassy, unseeing eyes he fumbled at the dashboard and side of the hansom; with a groan like a rheumatic old man's he lifted his heavy body up into the seat, dropped back and fell asleep. A crowd of clerks and messengers, newsboys and pedlers gathered and gaped, awed as they thought of the dazzling catastrophe of the man so long one of the heroes of the Street.

"What's the matter?" inquired a newcomer, apparently a tourist, edging his way into the outskirts of the crowd

"That's Dumont, the head of the Woolens Trust," the curb-broker he addressed replied in a low tone. "He was raided yesterday—woke up in the morning worth a hundred millions, went to bed worth—perhaps five, maybe nothing at all."

At this exaggeration of the height and depth of the disaster the expression of awe and sympathy in the faces of the crowd grew intense; a hundred millions to nothing at all, or at most a beggarly five millions—what a dizzy precipice! Great indeed must be he who could fall so far. The driver peered through the trap, wondering why his distinguished "fare" endured this vulgar scrutiny. He saw that Dumont was asleep, thrust down his hand and shook him. "Where to, sir?" he asked, as Dumont straightened himself.

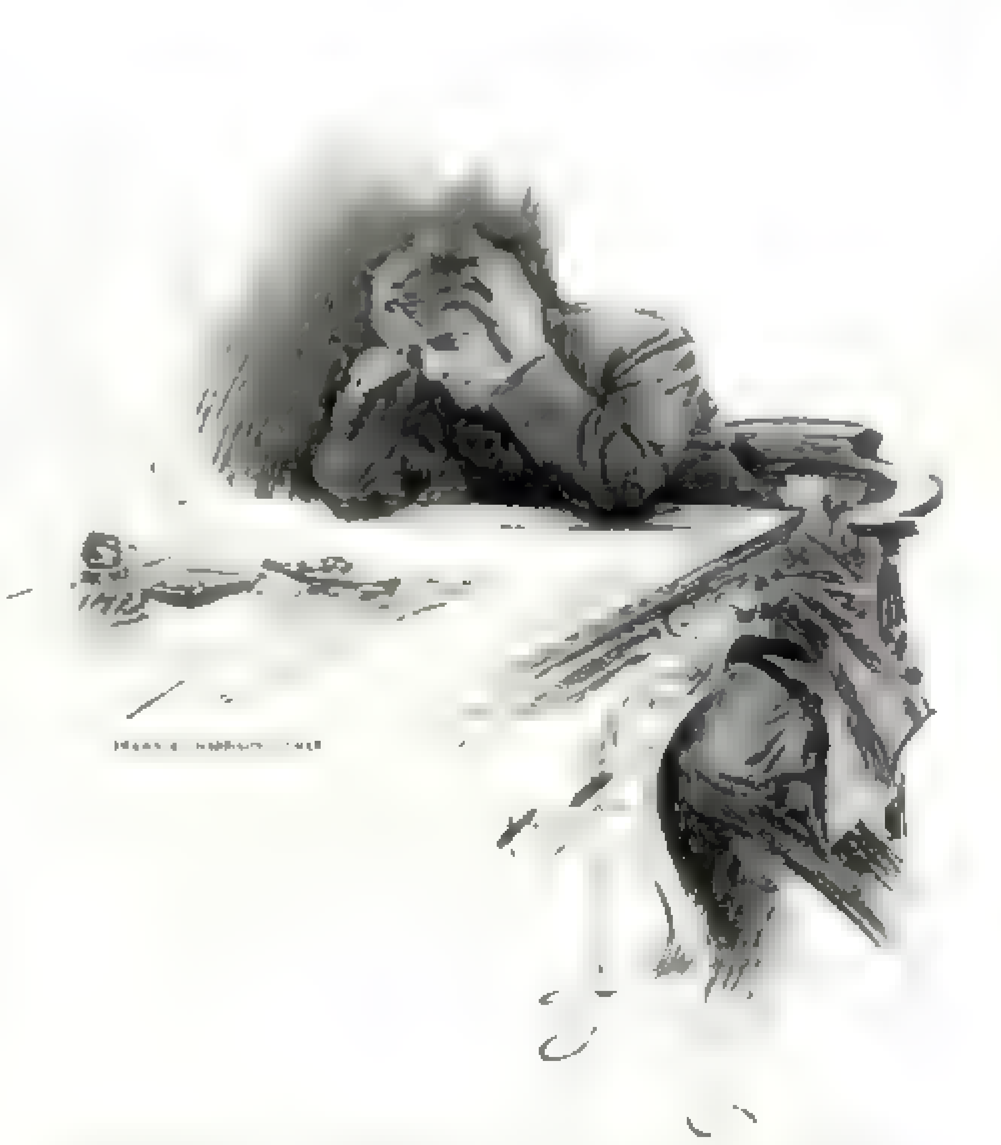
"To the National Industrial Bank, you fool," snapped Dumont. "How many times must I tell you?"

"Thank you, sir," said the driver—without sarcasm, thinking steadfastly of his pay—and drove swiftly away.

Theretofore, whenever he had gone to the National Industrial Bank he had been received as one king is received by another. Either eager and obsequious high officers of King Mowbray had escorted him directly to the presence, or King Mowbray, because he had a caller who could not be summarily dismissed, had come out apologetically to conduct King Dumont to another audience chamber. That day the third assistant cashier greeted him with politeness carefully graded to the due of a man merely moderately rich and not a factor in the game of high finance. "Be seated, Mr. Dumont," he said, pointing to a chair just inside the railing—a seat not unworthy a man of rank in the plutocratic hierarchy, but a man of far from high rank. "I'll see whether Mr. Mowbray's disengaged."

Dumont dropped into the chair and his heavy head was almost immediately resting upon his shirt-bosom. The third assistant cashier returned, roused him somewhat impatiently. "Mr. Mowbray's engaged," said he "But Mr Cowles will see you" Mr. Cowles was the third vice-president.

Dumont rose. The blood flushed into his face and his body shook from head to foot. "Tell Mowbray to go to h——," he jerked out, the haze clearing for a moment from his piercing, wicked eyes. And he stalked through the gateway in the railing. He turned. "Tell him I'll tear him down and grind him into the gutter within six months."



"WHY SHOULD I SHOOT MYSELF? I CAN SMASH 'EM ALL—TO POWDER—GRIND 'EM INTO THE DIRT"

In the hansom again, he reflected or tried to reflect. But the lofty buildings seemed to cast a black shadow on his mind, and the roar and rush of the tremendous tide of traffic through that deep cañon set his thoughts to whirling like drink-maddened bacchanals dancing round a punch-bowl. "That woman!" he exclaimed suddenly. "What asses they make of us men! And all these vultures—I'm not carrion yet. But *they* soon will be!" And he laughed and his thoughts began their crazy spin again.

A newsboy came, waving an "extra" in at the open doors of the hansom. "Dumont's downfall!" he yelled in his shrill, childish voice. "All about the big smash!"

Dumont snatched a paper and flung a copper at the boy.

"Gimme a tip on Woolens, Mr. Dumont," said the boy with an impudent grin, balancing himself for flight. "How's Mrs. Fanshaw?"

The newspapers had made his face as familiar as the details of his private life. He shrank and quivered. He pushed up the trap. "Home!" he said, forgetting that the hansom and driver were not his own.

"All right, Mr. Dumont!" replied the driver. Dumont shrank again and sat cowering in the corner—the very calling him by his name, now a synonym for failure, disgrace, ridicule and contempt, seemed a subtle insult.

With roaring brain and twitching, dizzy eyes he read at the newspaper's account of his overthrow. And gradually there formed in his mind a coherent notion of how it had come to pass, of its extent; of why he found himself lying in the depths, the victim of insults and humiliations so frightful that they penetrated even to him, stupefied and crazed with drink and fever though he was. His courage, his self-command were burnt up by the brandy. His body had at last revolted, was having its terrible revenge upon the mind that had so long misused it in every kind of indulgence.

"I'm done for—done for," he repeated audibly again and again, at each repetition looking round mentally for a fact or a hope that would deny his assertion—but he cast about in vain. "Yes, I'm done for," he said for the last time; and flinging away the newspaper he settled back and ceased to try to think of his affairs. After a while tears rolled from under his blue eyelids, dropped haltingly down his cheeks, spread out upon his lips, tasted salt in his half-open mouth.

The hansom stopped before his great brick and marble palace. The butler hurried out and helped him alight—not yet thirty-seven, he felt as if he were a dying old man. "Pay the cabby," he said and groped his way into the house and to the elevator and mechanically ran himself up to his floor. His valet was in his dressing-room. He waved him away. "Get out! And don't disturb me till I ring."

"The doctor——" began Mallow.

"Do as I tell you!"

When he was alone he poured out brandy and gulped it down—a drink that might have eaten the lining straight out of a stomach less powerful than his. He went from door to door, locking them all. Then he seated himself in a lounging-chair before the long mirror. He stared toward the image of himself but was so dim-eyed that he could see nothing but spinning black disks. "Life's not such a good game even when a man's winning," he said aloud. "A rotten bad game when he's losing."

His head wobbled to fall forward but he roused himself. "Wife gone——" The tears flooded his eyes—tears of pity for himself, an injured and abandoned husband. "Wife gone," he repeated. "Friends gone——" He laughed sardonically. "No, never had friends, thank God, or I shouldn't have lasted this long. No such thing as friends—a man gets what he can pay for. Grip gone—luck gone! What's the use?"

He dozed off, presently to start into acute, shuddering consciousness. At the far end of the room, stirring, slowly emerging from under the divan was a—a Thing! He could not define its shape, but he knew that it was vast, that it was scaly, with many short fat legs tipped with claws; that its color was green, that its purpose was hideously malign, gleaming in crafty malice from large, square, green-yellow eyes. He wiped the sticky sweat from his brow—"It's only the brandy," he said loudly, and the Thing faded, vanished. He drew a deep breath of relief

He went to a case of drawers and stood before it, supporting himself by the handles of the second drawer. "Yes," he reflected, "the revolver's in that drawer." He released the handles and staggered back to his chair. "I'm crazy," he muttered, "crazy as a loon I ought to ring for the doctor"

In a moment he was up again, but instead of going toward the bell he went to the drawers and opened the second one. In a compartment lay a pearl-handled, self-cocking revolver. He put his hand upon it, shivered, drew his hand away—the steel and the pearl were cold He closed the drawer with a quick push, opened it again slowly, took up the revolver, staggered over to his desk and laid it there. His face was chalk-white in spots and his eyes were stiff in their sockets. He rested his aching, burning, reeling head upon his hands and stared at the revolver.

"But," he said aloud, as if contemptuously dismissing a suggestion, "why should I shoot myself? I can smash 'em all—to powder—grind 'em into the dirt"

He took up the revolver. "What'd be the use of smashing 'em?" he said wearily. He felt tired and sick, horribly sick.

He laid it down. "I'd better be careful," he thought "I'm not in my right mind. I might——"

He took it in his hand and went to the mirror and put the muzzle against his temple. He laughed crazily. "A little pressure on that trigger and—bang! I'd be in kingdom come and shouldn't give a rap for anybody." He caught sight of his eyes in the mirror and hastily dropped his arm to his side. "No, I'd never shoot myself in the temple. The heart'd be better. Just here"—and he pressed the muzzle into the soft material of his coat—"If I touched the trigger——"

And his finger did touch the trigger. Pains shot through his chest like cracks radiating in glass when a stone strikes it. He looked at his face—white, with wild eyes, with lips blue and ajar, the sweat streaming from his forehead. "What have I done?" he shrieked, mad with the dread of death. "I must call for help." He turned toward the door, plunged forward, fell unconscious, the revolver flung half-way across the room.

When he came to his senses he was in his bed—comfortable, weak, lazy. With a slight effort he caught the thread of events. He turned his eyes and saw a nurse, seated at the head of his bed, reading. "Am I going to die?" he asked—his voice was thin and came in faint gusts.

"Certainly not," replied the nurse, putting down her book and standing over him, her face showing genuine reassurance and cheerfulness. "You'll be well very soon. But you must lie quiet and not talk."

"Was it a bad wound?"

"The fever was the worst. The bullet glanced round just under the surface."

"It was an accident," he said, after a moment's thought. "I suppose everybody is saying I tried to kill myself."

"'Everybody' doesn't know anything about it. Almost nobody knows. Even the servants here in the house don't know. Your secretary sent them away, broke in and found you."

He gave a sigh of relief, closed his eyes and slept. When he awoke again he felt that a long time had passed, that he was much better, that he was hungry. "Nurse!" he called.

The woman at the head of the bed rose and laid a cool hand upon his forehead. "How good that feels," he mumbled gratefully. "What nice hands you have, nurse," and he lifted his glance to her face. He stared wonderingly, confusedly. "I thought I was awake and almost well," he murmured. "And instead, I'm out of my head."

"Can I do anything for you?" It certainly was *her* voice.

"Is it you, Pauline?" he asked, as if he feared a negative answer.

"Yes—John."

A long silence, then he said: "Why did you come?"

"The doctor wrote me that—wrote me the truth."

"But haven't you heard? Haven't you seen the papers? Don't they say I'm ruined?"

"Yes, John."

He lay silent for several minutes. Then he asked hesitatingly: "And—when—do you—go back—west?"

"I have come to stay," she replied. And neither in her voice nor in her face was there a hint of what those five words meant to her.

He closed his eyes again. Presently a tear slid from under each lid and stood in the deep, wasted hollows of his eye-sockets.

XXII

WHEN he awoke again he felt that he should get well rapidly. He was weak, but it seemed the weakness of hunger rather than of illness. His head was clear, his nerves tranquil; his mind was as hungry for action as his body was for food. "As soon as I've had something to eat," he said to himself, "I'll be better than for years. I needed this." And straightway he began to take hold of the outside world.

"Are you there, Pauline?" he asked.

The nurse rose from the lounge across the foot of the bed. "Your wife was worn out, Mr. Dumont," she began. "She has——"

"What day is it?" he interrupted.

"Thursday."

"Of the month, I mean."

"The seventeenth," she answered, smiling in anticipation of his astonishment.

But he said without change of expression: "Then I've been ill three weeks and three days. Please tell Mr. Culver I wish to see him at once."

"But the doctor——"

"D——n the doctor," replied Dumont good-naturedly. "Please don't irritate me by opposing me. I sha'n't talk with Culver a minute by the clock. What I say will put my mind at rest. Then I'll eat something and sleep for a day at least."

The nurse hesitated, but his eyes fairly forced her out of the room to fetch Culver. "Now remember, Mr. Dumont—less than a minute," she said. "I'll come back in just sixty seconds."

"Come in forty," he replied. When she had closed the door he said to Culver, "What are the quotations on Woolens?"

"Preferred 28; Common 7," answered Culver. "They've been about steady for two weeks."

"Good. And what's Great Lakes and Gulf?"

Culver showed his surprise. "I'll have to consult the ticker," he said. "You never asked me for that quotation before. I'd no idea you'd want it." He went to the next room and immediately returned. "G. L. and G. one hundred and two."

Dumont smiled with a satisfied expression. "Now—please go downtown—what time is it?"

"Eight o'clock."

"Morning?"

"Yes, sir, morning."

"Please go downtown at once and set expert accountants—get Evarts and Schuman—set them at work on my personal accounts with the Woolens Company. Tell everybody I'm expected to die, and know it, and am getting facts for making my will. And stay downtown yourself all day—find out everything you can about National Woolens and that raiding crowd and about Great Lakes and Gulf. The better you succeed in this mission the better it'll be for you. Thank you, by the way, for keeping my accident quiet. Find out how the Fanning-Smiths are carrying National Woolens. Find out——"

The door opened and the plain, clean figure of the nurse appeared. "The minute's up," she said.

"One second more, please. Close the door." When she had obeyed he went on: "See Tavistock—you know you must be careful not to let any one at his office know that you're connected with me. See him—ask him—no, telephone Tavistock to come at once—and you find out all you can independently—especially about the Fanning-Smiths and Great Lakes and Gulf."

"Very well," said Culver.

"A great deal depends on your success," continued Dumont—"a great deal for me, a great deal—a *very* great deal for you."

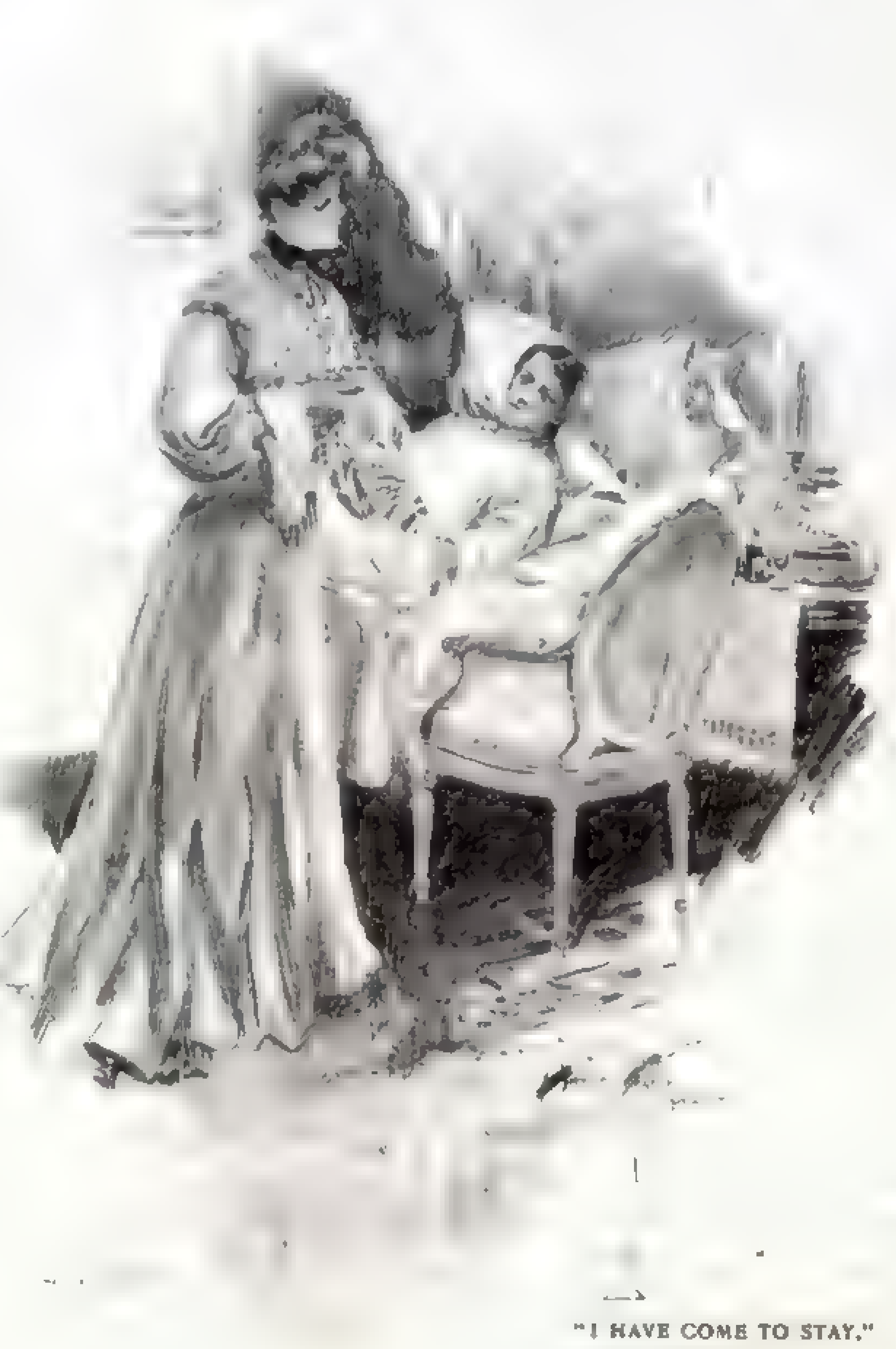
His look met Culver's and each seemed satisfied with what he saw. Then Culver went, saying to himself: "What makes him think the Fanning-Smiths were mixed up in the raid? And what on earth has G. L. and G. got to do with it? Gad, he's a *wonder!*" The longer Culver lived in intimacy with Dumont the greater became to him the mystery of his combination of bigness and littleness, audacity and caution, devil and man. "It gets me," he often reflected, "how a man can plot to rob millions of people in one hour and in the next plan endowments for hospitals and colleges; despise public opinion one minute and the next be courting it like an actor. But that's the way with all these big fellows. And I'll know how to do it when I get to be one of 'em."

As the nurse reentered Dumont's bedroom he called out, lively as a boy: "*Some*thing to eat! *Any*thing to eat! *Every*thing to eat!"

The nurse protested fiercely against Tavistock—at first flatly refused to admit him. But at half-past nine he entered, tall, lean, lithe, sharp of face, shrewd of eye, rakish of mustache; by Dumont's direction he closed and locked the door. "Why!" he exclaimed, "you don't look much of a sick man. You're thin, but your color's not bad and your eyes are clear. And downtown they have you dying."

Dumont laughed. Tavistock instantly recognized in laugh and look Dumont's battle expression. "Dying—yes. Dying to get at 'em. Tavistock, we'll kick those fellows out of Wall Street before the middle of next week. How much Great Lakes is there floating on the market?"

Tavistock looked puzzled. He had expected to talk National Woolens, and this man did not even speak of it, seemed absorbed in a stock in which Tavistock did not know he had any interest whatever. "G. L. and G.?" he said. "Not much—perhaps thirty thousand shares. It's been quiet for a long time. It's an investment stock, you know."



"I HAVE COME TO STAY," SHE REPLIED

Dumont smiled peculiarly. "I want a list of the stockholders—not all, only those holding more than a thousand shares."

"There aren't many big holders. Most of the stock's held in small lots in the Middle West."

"So much the better."

"I'm pretty sure I can get you a fairly accurate list."

Tavistock, Dumont's very private and personal broker, had many curious ways of reaching into the carefully guarded books and other business secrets of brokers and of the enterprises listed on the New York Stock Exchange. He and Dumont had long worked together in the speculative parts of Dumont's schemes. Dumont was the chief source of his rapidly growing fortune, though no one except Culver, not even Mrs. Tavistock, knew that they had business relations. Dumont moved through Tavistock secretly, and Tavistock in turn moved through other agents secretly. But for such precautions as these the great men of Wall Street would be playing with all their cards exposed for the very lambs to cock their ears at.

"I want it immediately," said Dumont. "Only the larger holders, you understand."

"Haste always costs. I'll have to get hold of a man who can get hold of some one high up in the Great Lakes dividend department."

"Pay what you must—ten—twenty thousand—more if necessary. But get it to-night!"

"I'll try."

"Then you'll get it."

He slept, with a break of fifteen minutes, until ten the next morning. Then Tavistock appeared with the list. "It was nearly midnight before my man could strike a bargain, so I didn't telephone you. The dividend clerk made a memory list. I had him verify it this morning as early as he could get at the books. He says at least a third of the road is held in small lots abroad. He's been in charge of the books for twenty years, and he says there have been more changes in the last two months than in all that time. He thinks somebody has sold a big block of the stock on the quiet."

Dumont smiled significantly. "I think I understand that," he said. Then he glanced at the list. "It's even shorter than I thought."

"You notice, one-third of the stock's tied up in the Wentworth estate," said Tavistock.

"Yes. And here's the name of Bowen's dividend clerk. Bowen is traveling in the far East. Probably he's left no orders about his Great Lakes—why should he when it's supposed to be as sound and steady as Government bonds? That means another fifty thousand shares out of the way for our purposes. Which of these names stand for the Fanning-Smiths?"

"I only recognize Scannell—James Fanning-Smith's private secretary. But there must be others, as he's down for only twenty-one thousand shares."

"Then he's the only one," said Dumont, "for the Fanning-Smiths have only twenty-one thousand shares at the present time. I know that positively."

"What!" Tavistock showed that he was astounded. "I knew James Fanning-Smith was an ass, but I never suspected him of such folly as that. So they are the ones that have been selling?"

"Yes—not only selling what they owned but also—— However, no matter. It's safe to say there are less than a hundred and fifty thousand shares for us to take care of. I want you to get me—right away—options for fifteen days on as many of these remaining big lots as possible. Make the best terms you can—anything up to 125—and offer five or even ten dollars a share forfeit for the option. Make bigger offers—fifteen—where it's necessary. Set your people to work at once. They've got the rest of to-day, all day to-morrow, all day Sunday. But I'd rather the whole thing were closed up by Saturday night. I'll be satisfied when you've got me control of a hundred thousand shares—that'll be the outside of safety."

"Yes, you're reasonably sure to win, if you can carry that and look after offerings of fifty thousand in the market. The options on the hundred thousand shares oughtn't to cost you much more than a million. The fifty thousand you'll have to buy in the market may cost you six or seven millions." Tavistock recited these figures carelessly. In reality he was watching Dumont shrewdly, for he had believed that the National Woolens raid had ruined him, had certainly put him out of the large Wall Street moves.

"In that small drawer, to the left, in the desk there," said Dumont pointing. "Bring me the Inter-State National check book, and pen and ink."

When he had the book he wrote eight checks, the first for fifty thousand, the next five for one hundred thousand each, the last two for two hundred and fifty thousand each. "The first check," he said, "you may use whenever you like. The others, except the last two, will be good after two o'clock to-day. The last two can be used any time after eleven to-morrow. And—don't forget! I'm supposed to be hopelessly

(*Continued on Page 19*)

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The Signboard of the Centuries

HERE is a statistical fact that is worth thinking about: If all of New York City were as densely populated as the lower east side of the borough of Manhattan the population of New York would be as great as that of the whole United States plus half the population of the Philippine Islands.

There's plenty of room — nothing but room. It'll be two centuries, at least, before even the most ridiculously premature pessimist can conjure a phantom of alarm lest the population is beginning to press upon the resources of the country. A century hence and our great-grandchildren will be looking back upon this time as a day when the country was still sparsely settled and tight in the clutch of savage Nature.

Herbert Spencer

IF HERBERT SPENCER or Theodor Mommsen had been a Frenchman he would have had a state funeral with all the demonstrations of popular respect and honor that in England and America are reserved for statesmen and soldiers. This is significant — it unquestionably points to one thing more that "they do better in France." But its significance might easily be overestimated.

The service which a great thinker renders is so transcendent and his immortality is so secure that no funeral pomp and no monument of stone or bronze can avail anything. There is the mighty, the eternal fact that he lived and thought. Whether the fact is recognized, especially whether it is formally and concretely recognized, is of no great importance

This would be a pretty poor sort of world, wouldn't it, if its greatest men worked for state funerals and monuments, as children work for picture-card prizes at school?

A South American Example

THE purchase by Great Britain of the two Chilean battleships, Libertad and Constitucion, to keep Russia from getting them has been looked upon as a fortunate stroke for England and her ally, Japan, as, of course, in the circumstances, it is. But there is another side of at least equal interest. Chile finds herself better off by $9,375,000 cash than if she had kept the ships. She not only saves the interest on that amount — say $400,000 a year — but also the cost of maintaining the vessels, which would have been at least another annual million. She is spared the necessity of keeping up two crews amounting to 1500 officers and men. All these advantages she gains, without a single offset, by virtue of a simple agreement with her only dangerous rival, the Argentine Republic, binding each to stop piling up armaments.

We do not usually look to South America for examples of cool statesmanship, involving national self-control, but Chile and Argentina have shown the world how to do what the statesmen of all the Great Powers have professed a desire to do if they only could. "The way to resume is to resume," said Greeley. "The way to disarm," say Chile and Argentina, "is to disarm."

The force of this example cannot be broken by saying that Chile and Argentina are weak countries, not to be compared with the Great Powers. The Andes are just as important to them as the Balkans are to Austria and Russia. Jealousy of Argentina is just as keen in Chile as jealousy of Germany is in France. Yet these republics first submitted their differences to arbitration, and then, loyally accepting the result, agreed to dismiss the possibility of war from their minds and curtail their armaments.

And they will reap their reward. They will continue to attract new citizens from overtaxed Europe, which has already sent more emigrants to Argentina than to any other country except the United States, and they will grow in peaceful prosperity until some day the War Lords of the world will wake with astonishment to the fact that they are Great Powers Then, perhaps, European statesmen may begin to realize that disarmament is not a fad of dreaming idealists but a matter of the most practical self-interest, and the next Hague Conference may have more substantial results than the last.

Andrew Carnegie at Home

THE scheme for social betterment at Dunfermline, Scotland, as outlined by the American Institute of Social Service, has in it much that is pleasing to the imagination. Dunfermline is Andrew Carnegie's native town, to which he recently transferred the Pittencrieff Park and Glen and a fund of $2,500,000, "to be used in making life more pleasant for the toiling masses of the vicinity." The plan provides for model dwellings in park surroundings; a "social centre," with facilities for lectures, music, dancing, technical training and so on; a "regional museum," to illustrate local industries and their relation to industries in general; a "department of civics," with reading unions and traveling libraries of pictures; and a system of awards and prizes to adults and children for meritorious deeds.

The plan looks attractive on paper, and perhaps it will work out well in practice; but one wonders whether, after all, this sort of thing will really benefit "the toiling masses" to the extent that Mr. Carnegie and his associates anticipate. It matters not how ingeniously such enterprises are planned and managed, there is always an element of patronage in them, and they stand in the way of the development of self-respect, without which true manhood and womanhood are impossible.

What the "toiling masses" of Dunfermline and other places want and need is not that some wealthy philanthropist shall undertake to make "life more pleasant" for them, but that they shall be enabled, by the opening of industrial opportunity and the stimulation of individual ambition, to make life better worth while and more pleasant for themselves. Not patronage but an infusion of true democracy is what the English and Scottish and Irish people stand most in need of to-day. It is greatly to be feared that Mr. Carnegie's scheme, creditable as it may be to his charitable impulses, is very much like an attempt to treat a deep-seated ulcer with lavish applications of rosewater.

A Choice of Rewards

THOSE who are alive to the faults of our public administration are apt to fall into the error of regarding impertinent or dishonest public servants as proof that we are degenerating and losing our birthright of self-government. Fortunately, that birthright is secure beyond the reach of ambitious or corrupt politicians. But how about the politicians? Why are they such a craven lot, now trembling before the people, now before some boss, now before the menaces of the lash of party regularity? Why are they so timid and so petty? Why is it so rare that one of them has the courage to speak his honest mind upon any subject whatsoever?

Our politicians are not men of inferior ability. On the contrary, among the head slaves, miscalled leaders, of both parties there are as able intellects as the country has produced, and in private they show how able and clear-sighted they are; yet almost to a man they utterly lack high moral courage. Their plea in excuse is that the rewards of courageous independence are isolation and obscurity. Certainly both are unattractive; but are they so unattractive as office and notoriety bought at the enormous price of the abandonment of self-government and self-respect?

The Plain American

"THE most fundamental attack that is being made to-day," said President Butler, of Columbia University, in a recent after-dinner speech, "is not so much on property as on liberty based upon law."

That is painfully true. The assault is going on from two sides at once. Masses of capital and masses of labor are both cutting away the rights of the independent American citizen. Forty years ago an American measured his rights by the Constitution and the laws. He felt free to do what those permitted. If he had no money he could go to work as a universal tinker, trading horses on the side, and when he had saved five thousand dollars he could go into the oil business. Now he can't do odd jobs, for the man who puts a washer in a faucet is not permitted to nail up a shelf for a clock, and before any one can do either he must go through a long period of probation and then join the union.

And as for the oil business — there might just as well be a statute forbidding anybody to sell oil without the consent of Mr. Rockefeller.

In Chicago the other day the teamsters struck against the undertakers. After several funerals had been held up, after a man armed with a revolver had driven his wife's body to the grave in an express wagon, and others had hidden their dead, fearing to announce their bereavement lest the news should bring down the mob upon their houses, the community began to express annoyance. And then the leader of the strikers, rising to the occasion, magnanimously said that the use of hearses would be "permitted," provided they were driven by union drivers, but that hired carriages could not be allowed.

In other words, the Constitution and the laws had been superseded by a higher power. A good deal has been said about the tyranny of the courts, with their "government by injunction," but no court has ever ventured to issue an injunction forbidding an American citizen to follow his dead to the grave in any conveyance he could hire.

We call our government the freest on earth, and, in legal theory, it is as free as any. A man in this country does not have to ask the permission of the police before he can go to work or engage in business. But what good does his political freedom do him if his hands are bound by agencies unknown to the law? Is not the tyranny of irresponsible combinations of capital and labor, over which the ordinary citizen has no control, even more galling than that of public officials whom he can check with his vote?

Corporations play a necessary part in our civilization, and labor unions could not be dispensed with; but the time has not yet come when we can afford to sacrifice the liberty and the rights of the plain American to either or both of them.

Football and the Firecracker

THE football season is a thing of the past. The last cheer has been given; the last college yell has long ago been heard. The time has come when we can count up the dead and the wounded. The number of the wounded is small. Most of the casualties, too, are not serious. A broken tooth the dentist can mend; the sprained ankle does not prevent the student attending classes.

But the dead awaken other emotions. Their number the past season was nineteen. This number includes all deaths in college and high-school play, from Colby College on the Kennebec to Leland Stanford University on the Pacific Coast. The number is almost twice the number of the previous year. But as one knows the condition of football players, one is compelled to believe that no small share of these fatalities is not the legitimate result of football. Among those who lost their lives were men who had hardly donned football suits before they entered the game in which they lost their lives. Not a few of them were playing teams much heavier in weight or without proper training. In only a very few cases in which the teams were properly trained has death resulted.

The argument derived from the fatal character of football for the elimination of the game from American sports is weak. The argument becomes yet weaker when placed in comparison with the fatalities of the last Fourth of July. The Journal of the American Medical Association, after careful investigation, affirms that no less than 4449 persons were hurt by the use of fireworks on the Fourth of July, 1903. The number of deaths was no less than 470. Four hundred and seventy deaths — the result of one day's sport of a single year! The number is greater than the number of all who have been killed in all the games of football in all the twenty-five years in which it has been a sport in the American college.

Breaking Fancy to Harness

IN THE old-fashioned American homes in which this generation was brought up there was usually a library and in it there were mighty few novels. To this fact is due the taste for "solid" reading which characterizes intelligent Americans of to-day

The novel has its place, and an important place it is. But certainly it can do little toward educating a child and forming his tastes and moulding his mind. All children are highly imaginative, so much so that many stupid people think children are "natural-born liars." What childhood needs is not a stimulus to fancy but a stimulus to break in fancy to the service of fact. And the host of latter-day writers on science and history in the popular vein stand ready to help the child if the parents will let them.

The old-fashioned library was solid but dull. The new-fashioned library too often represents a far flight to the opposite extreme.

WRETCHED COLOMBIA

A Tale of Mismanagement, Misconduct and Misgovernment

By Frederic Courtland Penfield

Author of A Colombian Armada

VENTURESOME expeditions, supported by the rulers of a country at that time supreme in power and wealth, landed in South America full 120 years before the Pilgrim Fathers—self-exiled and poor in everything but courage—stepped ashore in Massachusetts Bay. The former were the pioneers of what to-day is wretched Colombia, the latter the first settlers of the New England States of the American Union. Whether the contrast of results is due to climatic or to racial conditions, no person of ordinary knowledge can tell—or ventures to express his opinion on printed page.

With Panama lost, Colombia has now eight departments and the unimportant islands of Old Providence and St. Andrews off the coast of Nicaragua. Reliable statistics dealing with Colombia have never been obtainable, for no precise survey has been made nor census systematically taken. Figures dealing with area and population, therefore, have always been approximate, as are most statements endeavoring to show the nation's fiscal position.

It is a reasonable estimate that present-day Colombia has 450,000 square miles of territory and 4,000,000 people, who range from the pure white of Castilian descent to the unadulterated African and the South American Indian, with every intermediate blending of the three races—and of this population full ninety per cent. is densely ignorant. Colombia lost 150,000 San Blas Indians with the department on the isthmus. Of the national area it is conjectured that not a quarter is settled or individually owned. The country is veined in every direction by rivers, large and small, like the arterial system of the human body, which give unnumbered fertile valleys. The great Amazon waters Colombian soil for hundreds of miles, and is in part the boundary between Colombia and Brazil, while the Orinoco is one of the divisions between Colombia and Venezuela.

It seems incredible that in the twentieth century there can be a country of the Western Hemisphere, more than twice the size of France and of eight times the area of New England, that possesses railroads only to the extent of two or three hundred miles, and these owned exclusively by Americans and Englishmen or other aliens. And what is more unfortunate is the fact that the country is without roads of any sort, in the accepted sense, outside of towns and their environs. Inland communication, thus confined to mule-trails and waterways utilized mostly by canoes, is not much of an improvement upon what Columbus may have found upon reaching the American mainland. Colombia's telegraph system is not to be employed if one's business is urgent. If a dispatch from Barranquilla to Cartagena (the neighboring seaport, seventy-five miles away) is delivered the day it is sent the fact is remarkable. The authorities generally forward "telegrams" by steamers trading along the coast. Direct communication by telegraph between the national capital and seaports, and consequently with the outside world, is impossible—a half-day's "porterage" being necessary to make connection between the Magdalena Valley system and the line crossing the elevated tableland leading eventually to Bogota. Governments endeavoring to hold telegraphic intercourse with their representatives at the Andean capital sometimes forget to allow for conditions so peculiarly Colombian.

Truly great was Simon Bolivar, and just homage is shown his memory when he is spoken of as South America's Washington. But his renown could not have been less had he borrowed a page from his great Corsican contemporary in Europe. Bolivar the Roadmaker would be a phrase as potential as Bolivar the Liberator, surely. Progress, civilization has the right to honor roadbuilders.

South Americans may be forgiven for their enthusiasm when speaking of Cartagena harbor. It is one of the most beautiful in the world, and agreeably associated with history and romance. Drake and Hawkins were there, and nearly every buccaneer and pirate exploiting the Spanish Main, as well. To-day it lacks the importance it bore when Kingsley described it in Westward Ho! The sixty-mile railroad connecting the harbor with Calamar on the Magdalena is owned by Massachusetts capitalists, who operate likewise many steamers of the Mississippi River type on the Magdalena.

Colombia's Unique Capital

THE Magdalena River drains an enormous section of South America, for it is a thousand miles long. It is navigable only by light-draft vessels from the Caribbean to Honda, a distance of six hundred miles or more. Barranquilla, on the river, eight or ten miles from its mouth, is the important entrepôt of the country, notwithstanding Cartagena's superior facilities. Where it enters the sea the Magdalena is silted up, forbidding ships to enter; consequently every passenger, bale and cask from abroad is landed on a pier eighteen miles away on the sea front, and hauled into Barranquilla over a narrow-gauge line enjoying the privilege of monopoly by charging its own price. Pier and railway are owned by British investors content with a paltry annual sixty per cent. upon their outlay. The pier paid for itself the first twelve months of its existence. For half the cost of pier and railway the river could have been dredged and Barranquilla made a seaport had Colombia's exchequer been equal to the expenditure. But the British speculators had no lofty desire to aid a government in need, and for more than twenty years, consequently, they have levied tribute at their Savanilla pier upon two-thirds of a nation's commerce. The loyal manner in which British gunboats hang about Savanilla when there are troubles in the country proves that somebody in England, and somebody with influence, is never forgetful of a certain pecuniary venture over on the Spanish Main that pays well.

Santa Marta, to the eastward of the Magdalena, is attractive and prosperous as a seaport. It was on his estate near here that Bolivar—to whom the present Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia are indebted for their freedom from Spain—ended his days, neglected and comparatively poor. Medellin, in the department of Antioquia, is Colombia's most important inland town, with the exception of the capital.

From Humboldt to the last newspaper correspondent Bogota is described as a city unique among capitals. If it were a cloistered settlement that had developed about a Thibetan lamasery demanding inaccessibility one might understand its location. But when one realizes that Bogota is the capital from which the nearest South American neighbor of the United States is governed it is in order to marvel. Founded by Spaniards in 1538, it is to-day more intensely Spanish in a sixteenth-century sense than any town in Spain. Elevated 8700 feet above sea-level, less than 300 miles north of the equator, and cut off from the universe save to a few venturesome persons willing to undergo hardships of travel elsewhere known only to explorers, Bogota's hundred thousand inhabitants lead lives of self-satisfied leisure. Few of them know anything of the world beyond the horizon of their own vision, and care less; and in the daily routine of their present existence the escapades of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are talked over with matter-of-fact earnestness, exceeded possibly by the zeal of a great nation wrangling over rival naval heroes.

It comes natural for the Bogotano to be romantic, for his national library contains a collection of romantic literature that would be notable in Madrid. His city is almost as noiseless as Venice; everybody takes life as it comes, and if indisposed to attend to a matter of importance to-day he conveniently puts it off until the morrow, or permanently dismisses it from mind. That foreigners, representing governments or commercial houses, will devote eight or sixteen days to ascending the Magdalena, transshipping at Honda to pack-mules for the final stage of the journey before entering the city in state on the very short railroad, the Bogotano takes as a compliment. The capital has cathedrals and churches by the score, a museum, market, mint, an observatory with decrepit instruments tied together with strings, and lenses patched with court-plaster, and a club—this last a recent intruder. The streets are filled with priests hurrying in every direction. The town is built into the side of a hill, like Lisbon, the lengthy thoroughfares being comparable to shelves, while cross streets are so steep and horribly paved that pedestrianism is obligatory. Still, there are nowadays in the avenues tramcars, bicycles and a few electric lights. Nearly all the public offices are in old cathedrals and monasteries. One of the plazas contains the inevitable statue to Bolivar; and the town is fairly well lighted by gas made from soft coal mined in the neighborhood.

Although every article of foreign manufacture has been brought from the sea-coast, first by river boat, then by human porters, and again by muleback, and lastly by oxcart or railroad, Bogota is a veritable hotbed of pianos of expensive make; the millinery and garments of residents of fashion are usually the latest things from Paris, all save the mantillas of the ladies, which must come from Spain.

Bogotanos are hospitable and agreeable to punctiliousness. The climate of the city, with snow-capped sierras glinting a tropical sun, is that of constant spring. This condition may have much to do with forming the nature of the people, perhaps explain some of their governing peculiarities. Possibly it is responsible for their fondness for bursting into verse; indeed, the besetting sin of the capital, according to critics brought up in the school of blunt intercourse, is the versifying habit. Half the correspondence of ceremony is said to be conducted in verse, and this habit has naturally inspired an atmosphere of sentimentality practically unparalleled. The gallant sends with his gift of flowers an effusion in rhyme so lengthy that before Mercedes has had time to read it all the blossoms may have passed their prime. The man of society can seize upon a subject—the death of some one's relative, or the return from a European seminary of a girl more than passing fair—and prolong his poetic outburst thereon to an extent astonishing a stranger at his endurance. Dinner invitations are rhythmically accepted or declined; and, it is hinted, tradesmen's appeals have been known to produce excuses worthy of a poet laureate.

Social gradations there are not quite so eclectic as in Colombian cities making pretense of being commercial places; in some of these a man habitually wearing shoes and carrying a watch is classed as a gentleman and invariably addressed as "Señor." The gentlemen of Bogota are the "generals" and "doctors," more numerous than the majors and judges of Kentucky. Nearly all these proprietors of titles have been soldiers, and a surprising number are lawyers; almost unanimously are they politicians. Everywhere in Colombia the gentleman spoken of as "doctor" is to the fore, meaning doctor of philosophy, laws, arts or letters, according to the distinction of his university degree.

In his effusive desire to be agreeable the Bogota gentleman says many things that he does not quite mean; and he generally fails to comprehend the foreigner's care to be punctual and conservative in his statements. Proud and sensitive to the point of absurdity, possibly inconsequential, the Bogotano has, on the whole, many admirable qualities. It is a weakness of his to attend funerals and weddings in the morning in the evening-dress of Anglo-Saxon countries, wearing always a high hat. He faithfully attends church Sunday morning, and devotes the afternoon to paying visits or attending the opera or play. The lower classes of the capital also go to church, but are inordinately fond of Sunday afternoon bull-fights and cocking matches.

The Bogota man has few equals in post-prandial oratory. He can speak extemporaneously on almost any theme for hours, never be at a loss for a word or an ingenious simile, or utter anything flagrantly inexact or in bad taste. Introspectively he believes himself the most enlightened and most honorable man in the world. He regrets extremely that most Americans he has met are brusque and needlessly harsh

Europeans' knowledge of Colombia's capital is generally confined to diplomatists and concession-hunters, the latter discovering that it is a city where it is easier to obtain a concession for doing something than to find the wherewithal when London or New York bankers are approached. But many men of ability have been stationed diplomatically at this capital near the snow-line of the Andes. General William Henry Harrison was United States diplomatic agent there thirteen years before being summoned to the White House. It is interesting to learn that he was seven weeks making the journey from Barranquilla, owing to sandbars in the Magdalena River.

What the Army Has Been and May Be

Nobody knows what the "war footing" of Colombia is. The boast is heard that an army of 100,000 men could be placed in the field; but this is probably nothing more reliable than the talk of the agreeable men of Bogota. A mob one-third the size might possibly be got together, but it would have little fighting strength and would be immobile. Up to twelve months ago Colombia had internal troubles for the best part of the six years preceding, ending in civil war with 100,000 casualties in less than two and a half years. During the period of these troubles guns and ammunition were purchased in odd lots whenever cash could be found to pay for them. The present equipment is a junk-shop outfit, nothing else. Perhaps the Government has 20,000 rifles of various makes and bores, and a motley supply of cartridges.

A Colombian "army" goes into a campaign practically without transportation, commissariat or hospital provision; and, the Government possessing no ships worthy of consideration, a Colombian force having strength in an aggressive sense could only be looked for in the country itself. Three hundred New York policemen could probably clear the Panama isthmus of all the troops that could be moved there overland in two months.

The recently-concluded war between the Conservative troops and the army of the Liberal party—that is, between the ecclesiastico-conservatives in control of the Government, and those objecting to a church-ruled State and valuing the right to go freely to the polls to exercise the franchise—was one of the most barbarous conflicts of modern times, as revolting in atrocities against humanity as any religious war detailed in European history. Had it occurred in Russia or in Armenia the press of America would have made a loud demand for intervention in the name of Christianity. But, happening in a hermit republic in South America, where insurrections are thought to be perennial, it was overlooked. Young women and girls actively took sides according to sympathy or interest; sometimes as many as a dozen of these were attached to a company of soldiers, doing their foraging and cooking, and ministering to the wounded of their side after a battle. If a combatant fell badly wounded, and the army was moving, he was generally left behind to become the prey of vultures the moment death ensued. In the latter months of the conflict, it is insisted by reliable persons, it had become the custom of boys of eight or nine—too young to carry guns—to follow the army and cut the throats of those of the enemy left helpless on the battlefield. Whether regarded as unexampled savagery or as an act of mercy, this statement is susceptible of proof. I had the story in Colombia at the time of the war from an American familiar with the methods of the fighters, and it has since been amply verified. While making some scientific studies at a point not far from the scene of a recent battle another acquaintance was surprised by insurgent soldiers and taken before their "general" as a prisoner of war. A search of his garments revealed nothing of a character contradicting his claim of being a non-participant in the national conflict, save the finding of a morocco case filled with reels of silk, dozens of bright needles, bodkin, scissors, court-plaster and rolls of lint—a "little housewife" of bachelorhood. There was a conference between officials before the general said to the captive: "*Amigo*, I have many men horribly wounded in the last engagement, and possess nothing with which their injuries may be attended to. With this surgical-case some of my subordinates could aid the sufferers, dress their wounds and perhaps save fifty lives. Give it to me, and take food with me to-night as my guest."

A Flood of Fiat Money

The financial predicament of the Colombian Government is truly pitiable. The country has nominally a silver monetary standard, but of late years a coin of any sort has been a stranger to the casual visitor. There is actual money in the country, obviously, but it is hoarded or otherwise removed from circulation. Paper money of every hue and variety is in use—artistically engraved notes from New York and Paris, lithographed bills from everywhere and bills printed like ordinary labels, of every conceivable denomination and form. A preponderating share of this last-mentioned currency is known popularly as "white paper" money. No banker or merchant knows the amount of these several issues, and no official at Bogota can be made to give a plausible statement of the nation's commitment through these issues. In fact no one knows the extent of the Government's obligation therewith, and probably the best judge's estimate would be many million pesos wide of the truth.

When the Conservative-Liberal dispute developed into civil war the Government began the creation of this emergency "white" money. It promised to pay at some time, but nothing was stipulated as to paying in gold or silver; consequently the Government might fund the debt by another edition of labels. This is "fiat" money of the wildest sort, surely, and explains to a great extent why the recent rate of exchange has been 13,500 per cent. in favor of the United States. Stated in another way, the honest cent of Uncle Sam has been worth one dollar and thirty-five cents of Colombia's specious money.

When Bogota ordered the governors of Barranquilla, Cartagena and other towns possessing printing facilities to seize all the presses in sight and set them turning out national banknotes, a short cut to speedy affluence was suggested to numerous needy persons. It is suspected that many of the presses were run overtime a few hours each night, when the military guard had been removed, and that counterfeits were smuggled into the country in many ingenious ways. At Cartagena I learned of the buyer of a box of sardines who was amazed to find the tin filled with crisp Colombian notes. He developed a sudden hunger for sardines, and bought up the grocer's supply. There had been a mistake at the custom-house, presumably, the bogus money going to the grocer and the sardines to the discomfited smuggler. Colombian merchants toss the stuff from one to another like confetti at a carnival, and, according to face value, beggars in the street and sellers of parrots and coral about Cartagena docks are as solvent as the proverbial trust magnate. Some day a courageous government—perhaps that to be headed by General Reyes—will repudiate three-quarters of this money. Reyes is strong enough with the people to inaugurate any reform that would have caused the overthrow of Marroquin in a day.

With the disappearance of the possibility of further income from the canal concession, or from taxes and the granting of monopolies to trade in certain articles and run lotteries on the isthmus, Colombia is certainly in a condition of poverty seldom reached by any government. She owes upward of $15,000,000 to impatient foreign creditors, and has a sizable internal debt. The Government's last expedient to provide funds for immediate wants, including military operations against Panama, was to call for a "voluntary" loan of $600,000 from the eight departments, guaranteeing one per cent. a month interest and giving a lien upon certain (or uncertain) customs receipts for security.

The Marvelous Natural Resources

Baron Humboldt wanted only "a mule and a thermometer" to find in what to-day is Colombia any desired temperature; and the variety of her products is as great as her climatic conditions are varied. Gold is everywhere. The leading vocation of Quibdo, up the Atrato, is the "washing" of free gold from the river's bed. I have listened to graphic tales of Indian women working by the hundreds waist-deep in the river "washing" out the metal in splendid quantities while their peon husbands lounged on the bank and smoked cigarettes. Silver and platinum are found in many regions. On the plain of Bogota are coal and iron in great quantities. A good share of the world's finest emeralds have been taken from the mines of Muzo. Elsewhere are small diamonds, asphaltum purer than that of Trinidad, sulphur, magnesia and rock-salt. In an agricultural sense Colombia possesses nearly every plant, shrub and root essential to the scheme of life—and most of these are indigenous and grow without assistance. The list of woods, fruits, medicinal plants and the country's flora generally would be of surprising length; and Colombia's name is attached to numberless choice species of orchids. On the llanos enormous herds roam, and thousands of cattle are slain for their hides. For years Cubans have been fed on cattle fetched alive from the pastoral sections of the Magdalena Valley. The coffee of Colombia is of exceptional quality, that of the Bogota plateau being equal to the Blue Mountain product of Jamaica. All the cultivated cereals of the temperate zone give surprising yields; sugar-cane, tobacco, rice and bananas grow voluntarily, man gathering of them merely to satisfy the need of the hour. On the Atrato is a vast stretch of territory whereon cotton of a staple equal to Sea Island and longer than the Egyptian might be profitably produced with little outlay. And so runs the story of Colombia's possibilities. The republic is one of Nature's storehouses: it is only the horrible inertia of the population that retards progress. It has long been a trite saying that "all is good in Colombia but man," for the Colombian, in all probability, would rather risk life in a revolutionary movement meaning nothing to him than place himself and his family beyond want for a year by a few weeks' honest toil.

* * *

Speedy Mr. Herford

OLIVER HERFORD, the illustrator, has the true artistic lack of patience. When he has made a drawing he wants to sell it—then, not at some time in the future. He once took a drawing into a far downtown New York editorial office and demanded an immediate decision. The editor was busy and said he couldn't look at the picture for half an hour. Herford left with poor grace, saying he would telephone from his studio, something over three miles away. Going out he stepped into the nearest telephone booth and rang up the editor, the whole operation consuming about five minutes.

"This is Oliver Herford," came over the wire to the editorial ear. "How about that drawing?"

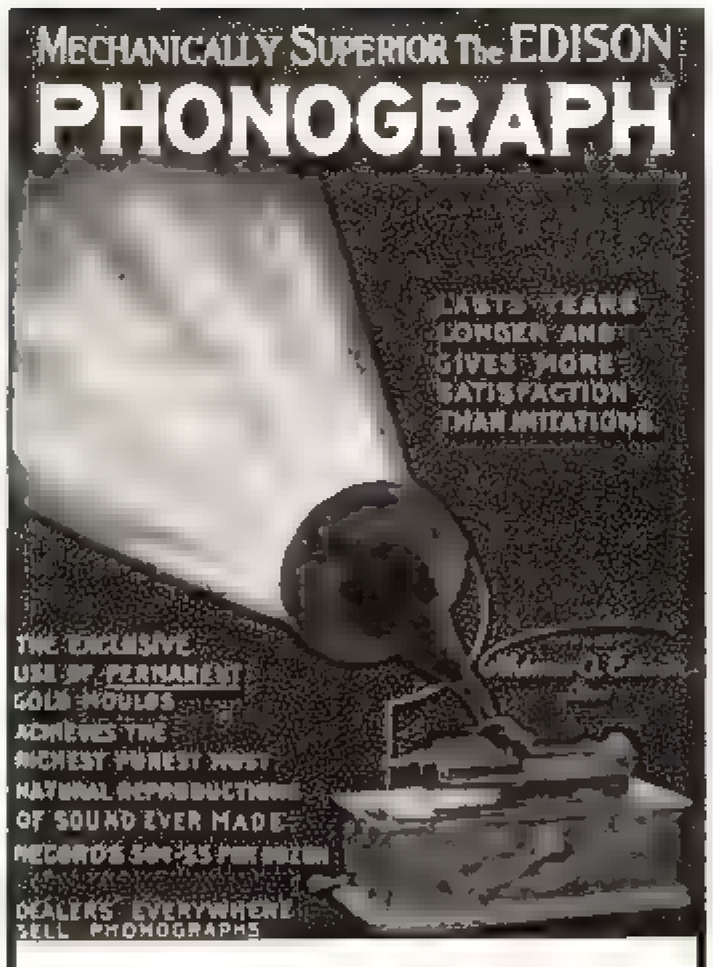
"Where are you?" demanded the editor.

"At my studio."

"Impossible. You've not been gone five minutes."

"I'm here just the same, and came all the way on foot, too. When I left your office a pack of nearly fifty hungry creditors got after me and chased me the whole distance. Been here two minutes, but couldn't telephone because I was out of breath. How about that drawing?"

"It's all right," shouted the editor. "I'll send a fast boy up with the check."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ILLINOIS, Chicago—[illegible] Kelley Cigar Co., 80-82 Wabash Ave; James I. Lyons, 73 Fifth Ave.; The Ray Co., 90 Washington St.; Siegel Cooper Co., State and Congress Sts.; Talking Machine Co. 107 Madison St.; The Vim Co., 68 E. Lake St.; Montgomery Ward & Co.
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KENTUCKY, Louisville—The Ray Co., 640 Fourth Ave.
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MAINE, Bangor—[illegible]
Portland—W. H. Ross & Son
MASSACHUSETTS, Boston—Boston Cycle & Sundry Co. [illegible] St.; Eastern Talking Machine Co. [illegible] Tremont St.; J. C. Haynes & Co., 451 Washington St.; Iver Johnson Sporting Goods Co., 163 Washington St.; Read & Read, 558 Washington St
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MICHIGAN, Saginaw—Morley Bros
MINNESOTA, Minneapolis—Thomas C. Hough
" **St. Paul**—Minnesota Phonograph Co
MISSOURI, Kansas City—J. W. Jenkins' Sons Music Co
" **St. Louis**—Conroy Co., 1115 Olive St.; The Ray Co., 923 Olive St.
NEBRASKA, Lincoln—H. E. Sidles Cycle Co
NEB., Omaha—H. E. Fredrickson; Nebraska Cycle Co.
NEW JERSEY, Hoboken—Eclipse Phonograph Co
" " **Newark**—The Edisonia Co.; H. J. Koehler Sporting Goods Co.
N. J., Paterson—James K. O'Dea.
" **Plainfield**—Frank L. C. Martin Auto Co
" **Trenton**—Stoll Blank Book and Stationery Co
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" " **Gloversville**—American Phonograph Co
" " **Kingston**—Forsyth & Davis.
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" " **Troy**—[illegible]
" " **Utica**—Clark, Horrocks & Co
OHIO, Canton—Klein & Heffelman Co.
" **Cincinnati**—[illegible]; The Ray Co., 143 W. 5th St.; [illegible]
OHIO, Cleveland—The Ray Co.; W. J. Roberts, Jr
" **Columbus**—Perry B. Whitsit Co
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" **East Liverpool**—Smith & Phillips Music Co
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PENNSYLVANIA, Allegheny—Henry Braun
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A Commercial Pioneer

Anecdotes from the Field Book of an Advance Agent of the American Idea

By Sigmund Krausz

THE methods of selling and advertising industrial products in the United States and in foreign countries, especially in Europe, are vastly different, and, consequently, necessitate different qualifications in the salesmen who are called upon to establish commercial relations between the American manufacturer and the foreign buyer.

Some years ago American manufacturers striving to find an outlet for their goods thought it sufficient to send abroad profusely illustrated catalogues, to make prices reasonably low to meet competition from elsewhere, and to invoke, wherever possible, the help of the United States consulates in behalf of their manufactures. It was not even thought necessary to issue mercantile "literature"—if I may thus call it—in the language of the countries for which it was intended.

The Beginning of the American Invasion

The mistake was at last recognized, and about ten years ago conditions began to change. Some enterprising firms in other lines, notably in the bicycle trade, sent some of their most successful American salesmen abroad to conquer the foreign market, this time in the most approved Yankee style. But right there another mistake was made. The lack of knowledge of foreign languages, which generally compelled the medium of an interpreter, and a complete ignorance of customs and manners proved as great an obstacle for the American salesman as his method of approaching a customer. The familiarity and position of equality which he assumed, and which his trade in the United States did not take amiss, were not kindly recognized by the European merchant, who is used to some deference on the part of salesmen. Back-slapping, cordial handshaking, cigars and story-telling did not work.

It did not take the manufacturers long to find out this mistake, too, and an improvement followed by the employment of alien-born citizens of the United States as salesmen and representatives in their native countries and such other territories whose language they were, perhaps, acquainted with

A cosmopolitan salesman, it has been shown, sees much more quickly the proper means of advertising, direct and indirect, than an American salesman unacquainted with the character and peculiarities of his prospective customers. A few anecdotes from my personal experiences will illustrate how a demand may be created in the foreign market for American manufactures without use of the expensive medium of paid advertising I could give hints in this regard, but the incidents related in the following lines will, as practical illustrations, serve my purpose better.

I wish to state here, for the better understanding of these incidents, that before entering my mercantile career as foreign representative of a great American bicycle firm I had good practical newspaper but no commercial experience whatever; my qualifications, as recognized by the head of the firm, being mainly a thorough knowledge of four modern languages, a good education and traveling experience (not commercial) abroad.

The tidal wave of bicycle enthusiasm had not yet reached its full height when I started my pioneer work for the special machine I represented. In England, France, Germany and Austria I found the native industry at its full development. Prejudice against the American wheel was worked up artificially by the home manufacturers, who feared the Yankee competition not so much on account of underselling as for the recognized superiority of the American product. German bicycles, especially, had gained ground in many European countries, and there, more than anywhere else, was it necessary to gain a foothold for my machine.

A success I had achieved in Holland, with the help of an aristocratic agent, by selling indirectly to the young Queen Wilhelmina one of our bicycles, which started the ball rolling in that country, led me to make a similar effort in Germany. If I could get a machine placed with German royalty and let that fact become generally known through proper channels I was sure to establish good agencies and to make the wholesale deals I desired; for in no other country does the nation follow so loyally the lead of its rulers in such matters as in the "Vaterland."

But the Emperor, his family and other German rulers patronized the home industry, and in no way did I get any nearer my object during a stay of several weeks in Germany.

My chance, however, came at last in Vienna, where I happened to stop at the hotel in which the Hereditary Princess Charlotte of Sachsen-Meiningen, the oldest sister of the German Emperor, and her daughter, Princess Fedora, were temporarily sojourning. Both the royal ladies I knew to be cycle enthusiasts. This enthusiasm was to serve my purpose, as a proper introduction was out of the question

I generally carried with me for personal use a very handsome machine of the latest pattern. One day I purposely left this bicycle standing near the hotel entrance, after having noticed the royal ladies go out for a walk in company of their aide-de-camp, Baron Roeder. With a generous tip the "portier" had received from me instructions as to the information he was to give in case the machine attracted the attention of the princesses on their return to the hotel. The plan proved successful, for on the following day, while I was dining in the hotel restaurant, Baron Roeder, guided by the portier, came to my table and expressed the desire of their royal highnesses to view again and get more information about the American bicycle they had seen, and which I was invited to bring, personally, at a certain hour, to their sitting-room

My reception was gracious and unceremonious. After half an hour's technical explanation in German and English I succeeded in convincing the hereditary princess of the superiority of the special machine I represented and American bicycles in general, and received her order for a ladies' wheel

Needless to say, I made the best advertising use of this order in Germany as well as in Austria, and the veiled abuse of the princess by some German trade papers only served to further my object. Special attention was paid at the factory to the finish and equipment of the machine, and the firm had the satisfaction of not only receiving a second order from the same source, but to record, in consequence, a large sale of bicycles in Germany for that and following years.

Converting the Crown Prince of Greece

A few months later I found myself in Athens with a view to establishing a general agency for Greece. American bicycles were as yet entirely unknown, and English and German manufacturers commanded the field. Remembering that the Crown Prince Constantine of Greece was the brother-in-law of Emperor William and the Hereditary Princess of Sachsen-Meiningen, I sought and received from the American Minister a letter of introduction to his favorite aide-de-camp, Major Hadjipietro. This gentleman was very sociable and, after dining once or twice with me at my hotel, promised to call my presence in Athens to the attention of the Crown Prince, who, like himself, was an ardent wheelman. To meet with better success he also promised to mention the fact that his (the Crown Prince's) sister-in-law was riding my machine. Constantine was at that time—as Hadjipietro told me—using a bicycle of English make, besides which he owned several others

A few days later I was informed by the major that the Crown Prince would receive me informally on the following day, and that I was to send my sample to the new palace as soon as possible for inspection.

The hour of my reception was set for eleven o'clock. Prince Constantine proved to be a genial and democratic man, after the manner of the whole Greek royal family. He addressed me at first in English, but as Major Hadjipietro, who was unfamiliar with this language, participated in the conversation, he soon changed it to French. This is not the story of an interview with royalty; suffice it, therefore, to say that the Crown Prince examined and admired my wheel and gave me his order with the condition of furnishing an extra strong and high frame. Being well over six feet tall, the highest standard size, twenty-six inches, proved too low for him.

The same afternoon I had myself introduced by Major Hadjipietro to the editors of the Athenian dailies Asti and Acropolis, and next morning lengthy notices in these papers told of the arrival in town of Mr. Krausz, representative of an American bicycle company, who, after being received in audience by the Crown Prince, was honored with an order for one of his machines for personal use.

Before noon I received at the Hotel d'Angleterre the visit of several gentlemen of the Pan-Hellenic Bicycle Club, among them the national champion, Mr. Pericles Paraskevopoulos, who asked for the privilege of seeing my sample machines. I was invited to and entertained at the club-rooms. A couple of days later some bicycle races were to take place at Phaleron, near Athens, and I was asked to act as one of the judges and to distribute the prizes.

The Special Prize

On the day of the races a committee of a dozen club members called at the hotel to escort me on wheels to Phaleron. There was a large crowd assembled at the course, which ran along the seashore. Before the start of the various events I was made acquainted with the racers, and noticed that their machines were heavy and cumbersome compared even with my ordinary road wheel.

This gave me the idea of offering my bicycle to Mr. Paraskevopoulos for use in an extra race to be run after the announced events, and for which I offered a prize of five hundred drachmas (about $80), which was more than several of the other prizes combined. Mr Paraskevopoulos accepted the offer eagerly The prize was named after the factory I represented, and the announcement was cheered vociferously by the racers as well as the audience.

The race was run after the regular events and, as I expected, was easily won by Paraskevopoulos on my machine. After the races I was entertained by club members, and by the time we returned to Athens I was *persona grata* with everybody present. The newspaper reports of the races praised in glowing terms the superiority of my bicycle and the liberality of its representative, which induced a Mr. Papadopoulos, meat purveyor to the royal court, to back financially Mr Paraskevopoulos in the establishment of a new American bicycle store, to which I granted the exclusive agency for Greece on terms exceedingly favorable to my firm.

I shall omit the further enumeration of similar pioneer work on my part in Russia, Egypt, India and other countries, but will relate the clever idea of another cosmopolitan representative of an American brewing firm in Cairo. While in that city for the first time I drove out to the pyramids of Gizeh, expecting to get away for a few hours from business cares. You may imagine, therefore, my surprise when I found at the foot of the great Cheops pyramid a caravan of camels laden with cases and bearing, on white blankets, the advertisement of a certain American brewery, ranged in front of a camera, by means of which an indisputable testimonial to the popularity of their beer, even in this distant country, was to be furnished.

I thought the idea of this advertisement exceedingly clever from a commercial point of view, although I deplored its lack of taste. I must confess, however, that I made some use of it, and though I was not vandal enough to plaster the temples of Luxor and Karnak with advertisements of my bicycle, I did cause to be placed somewhere in the near vicinity of these and other interesting places visited by tourists some of our large posters. In Luxor I had the satisfaction, during a subsequent visit, to notice the effect of these posters by seeing an Arab native pedaling one of my bicycles through the desert sands on the way to the tombs of the kings.

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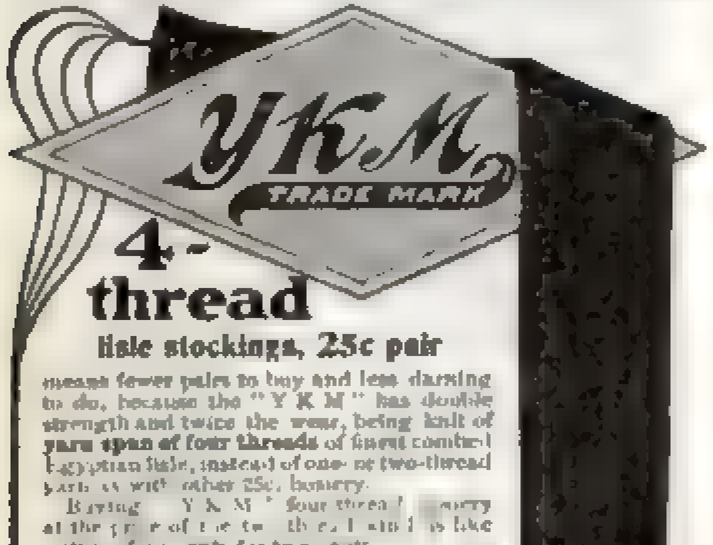

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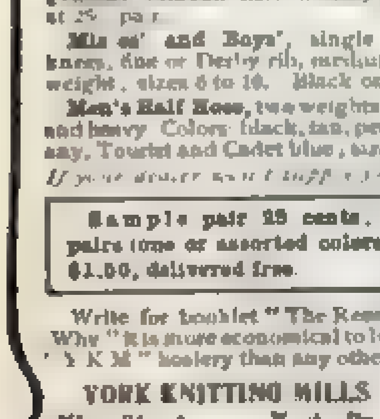

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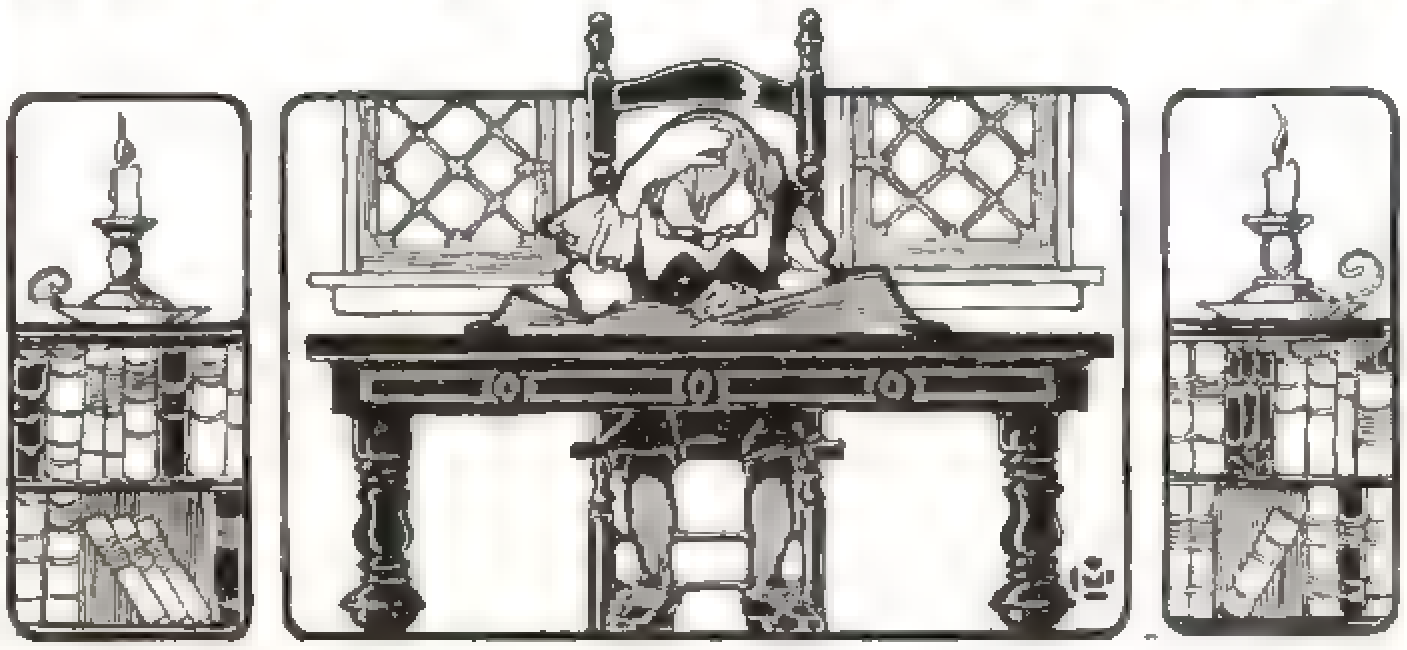
How to Write Books



A HUNDRED years ago not only was it believed that holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, but that every man who wrote a book was controlled by a spirit outside of himself. It was called genius. That author was a dull clod who did not hold that it was the stirring of a divine ichor in his soul which urged him to write. Even Murray and his neighbors used to talk of "the genius" which dictated his interminable disquisitions on nouns and verbs.

But we gave up that superstition about authors long ago. The aim of this age is to make money, and authorship is now regarded as a business—a probable short cut to fortune. A novel or book of essays, according to popular belief, requires no capital beyond a quire of paper, a fountain-pen and some expert knack of expression on the part of the author.

And then—who knows? The book may sell by the half-million. It is the popular belief that no other business is likely to bring in as large dividends from as small an investment.

Hence the recent rush of hordes of quick-witted young men and shrewd college girls into authorship.

"My little girl," said a Western editor, "is only eleven. She is a mere child. Why, she has not even yet published an historical novel."

The spread of this new industry has produced another still newer one. Other quick-witted, tradeless young men and shrewd women have started schools of authorship.

"Instruction given," advertises one Chicago firm, "in short-story writing and journalism. Proficiency guaranteed in one month's training. Five dollars per course, prepaid."

Who would not be wooed to climb Olympus by such lures as these?

Still other brisk young graduates, although their minds have not yet brought forth novel or essay, have published books of instruction which will teach the needy would-be author how to write successful novels, poems or "stuff" for the morning papers.

Our winter book-table is heaped with these manuals.

One of the most pretentious in its aims is Short-Story Writing, by Charles Raymond Barrett *(The Baker and Taylor Company, New York).* Mr. Barrett at the outset confesses that his own attempts to imitate the masters of short-story writing have been but indifferent. He then, however, immediately sets out to instruct the beginner as to what should be his plot, characters, climax, methods of narration and style. He is in deadly earnest in the matter. Nobody can doubt his sincerity. He warns his pupil not to fall into this slough, or implores him to scale that height, almost with tears in his eyes. He gives pages of turgid bosh to show him how he must not write, or copies incomparable passages from Hawthorne or Poe and bids him go and do likewise.

"Go," said old Zeke Carter to his boy. "The wicked world is waitin' for you. Go, and be an archangel among men."

Mr. Barrett has the faith of Zeke. He is sure that any pushing boy or girl, scribbling for the magazines, by the help of his shrewd little rules can develop the wings of an archangel. His faith in his unseen pupil forces us to treat him seriously. He chooses one of the marvelous papers in which Hawthorne shows to us the terrible glimpses behind the veil which were granted to him. Only a poet, descended from generations of men and women in whom genius was near allied to madness, could have inherited the eye which had that power of second sight.

But Mr. Barrett prints the paper entire as a model which any of his pupils may equal and perhaps excel.

The last chapter deals with the preparation and placing of manuscripts, and is full of useful but not new advice.

The next book in the heap is How to Prepare Essays, Lectures, Books, Speeches and Letters, by Eustace H. Miles, M. A. *(Rivingtons, Covent Garden, London).* This author evidently has not Mr. Barrett's touching faith in his pupils. Indeed, from the opening pages he treats them with cold contempt, being apparently almost hopeless of lifting them from their native slough of crass ignorance. The explanation of this depression we find on the title-page. The author has been "honours-coach in essay-writing at Cambridge University," and the book, we guess, is only a *résumé* of many strenuous efforts to stir leaven into unwilling and sodden brains.

He states frankly that his teaching is not needed by Americans, who always keep their ideas, so to speak, effervescing and on tap. But the Englishman, he asserts, has not his thoughts ready for use. When suddenly called on to speak or write he is dull, and stammers and talks without sense or grammar.

He then shows this dull Englishman how to set about writing an essay or book, be it poem, history or novel. The same recipe, he asserts, will serve for a sermon, an after-dinner impromptu speech or a conversation.

What is the recipe? Mr. Miles calls it the card system, and hints that it already serves as a lever to the brains of many of the nobility and gentry of Great Britain.

You first purchase a large number of cards (at half a crown a thousand), a box of elastic bands to strap them into packs, and a card tray. Lest the intending essayist or poet should be startled at the amount of this outlay, Mr. Miles assures him that each card can be used four times.

Cards secured, the next chase is for ideas. They are to be collected any and everywhere. Monthly magazines, newspapers and the letters of friends Mr. Miles suggests as likely storehouses from which ideas can daily be cribbed. On each card one idea or heading only must be written. The cards are then laid on a table and shifted much after the fashion of solitaire. The writing or tagging the nomad ideas together into sentences will occupy but a few minutes.

"I," says Mr. Miles, "can now collect ideas four times as fast as I used to do. On one occasion, having collected one hundred headings, I arranged them in five minutes. I dictated them in four and a half. The essay of five hundred words was finished in twenty-five minutes."

A complete volume of 30,000 words was made up by him out of the cards in two hours.

Each card, Mr. Miles suggests, can be divided into four squares, and, having thus served four times as a fecund literary germ, can be sent to a hospital to amuse the sick.

The author next gives us a sample of his poetry produced by the card system:

Style varies with the subject, causing anger, tear or smile,
With Unity, Proportion, Order, Interest and Style
Music and Balance, Contrast, Tropes and Rhetoric should be seen;
Then Punctuation, Grammar, Language, where Good Use is queen

Another Englishman, who, however, conceals his name, agrees with Mr. Miles in his opinion of the stupidity of his countrymen, and issues two textbooks for their help if they are driven to earn an income by their pens.

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How to Write a Novel, and How to Write an Essay *(Grant Richards, London).*

As regards essays, his recipe—barring the cards and elastic straps—is the same as that of Mr. Miles. Seize on a subject—any subject, as you are supposed to be ignorant of all. Go to an encyclopedia for facts. "For," he adds gravely, "it is evident you must obtain some knowledge of the facts from some source or other." Having secured them and copied them down, "what you want now," he decides with solemnity, "is some ideas about the facts."

But the bog grows too deep for us light-weight Americans! We will wade no further

One chapter in the book will be useful to the Englishman who is living by his pen. It contains a list of all the publications in England, from the great quarterlies down to Tit-Bits, whose columns are open to contributors and who pay fairly for their work

How to Write a Novel is evidently the work of the same adviser. Before beginning the book he consulted, he tells us, many of the foremost fiction-writers in England as to the possibility of teaching their art, and from Sir Walter Besant down to Hall Caine they pronounced the attempt to be folly

Like most people who ask advice he did not take it, but advises his readers how to concoct a novel while confessing that he never has been able to do it himself

Having made up your mind to manufacture this product for the market he advises you to look up characters for it on top of a 'bus in the Strand or in a tramcar or a railway station. Having picked out your characters, search the police reports or other items in the daily newspapers for a plot. After the materials are thus collected he informs the tyro that his topography, geography, history, grammar and scientific facts must be correct to the smallest detail, and that style is as essential to a book as the soul to the body But when the eager novel-maker waits breathless for instruction as to how he is to acquire this intangible *Geist* he is calmly told that "the secret of style is with them that have it," and that "the personal impress which a writer sets upon his work is incommunicable."

With each month legions of new novelists have marched forward, their books in hand, hoping for victory. What do they want with manuals on authorship?

A little book on Reporting for Newspapers, by Charles Hemstreet *(A. Wessels Company, New York)*, stands a better chance of success. Reporting is recognized as a profession or trade by the hordes of graduates from Harvard and Yale who want to begin a career of journalism. It has its rules, its methods, its traditions, which the merest tyro who "has covered a fire and hopes to get in a stick on space" must understand.

This is the kind of practical information which Mr. Hemstreet essays to give. He, unfortunately, also urges upon the beginner the tricks of insolent pertinacity which have so damaged the business of reporting in the opinion of the public

In fact the only book upon our table which will be a real aid to the would-be writer of a novel or essay makes no pretense of aiding him to write either. It is The Art of Writing English, by J. M. D. Meiklejohn, Professor of the Practice of Education in the University of St. Andrews *(D. Appleton and Company, New York).*

Now we come to the gist of the matter. Professor Meiklejohn requires but two things of the intending novelist or poet

First, that he shall have something to say; and secondly, that he shall say it as plainly as he can

Let us rejoice and be thankful. There is, then, a coming novelist who has something to say? He is not shuffling cards, or poking through slums and trolley cars, or dredging encyclopedias in search of ideas or plots to patch into printed matter which shall pay him ten per cent. royalty

To this sincere Scotchman the author of a novel or a song meant for the world must be in some sense a Delphic oracle, and speak for the Gods. Like the Ancient Mariner, he has his tale to tell in the world and will not die until it has gone out from him to men.

He must not maunder it through floods of weak twaddle or drag it in filth or lose it altogether in vain braggings, but speak it out as plainly and forcibly as he can

This book is meant to help him to plain, forcible speech. We know of no other manual so likely to succeed in doing it.

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A Receipt for Cheese Croquettes

CORN STARCH TALK

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

The use of cheese in various forms is becoming more frequent every year and it is well that it should be so as cheese furnishes proteid in a high degree. A mild cream cheese, cooked only enough to be melted, is easily taken care of by the average stomach, and greatly to be preferred to the raw article. Cheese by itself is too concentrated and needs starchy food with it to make a perfect combination. The ideal form of starch is obtained in Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, a product which has stood the test of years and is considered the standard of excellence. By combining this with cheese we may prepare many wholesome and delicious dishes. One of the daintiest, perhaps, is in the form of a croquette, and this may be served either as an entree, with broiled tomatoes, or a tomato sauce, or as an accompaniment to a salad.

CHEESE CROQUETTES.

Make a cream sauce with two tablespoons of butter, three level tablespoons of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch and a cup of milk. Beat into this the yolk of an egg and season highly with paprika and a little salt. Add two tablespoons of grated cheese, and when melted remove from fire and stir in gently one and one-half cups of mild cheese cut in cubes. Cool the mixture thoroughly, shape into squares or diamonds and bread them as any croquettes. Fry in hot fat, drain well on soft paper and serve in a nest of parsley or lettuce.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

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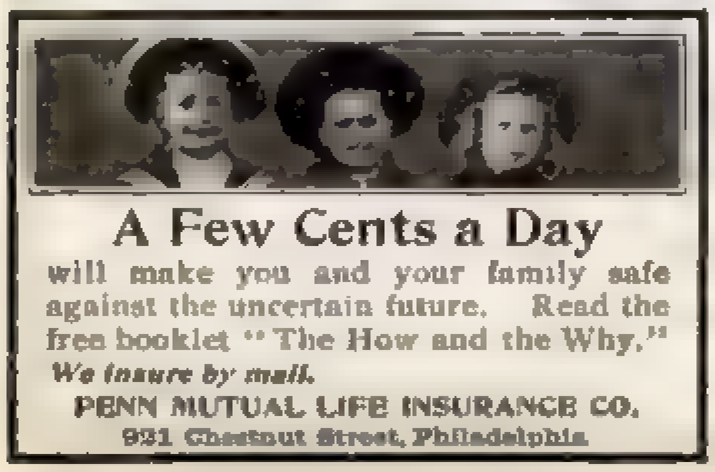
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Queer Ways of Hunters and Hunted

By Nat Wetzel

ALMOST every community has its own peculiarities in the practice of the hunter's craft, but never elsewhere have I seen anything quite so primitive in the way of game-killing as the "threshing" of ducks by the Mexicans of the marshes along the Gulf. The price of powder and shot is very high in Mexico, as the Government, which holds a monopoly of these articles, considers it advisable to discourage the use of firearms among the poorer classes. Consequently the native finds hunting with a gun an expensive luxury.

He accordingly resorts to various expedients and makeshifts in order to secure even a small share of the great abundance of wild game about him—for Mexico must now be regarded as the paradise of the bird hunter, so far as the American continent is concerned. To a "Gringo" hunter (one from "the States") who is used to going after ducks with a pump shot gun and an unlimited supply of shells, the first night of "flailing" with a band of Mexicans is an experience not soon to be forgotten.

My Mexican friends took me to the marshes just in time to catch the evening flight of birds. They selected their ambush with great cunning, picking their station on a narrow opening in the marsh near a large bed of wild rice. Of course, this formation forced the ducks going to that particular feeding spot to fly compactly and very near to the ambush. The only arms with which the Mexicans were supplied were rude flails, very similar to the old-fashioned threshing implements of the New England States.

Although I was familiar with the rapidity with which ducks fly when making for their feeding-grounds it seemed almost impossible to me that such crude implements of hunting could do any effective execution when used against so wise and wary a bird as the wild duck. However, all my doubts were routed as soon as the evening flight began. The natives stood a little distance apart and waited with tense muscles and straining eyes for the first mallards to come whistling down the marsh lane. Suddenly, just as a flock came on in close formation and at headlong speed, the flails flew out and raked the air—seemingly in all directions at the same instant! This hand-to-hand method of hunting proved surprisingly exciting, probably because of its novelty, and I found myself strained to an uncommonly keen pitch of excitement.

When the fruits of the first "flailing" were gathered in I was obliged to confess that I could scarcely have done better work with a good gun. The bag of ducks which the natives carried home with them as a result of one night's "flailing" was really astonishing. Of course, this primitive method of hunting is only effective where the flight of ducks is heavy and the natural "lay of the land" adapted to its practice.

The Exciting Steer Hunt

Even the native Mexicans who are able to get hold of guns of outlandish pattern and a little poor powder regard shot as an unnecessary luxury. They generally contrive to filch a bit of telegraph wire—thanks to the invasion of "Northern capital"—which they cut up into tiny cylinders. When this substitute for shot is not to be had, they take broken nails and any other small iron scraps available.

Quite naturally they are careful to make the most of the ammunition that costs them so much trouble and expense, and they do not allow any of the ethics of sportsmanship to interfere with practical results. Any notion that firing into a flock of ducks on the water is not the right thing is beyond their calculations. To the contrary, they resort to various ingenious devices in order to increase the death rate among the ducks. Of all these schemes, "steer hunting" is the most novel and interesting. A hunt of this kind presents a scene almost as picturesque as does the process of "flailing."

Only steers trained to the business are used for this purpose. Attached to each horn of the steer is a long stick of light wood that serves as a rein. When a flock of ducks is sighted "working" their feeding beds or resting on the water, the natives start their

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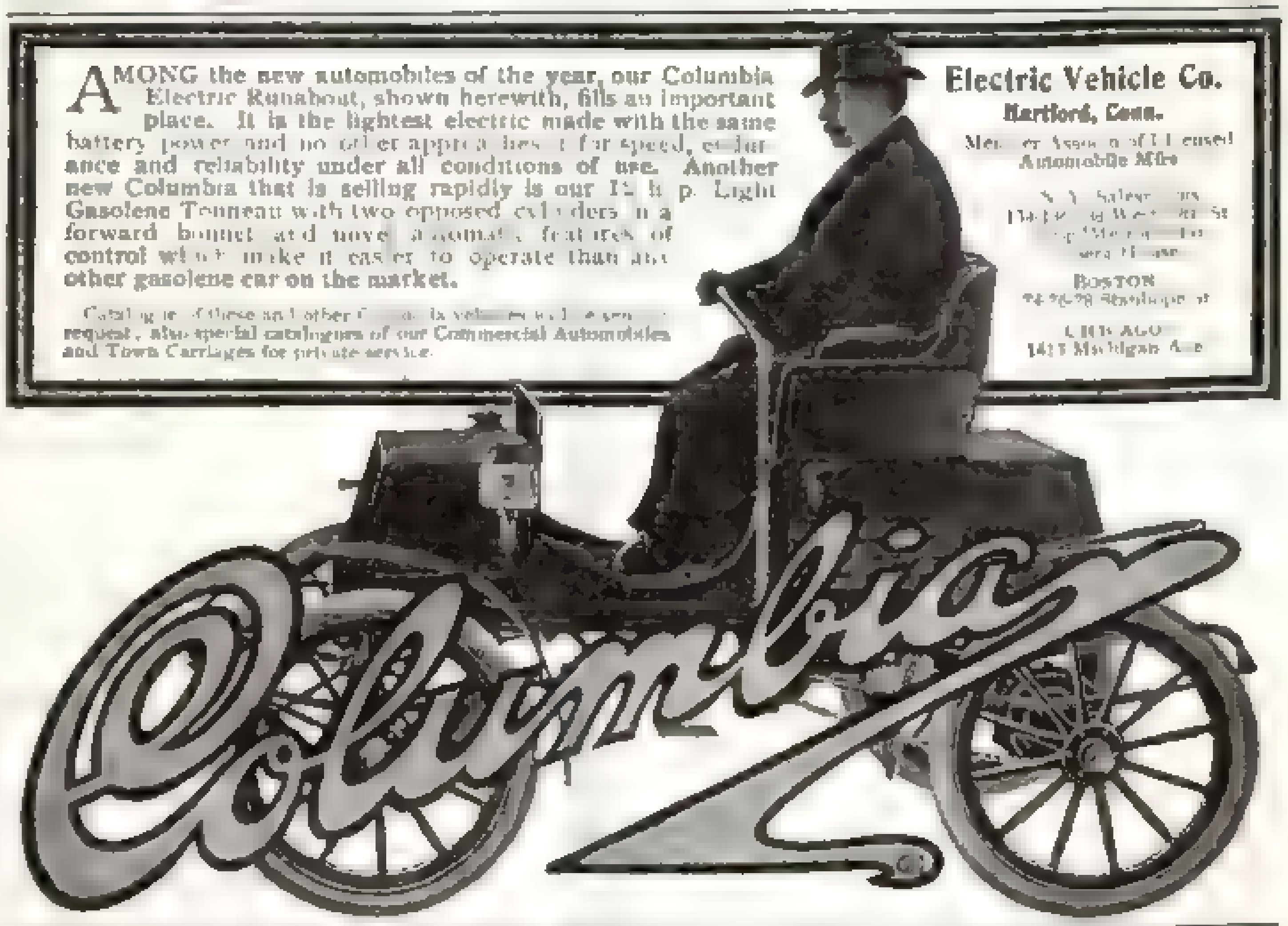
AMONG the new automobiles of the year, our Columbia Electric Runabout, shown herewith, fills an important place. It is the lightest electric made with the same battery power and no other approaches it for speed, endurance and reliability under all conditions of use. Another new Columbia that is selling rapidly is our 12 h. p. Light Gasolene Tonneau with two opposed cylinders in a forward bonnet and novel automatic features of control which make it easier to operate than any other gasolene car on the market.

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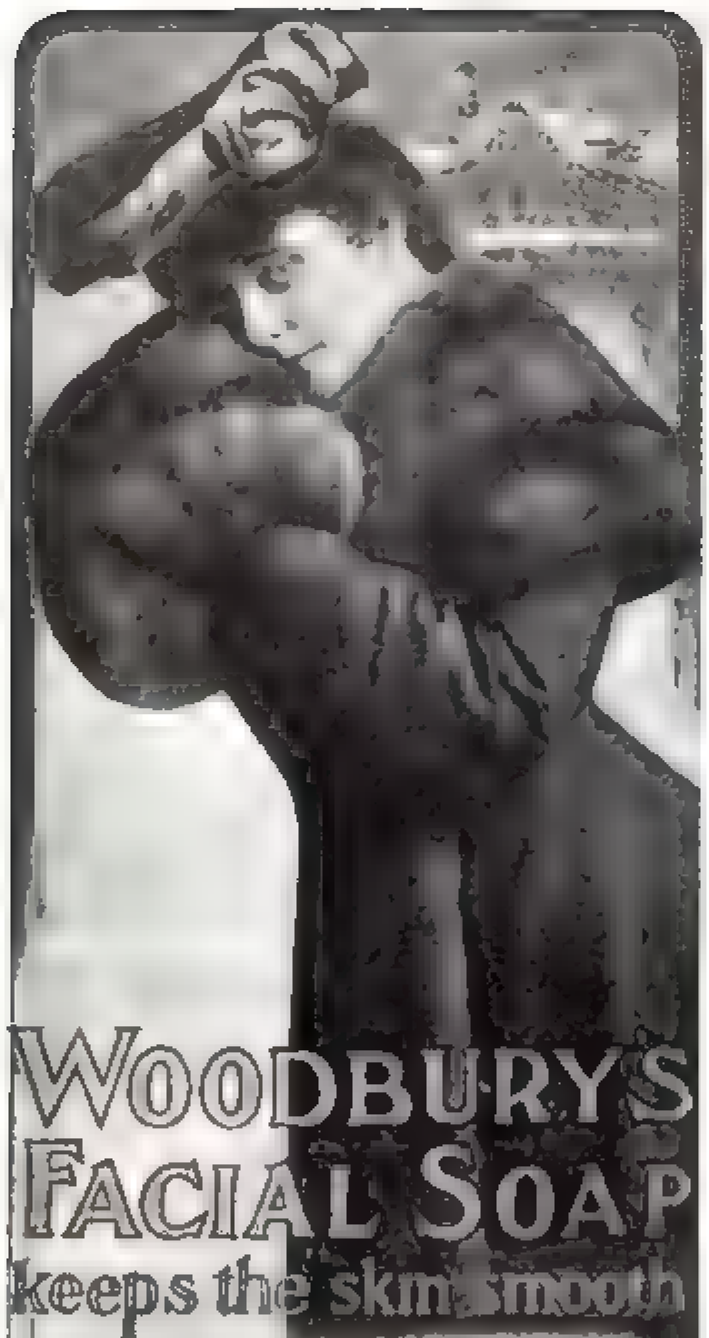

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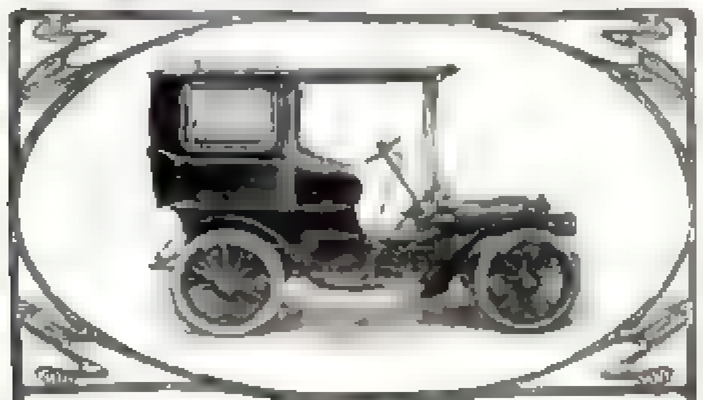

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steer slowly in the direction of the birds, taking great care to keep the animal's broad side toward the game, thus using him as a screen or breastwork behind which they are concealed. Generally the men are partially or wholly stripped for wading, and their dark bodies, huddled together against the side of the bullock, make a striking and almost barbaric picture

Ordinarily the ducks pay no attention whatever to the approach of the steer and allow him to come within a few rods of them. Then the guns are cautiously leveled across the back of the animal and a broadside of musketry pours death and destruction into the unsuspecting flock. The slaughter of birds from one such fusillade is appalling. So long as the men do not allow themselves to be seen the ducks seem to have no suspicion of the steer, and allow themselves to be deceived by this kind of an ambush repeatedly in the course of the same morning or evening

Duck hunting in the dense "flag" marshes of the Gulf coast, where the birds congregate in thousands, is a very different thing from plying the hunter's craft in the North, where all the skill of the experienced woodsman, aided by decoys, "calls" and other accessories, is put to the test. On the score of resourcefulness let it be said that in no vocation is the faculty for making the most of present conditions and meeting difficulties and limitations with original and novel measures at a greater premium than in hunting. Many a hunter has returned to camp with a fine bag of game simply because he was able successfully to match his wits against adverse circumstances and unexpected conditions.

An Anecdote of Hunters' Mother Wit

Never have I known this point to be better illustrated than by the cleverness of a woman who enjoyed shooting quite as well as her husband and often accompanied him on short hunting trips. One day they started, somewhat unexpectedly, for a small lake near their house and did not stop to take decoys with them. The wife remained at the nearest point while the husband rounded the end of the lake and took his station on the opposite shore. Ambushed in a dry "wallow" close to the shore, the woman waited for a stray mallard to come her way, realizing that both her location and lack of decoys placed her at a distinct disadvantage. Soon, however, she saw a duck flying high over the water and coming directly toward her. The shot was a long one, but she took her chances, and the mallard fell almost within her reach

Instantly she secured it and at once saw that her shot had broken its wing without otherwise injuring it. Only the moment before she had been wishing for decoys, and as she held the live bird in her hands she thought what an effective decoy the mallard would make could it be staked out in the shallow water near the shore. Here was where her ready wit, her true hunter's inventiveness came into play. Holding the bird in one hand, with the other she took off her shoes and then drew one string from the eyelets. Tying one end of the shoestring to the duck's leg, she knotted the other about a stick Wading out a short distance from shore she planted the stake securely in the muddy bottom. Then she retreated to her blind and watched the mallard swim quietly round and round its stake. The bird's broken wing did not permit it to attempt to rise. Very soon a small flight of birds, seeing their fellow peacefully riding the water, settled down to join him. As a result they paid with their lives the penalty of their misplaced confidence

This experience was many times repeated, and when her husband returned she had collected a heavy bag of mallards—despite the fact that he had found the shooting decidedly poor. At first he was at a loss to understand the situation, but when he had sent for the live decoy and found it tethered to a stake by a shoestring he needed no further explanation. And by the same token he understood that his wife possessed one of the most vital of all hunting instincts: the faculty of dealing resourcefully with difficulties.

The acuteness of certain faculties and the dullness of others in the same animal is a constant source of wonder to the hunter. For example, the deer depends for his protection almost wholly on his nose and ears, while his eyes seem to be little better than useless. More than once have I chanced to be sitting in an "open" when a deer approached me from the direction of the wind. He could not smell me, and so long as I did not make the slightest noise he would continue to come straight toward me with a freedom that showed he was entirely unaware of my presence. Not until he was within forty steps

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would his eyes detect me. On the other hand, if I had snapped a twig when he was ten times that distance away he would have vanished in an instant.

The delicate limbs of the deer are marvelously strong. I have seen a buck, when running from dogs, strike a rock twice his own weight, dislodge it and send it rolling down the hillside. In fact I experienced one of the worst scares of my life from this cause, when a boy of thirteen years. In company with several men I drove to the foot of a mountain and was left in the wagon to look after the horse while the men went up on the ridge to run deer. Not long after I had been left to my solitary vigil I heard a rock come rolling down the side of the mountain. Then followed another and another, and finally one big one that made a terrific crashing in the timber

After that, for a few moments, all was still. Suddenly, and without any apparent cause, the staid old horse, which had been unhitched from the wagon and tied to a tree, gave one frantic leap, broke the halter and dashed away down the woods road by which we had come. I was several miles from home and fully a mile from the hunters; the darkness in the woods was dense, and the terror of the horse naturally inspired me with a panic of fear. However, there was nothing for me to do but sit in the wagon and wait for the inevitable to happen. The next two hours before the return of the hunters were fearfully long ones. When I told my father about the tumbling and crashing of the rocks, the interval of silence and the sudden breaking away of the horse, he laughed heartily and then explained:

"The stag we started took the side of the mountain and got a little out of the regular run; his hoofs dislodged some big rocks and these went crashing down into the valley One of them passed close to the bed of a bear and routed him out to hunt for a quieter resting place. In his travel he happened to pass where the wind took a scent of him down to the old horse—and that settled it! Once let a horse get a sniff of a bear and he'll run as if a gun were fired under him."

The Clown of the Forest

Mention has been made in a previous paper of the foibles of the raccoon. This little joker of the fur tribe is one of the cleverest of fishermen. It is rare amusement to watch him sitting close to the edge of the water, shrewdly waiting for some luckless fish to venture within his reach. The instant that this occurs his hand—for this member of a 'coon's anatomy is more than a paw—darts like a flash into the water and the fish is flipped out upon shore as cleverly as if hooked by an expert human angler.

As a frog-catcher the 'coon is also an adept and plies this vocation very much as he does his fishing. Though, as I have suggested, the 'coon is a confirmed humorist, he is himself easily "taken in" by a joke of a certain kind, provided it is sufficiently glaring. The traditional miser does not love to see and handle gold coin better than the 'coon loves to toy with anything bright and glittering. His nimble little palms have an irresistible itching for any bit of metal that shines or sparkles. Because of this curious whim the trapper of 'coons need have no better bait than a particle of bright new tin securely tied to the pan or "tilter" of his trap. And if the trap is placed a little under the surface of a stream the 'coon is almost certain to find it and thrust his paw down to secure the sparkling trinket. This same passion for bright things makes the 'coon a confirmed thief of any small articles like teaspoons or spoonhooks that he can pick up about a camp.

The typical hunter of the Southwest has almost as many queer, wild ways as the game he hunts, and his habits and eccentricities are as novel to the average person as are the whims of the wild creatures upon which he preys. Put a camp of hunters into a locality in which they are absolute strangers and the first thing they will do is to learn from the natives the name of every road, trail, stream, knoll, bayou, woods and swamp in the entire region. But their geographical researches do not end here. At once they begin to play the part of discoverers and construct a "hunter's geography" of their own, giving graphically descriptive names to every local landmark. "Split-tree Knoll," "Goose-neck Swale," "Hog-wallow Creek," "Shingle Bend," and a score of other names are given to landmarks that have long been nameless in the local speech—and every one of these names is so aptly descriptive that it alone identifies the landmark and sticks to it for time to come.

This interesting practice of the hunter is not a mere whim, but has its origin in the necessities of his craft. He must be able, for convenience and safety, so to describe any particular point of the landscape that a fellow-hunter may be verbally directed to it with a clearness that admits of no excuse for mistake. Before starting from camp each hunter will tell his companions the route he intends to travel. Not only does this define his hunting field for the day, but it gives his partners an idea of where to look for him in case he should not return within reasonable time. Then, too, this practice of having a name for each special landmark acts as a constant reminder to the hunter of his exact location. When a rambler through a wild country does not have his exact location, relative to other points, constantly brought to his attention he is far more likely to stray or get confused, and the habit of giving each prominent feature of the landscape a definite name helps to this end more than the layman would realize.

The Hunter's Worst Danger

Though every hunter should carry a compass and should also be able to read the stars, comparatively few of them take the former precaution, and clouds so often obscure the stars that the careless woodsman, although an adept, sometimes finds himself hopelessly lost. In fact, losing his way is the one danger that constantly menaces the hunter.

Natural changes often so alter the face of a familiar landscape as to make it appear strange and new even in the eyes of an expert woodsman. One of the best hunters that I ever knew was after deer in the lowlands of Arkansas when a sudden and extremely heavy fall of rain flooded the bottoms, leaving only the points of the highest "donnicks," or knolls, sticking out above water. The land appeared to him entirely different; he became confused and traveled in the wrong direction with his boat, and was overtaken by nightfall on a little island—the top of a knoll.

Early in the day he had eaten all of his "snack" of hard-boiled eggs and bacon and had nothing left; the weather became suddenly cold and his slender supply of matches was soon exhausted. For three days he drifted from one "donnick" to another until too cold and exhausted to go further. When we found him he was almost gone with cold and hunger.

But the most terrible instances of suffering from being lost occur in the great "flag marshes" of the Gulf coast to which I have already referred. These tall reeds make a dense growth meeting above the head of the hunter in a roof of foliage; generally the bottom is shallow water or thin mud, the only dry spots being the occasional shell-banks. Last winter a Beaumont hunter went out into a marsh of this kind and failed to return. Search parties were promptly sent out, but found no trace of him until the seventh day.

Then he was seen emerging from the marsh upon a shell-bank; his gun and hat were gone, most of his clothing had been torn from him by the sharp teeth of the flag leaves, and he was so crazed by his sufferings that he did not know the sound of the human voice Several months of careful nursing were required to restore him to his right mind.

It is a rule among hunters—especially duck hunters—not to discharge a gun after nightfall unless as a signal of distress. There are two reasons for this practice: ducks are more frightened by the flash of a gun than by anything else; then it is necessary to have some certain time when the discharge of a gun will be generally understood to be a summons for help. When the heaviest flight of ducks is on in the Gulf coast region the farmers have to resort to strenuous measures to save their crops from sudden destruction by the vast flocks of mallard and teal. They station men armed with shotguns in the ricefields, and these patrolmen keep up a constant fusillade with blank cartridges all night long. They do not use shot because it adds greatly to the expense and does not increase the effectiveness of the warning, as it is the flash and not the destruction caused by the discharge which scares away the hungry, squawking invaders. I personally know of one instance in which a field of one hundred acres of rice, unprotected by patrolmen, was completely devastated in a single night by an immense flight of ducks.

Sometimes quail become so plentiful as to be a pest. Once, when I was at Phœnix, Arizona, the ranchers and small farmers of that vicinity appealed to the hunters to wipe out the quail in order to save the crops. A bounty of one cent a bird was paid, with the result that 25,000 blue quail were taken from that locality in two seasons.

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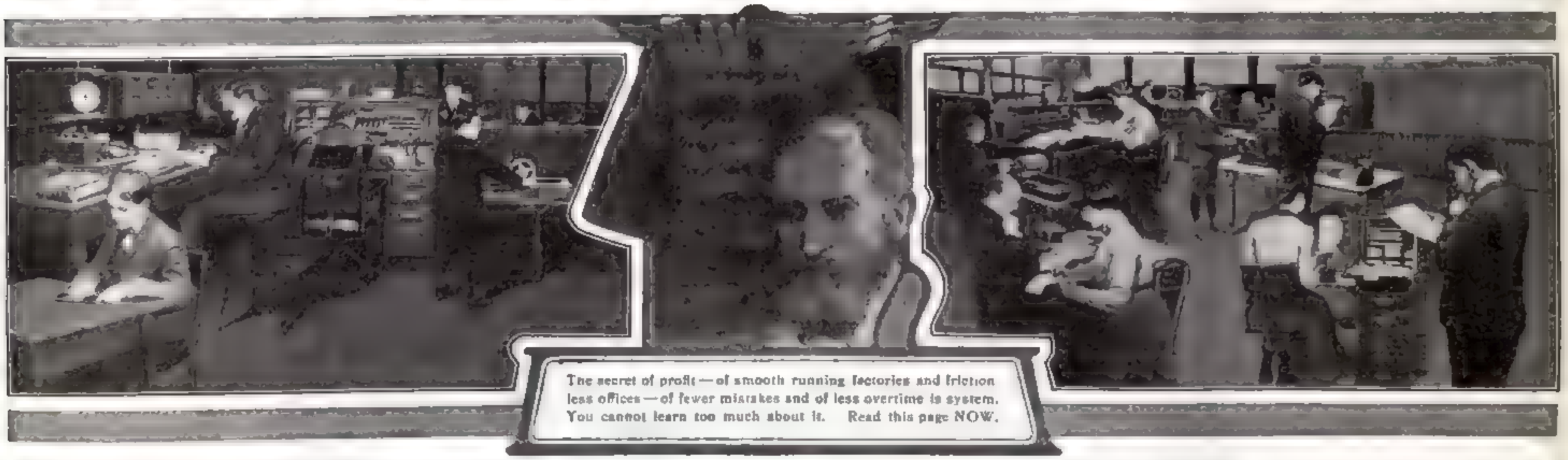

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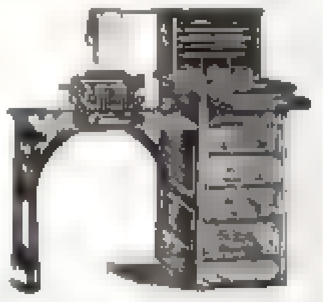

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How to Invest Your Savings

By David R. Forgan

Vice-President First National Bank, Chicago

RIGHT at the start, the man who has saved something from his earnings may as well dismiss from his mind all thought of investing his surplus in United States Government bonds—although this is the kind of an investment that is quite likely first to be thought of by the person who is wholly inexperienced in the matter of securities. Why? Because they command a premium so great as to yield less than two per cent. net to the investor.

Probably the soundest, and certainly the most popular, form of public securities is the municipal bond. A cardinal point regarding the safety of this kind of security is the fact that private individuals may sue a municipal corporation to compel the payment of its bonds or obligations, while the Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibits such action from being brought against States. This well-fought field of legal precedent clears the way for the investor. When an issue of municipal bonds is put on the market the house handling the securities almost invariably furnishes possible investors with a legal opinion on their validity, this opinion being prepared by a lawyer of recognized standing who is considered an authority in this special field. Another important safeguard is found in the fact that many States have enacted a law prohibiting a municipality from incurring an indebtedness beyond the limit of five per cent. of the assessed value of the property within its borders, or probably not much more than one per cent. of the actual value.

After satisfying himself of the validity of a municipal bond, the man who thinks of investing savings in this kind of security should take the main facts regarding that city—its population, character, growth, and especially its industrial expansion—and carefully consider them in relation to the size of its total indebtedness. It is true that there has been some repudiation of municipal bonds, but mainly those of the reconstruction period when speculation was rampant and government somewhat chaotic. Repudiation of State bonds has been far more common.

Real-estate investment is a doubtful and difficult field to the inexperienced. The net results of most real-estate investments are disappointingly small, even in the case of good improved property. Generally the investor in this security would realize more in clean profit by putting his money into a savings bank and drawing three per cent. on it. Of course, the ideal real-estate investment is that of renting the ground for others to build upon, the improvements being in the nature of security. However, opportunities to make this kind of an investment in well-located property are not common. First mortgages on good real estate for half its actual value make an excellent kind of security, although real-estate values are subject to astonishing fluctuation, a shrinkage of fully fifty per cent. being not uncommon. Greatest care should be exercised by the man putting his money into mortgages to be sure that his is a first mortgage. Also, he should invariably make a personal visit to the property upon which he expects to place a lien. In buying a mortgage the investor should satisfy himself as to the reliability and good financial standing of the mortgagor. In other words, he should not neglect to acquire a personal knowledge of the essential facts that there are no prior mortgages, mechanics' liens or other incumbrances resting against the property, that the valuation has been conservatively made; that the mortgagor's title to the property is sound, and that all of the money involved has been actually paid by the mortgagee.

Directly related to the problem of real-estate investment is that of the building and loan association. This apparently simple plan of investment especially appeals to men and women whose incomes are very modest. The general scheme upon which these associations are operated is apparently so simple as to come easily within the understanding of a schoolboy; but I have seen shrewd business men, thoroughly familiar with the intricate details of expert accounting, lose their savings in this kind of investment after carefully scrutinizing its records. The only advice

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Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles of advice to the small investor.

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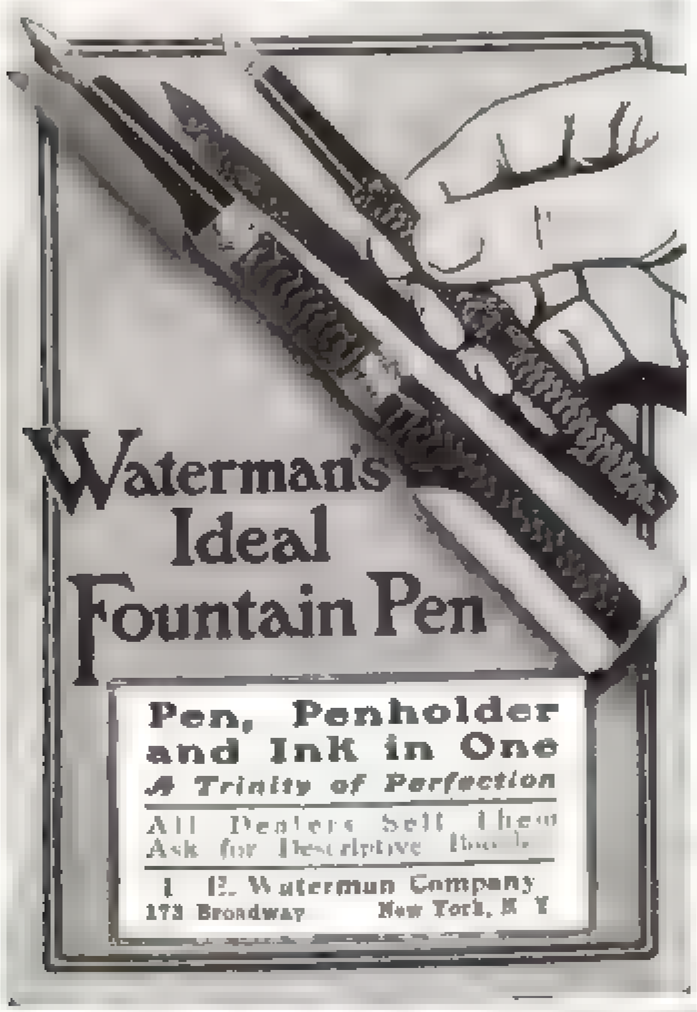

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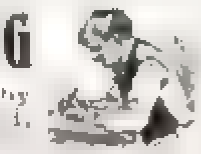
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which I can conscientiously give regarding building and loan associations is to keep out of them.

It is almost trite to say that the farm mortgage is an investment of a very high character. However, one special precaution in this field should not be neglected — that is, to remember that the legislatures of certain States have enacted statutes essentially hostile to the rights of investors in this kind of security. Then, too, care should be taken to deal only with mortgage brokers whose reputation for integrity is of the best.

Of all forms of corporation bonds those of the old and seasoned railroad companies are probably the most attractive. Those which represent a satisfactory element of security will not, of course, pay a fancy percentage of return; but the principle that the sounder the security the lower the percentage of return holds good throughout the entire investment field. Let the man who intends to put his savings into railroad bonds keep clear of first issues, or new or projected railroads, for these generally contain an element of "water," which too often involves an ultimate process of "squeezing" by liquidation and reorganization by those who are "on the inside." There can be little question, however, that well-selected railroad bonds are among the best of investments, as our railroads are to-day in better condition than ever before. Naturally, the first thing for the man who thinks of putting his money into a railroad bond is to post himself, from annual reports and other reliable sources of information, regarding the condition of the road, both physically and financially. Unless the road's net earnings are at least double its bonded debt charges he should hesitate to make the investment.

"Public utility" securities, such as gas and electric-light plants and telephone and street railway systems, are often placed before the investor in very attractive form, but, as a general thing, their profits will be found more "estimated" than actual. Of course, some public utility securities are excellent, but keen discretion is required in selecting them. Never should the investor put any money into a security of this kind unless the plant is *completed* and paying net earnings amounting to at least *twice* the sum required to pay the interest on its bonds.

Water-works bonds are often good investments, but they are often subject to perils and conditions that render them open to question so far as the inexperienced investor is concerned. These corporations, of course, get their lease of life from the city government in the form of a franchise. The liability of friction and conflict between the city government and the water-works corporation is often an imminent danger and a menace to the value of this kind of bonds.

Some of the bonds issued by certain of the great industrial corporations are undoubtedly desirable, as are also some of the preferred stocks in this field; but the small investor should not trust himself to venture into the wilderness of the "industrials" without the guidance of some sound and experienced adviser whose integrity is above suspicion.

Very likely the reader has already asked "Why do you say nothing about stocks?"

Because the speculative element enters too largely into stocks, broadly speaking, to make them desirable investments for persons who are in moderate circumstances and cannot afford to lose their investments. We should keep sight of the fact that a bond is invariably a lien on property, while a stock is the reverse of this, in that it carries with it a liability — sometimes to double amount of its face value. Or, to put it differently, the holder of a bond is in the attitude of a creditor, while the holder of a share of stock is, to say the least, liable to stand in the attitude of a debtor. Of course, the element of security varies immensely in stocks, those of well-established banks and railroads ranking close to good bonds in this particular.

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THE DUEL

(Continued from Page 9)

challenge with such conditions is only permissible in the case of the most serious insults.

Usually pistols with a polygonal barrel are chosen. The referee must not forget in the choice of weapons that the polygonal barrel is a great aid in aiming

The distance depends essentially upon the severity of the insult, but must be in harmony with the kind of pistol chosen With smooth-bore pistols ten paces is an average distance, but with rifle bore pistols this distance is considered a very strict demand. A challenge with rifle bore pistols and sight at fifteen paces is a very strict demand

In respect to the methods of the duel: Usual practice is at command or with a marked line. According to command the method of procedure agreed upon by the seconds, for instance, may be as follows:

"The opponents must hold the pistols handed to them with a bent arm over the shoulder," or, according to the agreement reached, "with arms away from the body, with the mouth of the weapon directed to the ground." The latter method is to be preferred, in so far as it makes it more difficult for the opponents to test the quality of the weapons by weighing them in the hand or sighting them than in the first position.

At the "one" of the referee the pistols are drawn. Then "two" and "three" are counted. After "one" and before "three" both must have fired.

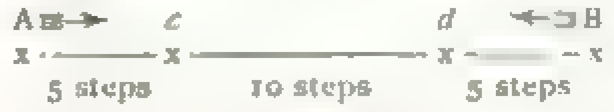
Or, to give still less time:

At "one" the mouth of the pistol is raised upward; at "two" it is drawn, and before "three" it must be fired

In a challenge with a marked line it is evident that rules of general procedure do not obtain, but that the seconds must reach a special agreement

For instance: The line may be marked by two swords and the position of the opponents at the beginning of the duel will be at an agreed distance from the two swords

Example



A and B are the opponents, *c* and *d* the lines marked by the swords

The requirements are ten paces distance with five paces advance. After the opponents have been placed in their positions, and the arms have been given them, the referee counts "*one.*" They may advance, but must have fired before "*three*" is counted

Another agreement may be as follows

The one who has fired must advance as soon as his opponent advances, because the latter was compelled to stop when the former halted to fire.

The conditions are still stricter where there is no counting and in its place a definite time has been agreed upon—as, for instance, fifteen seconds—and the firing must be done between the commands "Go" and "Halt."

So to formulate a challenge for a pistol duel that one of the opponents has the first shot will scarcely be agreed upon by the seconds, because opinions differ widely as to which of the two has the right to the first shot The assumption that this right belongs to the one who is challenged can for equally good reasons be opposed with the opinion that the first shot belongs to the one who is insulted and so is challenging.

The seconds are also armed with pistols. They may be of any type desired, but both should be the same. These pistols are not to be given to the principals in case one of theirs should fail, but are to be used against the opposing principals in case either should do anything contrary to agreement and to the danger of the other.

The seconds must carefully think over their position in this respect, for the moment for action does not leave time for reflection They must, on the one hand, protect their principals; but, on the other hand, a heavy responsibility weighs upon them in deciding whether the offense includes any danger. In such case the second whose principal is endangered must fire immediately after the offense.

In the beginning of my discussion I have taken the liberty to indicate those points which show why our duels usually are held according to such strict forms.

But if we consider the character of these quarrels in which, even in the circle of comradeship, the active, youthful temperament becomes entangled, the desire arises, if, in the opinion of the participants, such differences cannot be settled without a duel, at

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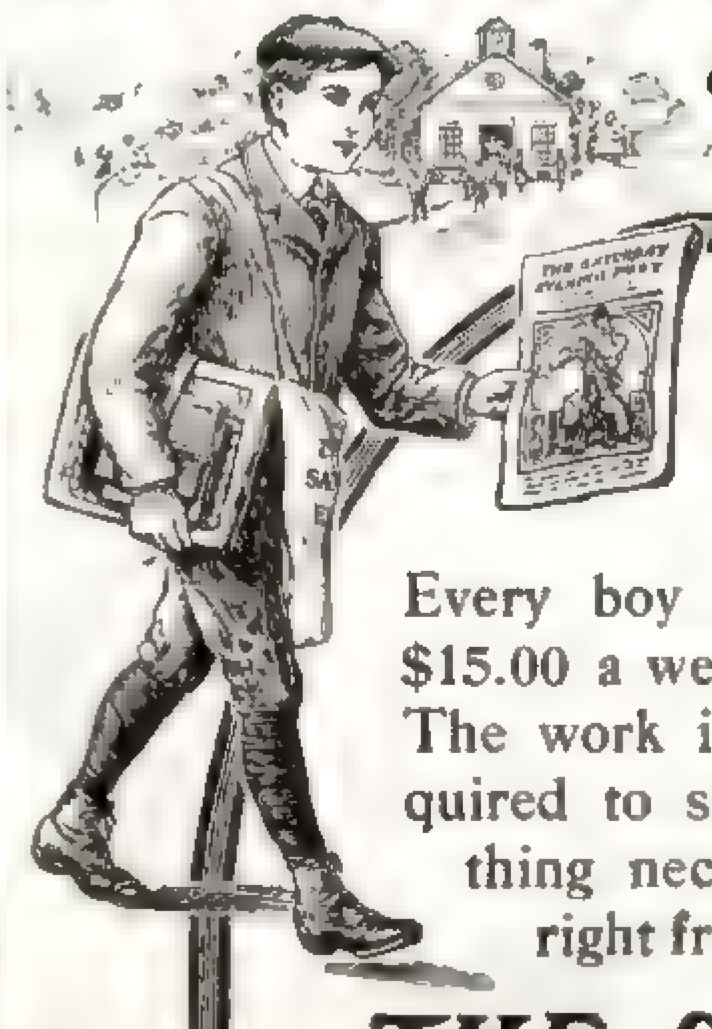

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least to give it a form not less honorable than the duel with pistols, but which still does not exclude the probability of a fatal outcome. I mean the duel with swords. Differences occur among younger officers in which neither the committee of honor nor the seconds can be convinced of the necessity of a duel, but in which both opponents still stubbornly insist, and, perhaps, with perfect justice, upon satisfaction.

Could not such a quarrel be satisfactorily or, perhaps, best be settled by a duel with sharp-ground swords? After such a duel in which the opponents stand eying each, testing their strength, courage and skill, anger and desire for revenge pass away, and from seemingly deep-seated hostile feelings often arise impulses of reconciliation which grow at last into esteem and even attachment.

Such cases must be, under all circumstances, considered as exceptional, in order that in differences between officers the serious importance may be preserved which the Imperial edict of the second of May enjoins upon them for the welfare and well being of the corps.

A quarrel between one who is an officer and one who is not in almost all cases exposes the officer to the danger of not being able to satisfy to a full extent the demands which the customs of his rank require for the preservation of his external dignity as well as the forms for the carrying out of the conflict.

The difficulties are of least importance when there is no doubt of the ability of the participating non-officer to give satisfaction. There is, nevertheless, this hindrance: that half of the party at the duel is not composed of officers, and that for them the customs of our rank are no standard. The self-evident fact that our dueling regulations never have a mitigating effect upon a challenge from a non-officer, and the dissimilarity of the views of those circles of society whose members we consider capable of giving satisfaction, prove that this hindrance can never be entirely overcome.

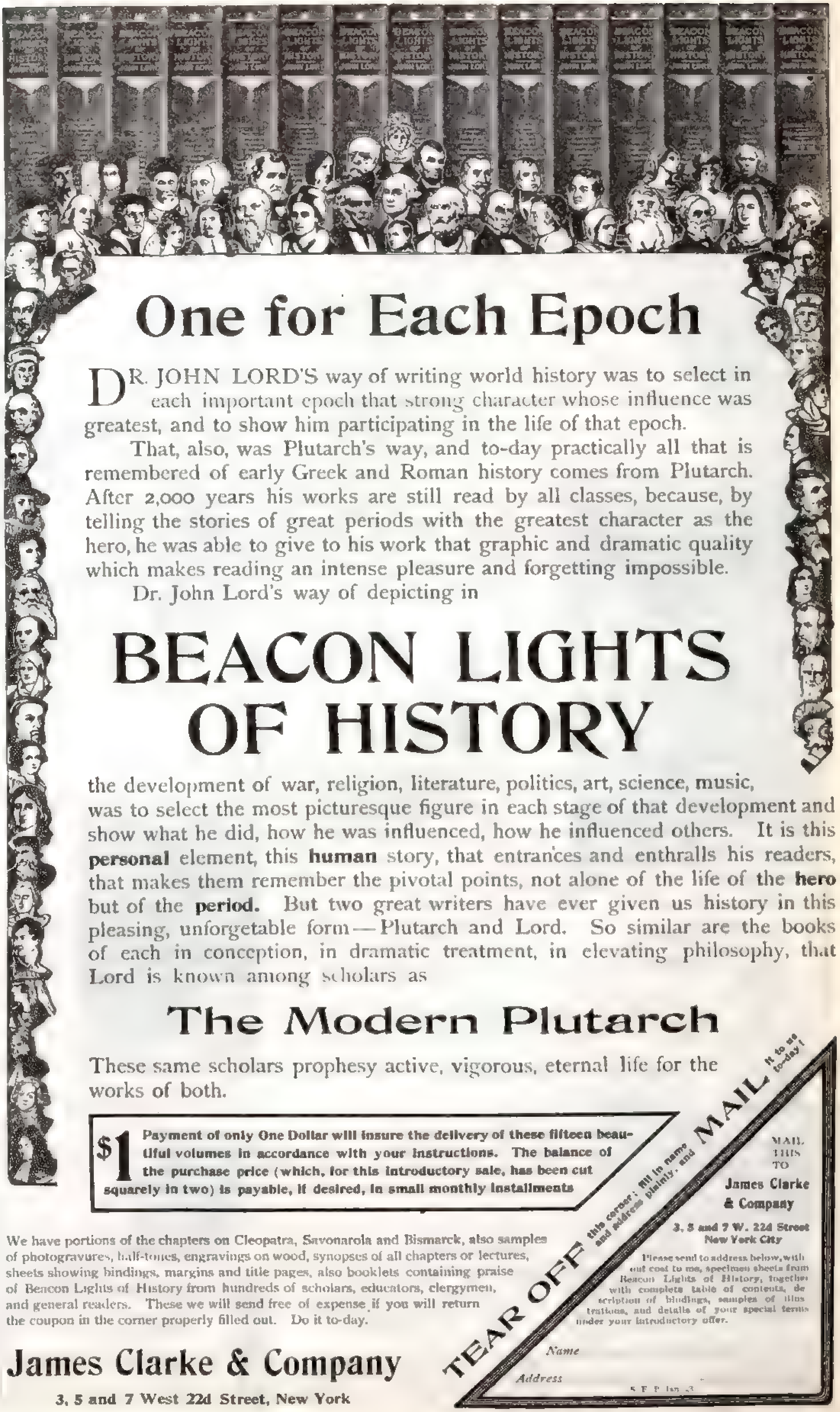
But far more serious are the difficulties in the preservation of the dignity and custom of rank if the *ability to give satisfaction* of the officer's opponent is doubtful, and these difficulties are further increased if the officer himself is the offender. For if an officer insults a non-officer and the latter answers in an honorable manner—that is, he is silent and sends his second to the offender—it is, indeed, difficult to decide how low the station of the challenger must be before the demanded satisfaction with arms can be refused; because, by his conduct, he has for a moment thrown the cloak of nobility over the possible disrepute of his station. In this way an officer may be entangled in a duel that, no matter how it may run its course, *will always leave a recollection of humiliation.*

If a person of doubtful ability to give satisfaction answers the insult of an officer with an insult on his part, it is evident that the position of the officer is very disagreeable. There are cases in which scarcely any other expedient is left to an officer than immediately to punish his opponent by using his weapon. May every fellow-officer be preserved from such a case.

But if the ability to give satisfaction is shown, nevertheless, a serious obligation rests upon the officer in that he has been the occasion of having a member of his rank insulted, even though he knew or had to fear that satisfaction could not be obtained.

From this seeming paradox we can see that in every conflict between an officer and a non-officer, in so far as the ability of the latter to give satisfaction is not absolutely certain beforehand, the position of the officer will always be less difficult if he has been insulted and has not been the offender. In every such case there ought to be an appeal to self-control, whose fulfillment is always very difficult for a man of courage and self-respect. Suppose an officer so angered that he is about to answer with insulting words: his best course is to suppress such words with all the power of self-control and to give the quarrel an honorable turn by a request for the exchange of cards. If we think of the traffic of a large city, which brings so close to us a certain category of men among whom their collars and cuffs are often the only clean things about them, we must be prepared that, under such conditions, the card of an officer may often find its way into an unclean pocket and be there forgotten. No matter! whatever may be the result of the act of self-control, the officer has done all in his power to protect himself from unclean contact.

If an officer, without fault of his, is insulted by some one whose inability to give satisfaction is unquestioned, his honor is entirely



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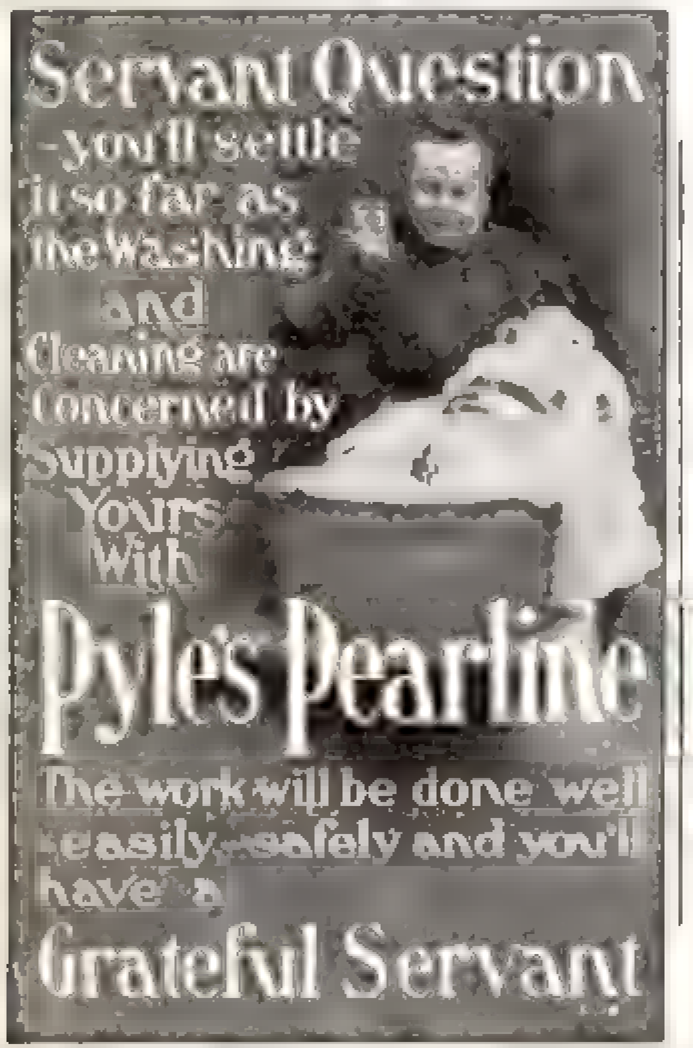

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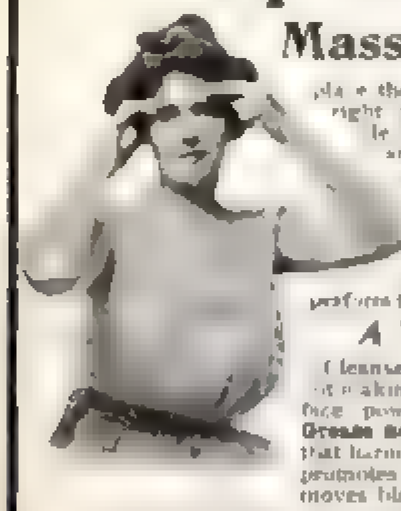
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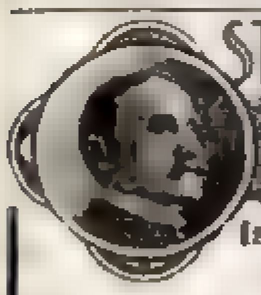
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untouched by such an insult. The proof of his innocence frees him entirely and in some cases justifies him in paying the offender with instant punishment by an energetic use of his weapon.

If, in a quarrel with a non-officer, an officer believes that he must doubt the other's ability to give satisfaction he must report his position to the committee of honor. At the order of the commander of the regiment the immediate investigations of the committee are announced to the corps of officers. According to the custom of our rank, when a majority of the officers of the corps consider the opponent in a position to give satisfaction, it is the duty of the officers to recognize him as such and to act in consequence, even though an influential minority of the corps hold the contrary opinion.

I conclude with a draft of the scheme for a challenge and the report of a duel.

Scheme for a challenge: between the First Lieutenant von Z. (the second of Second Lieutenant von Y.) and Captain von X. (the second of First Lieutenant von W.), in the presence of the opponents, the referee (Captain von U.) and the physicians (Doctors S. and T.), the following agreement was to-day drawn up:

The duel to be with rifle-bore pistols with sights and hair-triggers, at fifteen paces distance, for three rounds at command.

First: The opponents must give their word of honor that they do not know nor have fired from the pistols brought by the referee, Captain von U. After the referee has measured this distance, loaded the pistols, and the seconds have drawn lots for them, he shall show the opponents their respective places. The latter will take their positions holding the pistols given them by their seconds, with bent arm over the shoulder. The referee shall count one, two, with an interval of three seconds between each count. At "one" the opponents agree to draw; between "*one*" and "*three*" they must fire.

A failure of either pistol to go off is considered as a shot. The duel takes place on the ——— instant, at six A. M., at —

(Signed)

von Y.,
Second Lieutenant

von W.,
First Lieutenant

von Z.,
First Lieutenant,
as second

von X.,
Captain,
as second

von U.,
Captain, as referee.

Doctor S.

Doctor T.

Report of a duel with pistols

I. The cause of the duel a very serious one.

II. Challenge: nine paces distance with nine paces advance. Smooth-bore pistols, with muzzle sights. The duel to be continued until one of the participants is disabled.

III. The duel.

1. Preparations.
   - (*a*) Distance was measured by the referee; three times nine paces.
   - (*b*) The pistols, with which the opponents were unacquainted, but which were previously tested by us, were charged by the seconds and uncocked and allotted to the seconds by the referee. Lots were also drawn for the positions of the opponents.
   - (*c*) The attempt at reconciliation was unsuccessful.

IV. The execution of the duel.

The opponents were shown their positions by the seconds, each at nine paces distance from the line marked by swords, so that at the beginning the distance between the opponents was twenty-seven paces. The pistols when delivered were uncocked. The seconds took a few steps to the side. The referee, standing in the middle between them, about two steps to the side of the line of fire, asked, "Ready?" The pistols were cocked and raised. At the command, "Fire," the pistols were drawn. Both opponents advanced and stopped as soon as either halted. Aiming was permitted.

Lieutenant X., whose second I was, halted after two steps and fired almost without aim and to all appearances without success.

Then both advanced to the line, where they were compelled to halt. My principal's opponent aimed calmly but fell in firing. The first shot had struck him in the neck.

A continuation of the duel was impossible.

The time appointed for the rendezvous was kept punctually. The wagons, physicians and bandages were present.

Editor's Note—This paper is a faithful report by a German officer of the philosophy, theory and practice of the German army duel. A large share of its interest must lie in the sincere belief evinced in ideas which we hold outworn.

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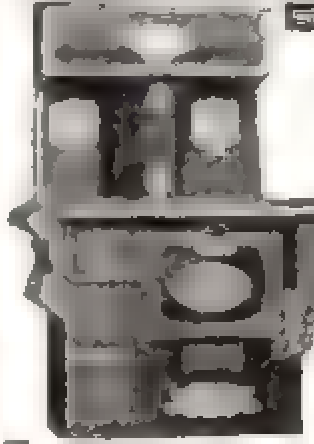
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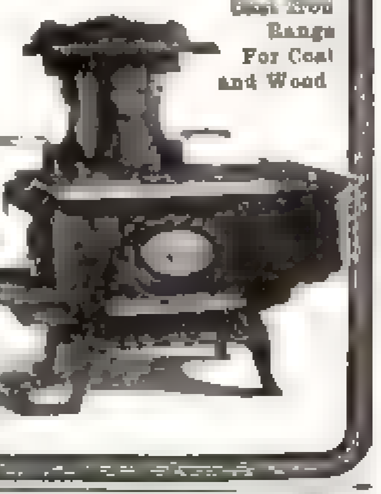
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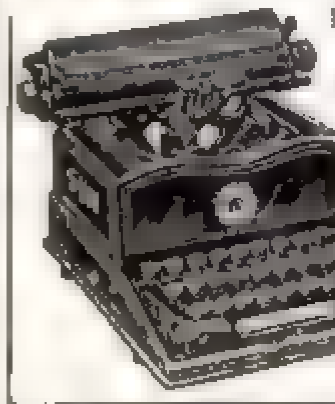
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THE COST

(Continued from Page 1)

ill—but then no one must know you've seen me or know anything about me. Spread it as a rumor."

Tavistock went away convinced, enthusiastic. There was that in Dumont's manner which inspired men to their strongest, most intelligent efforts. He was harsh, he was tyrannical, treacherous even—in a large way; often cynically ungrateful. But he knew how to lead, knew how to make men forget all but the passion for victory, and follow him loyally. Tavistock had seen his amazing financial brain solve too many "unsolvable" problems not to have confidence in it. "I might have known!" he reflected. "Why, those fellows apparently hardly scorched him. They got the Woolens Company away from him. He lets it go without a murmur when he sees he's beaten, and he turns his mind to grabbing a big railway as if Woolens had never existed."

Just after his elevated train passed Chatham Square on the way downtown Tavistock suddenly slapped his leg with noisy energy and exclaimed half aloud, "By Jove, of course!" to the amusement of those near him in the car. He went on to himself: "Why didn't I see it before? Because it's so beautifully simple, like all the things the big 'uns do. He's a wonder. So *that's* what he's up to? Gad, what a breeze there'll be next week!"

At eleven o'clock Doctor Sackett came into Dumont's bedroom, in arms against his patient—"You're acting like a lunatic. No business, I say!—not for a week. Absolute quiet, Mr. Dumont, or I'll not answer for the consequences."

"I see you want to drive me back into the fever," replied Dumont. "But I'm bent on getting well. I need the medicine I've had this morning, and Culver's bringing me another dose. If I'm not better when he leaves than when he comes, I agree to submit and try your prescription of fret and fume."

"You are risking your life."

Dumont smiled. "Possibly. But I'm risking it for what's more than life to me, my dear Sackett."

"You'll excite yourself. You'll——"

"On the contrary, I shall calm myself. I'm never so calm and cheerful as when I'm fighting, unless it's when I'm getting ready to fight. There's something inside me—I don't know what—but it makes me keep going incessantly. It's my nature. If any one asks how I am, say you've no hope of my recovery."

"I shall tell only the truth in that case," said Sackett, but with resignation—he was beginning to believe that for his extraordinary patient extraordinary remedies might be best.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE SECOND GENERATION

WHEN one of the most distinguished members of the English educational commission, which recently made a tour of the United States, was asked by a newspaper man in Washington what had most deeply impressed him he replied without the slightest hesitation:

"The sight of the children of the President of the United States in the public school, sitting side by side with the children of the humblest workingmen."

President Roosevelt has always made it a point to have his children attend the public schools. Archie Roosevelt is also studying music. I was talking the other day to a little girl who is in the music class with Archie, and she gossiped in this childish fashion concerning the President's son:

"Archie Roosevelt came to take his music to-day with a patch in his trousers. It was a little one, and the patch was a nice one, but everybody could see it. And he didn't have any necktie on, either. I guess it was because it was raining. I asked him when he came in if it was bad outside, and he said:

"'In-ex-press-i-ble. It's mildewing.' I guess he meant it was drizzling. I know he hears his papa say 'In-ex-press-i-ble.'"

Archie Roosevelt and Weldon Bailey, son of Senator Bailey, of Texas, attend the same public school in Washington. They do not always agree, and Master Weldon generally gets the better of Archie, but it is characteristic of a Roosevelt that this strenuous son of the President has to be whipped by the athletic young Texan every day. And it is eminently characteristic of the man in the White House that there is never a word from him.

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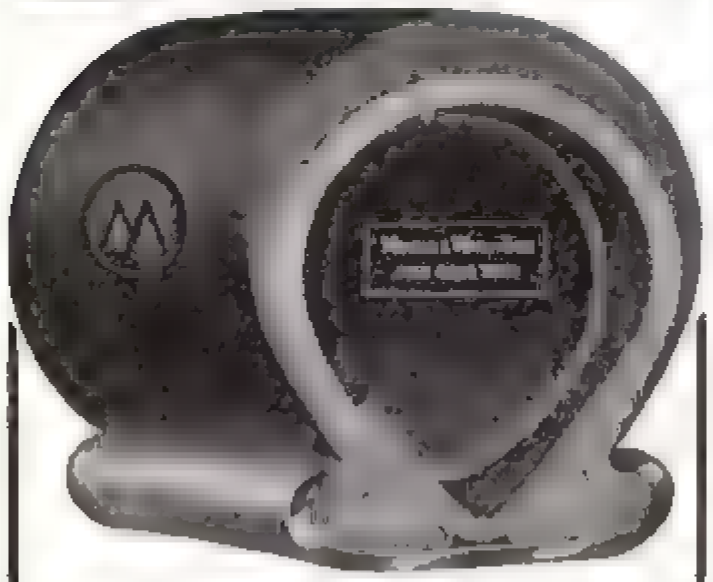

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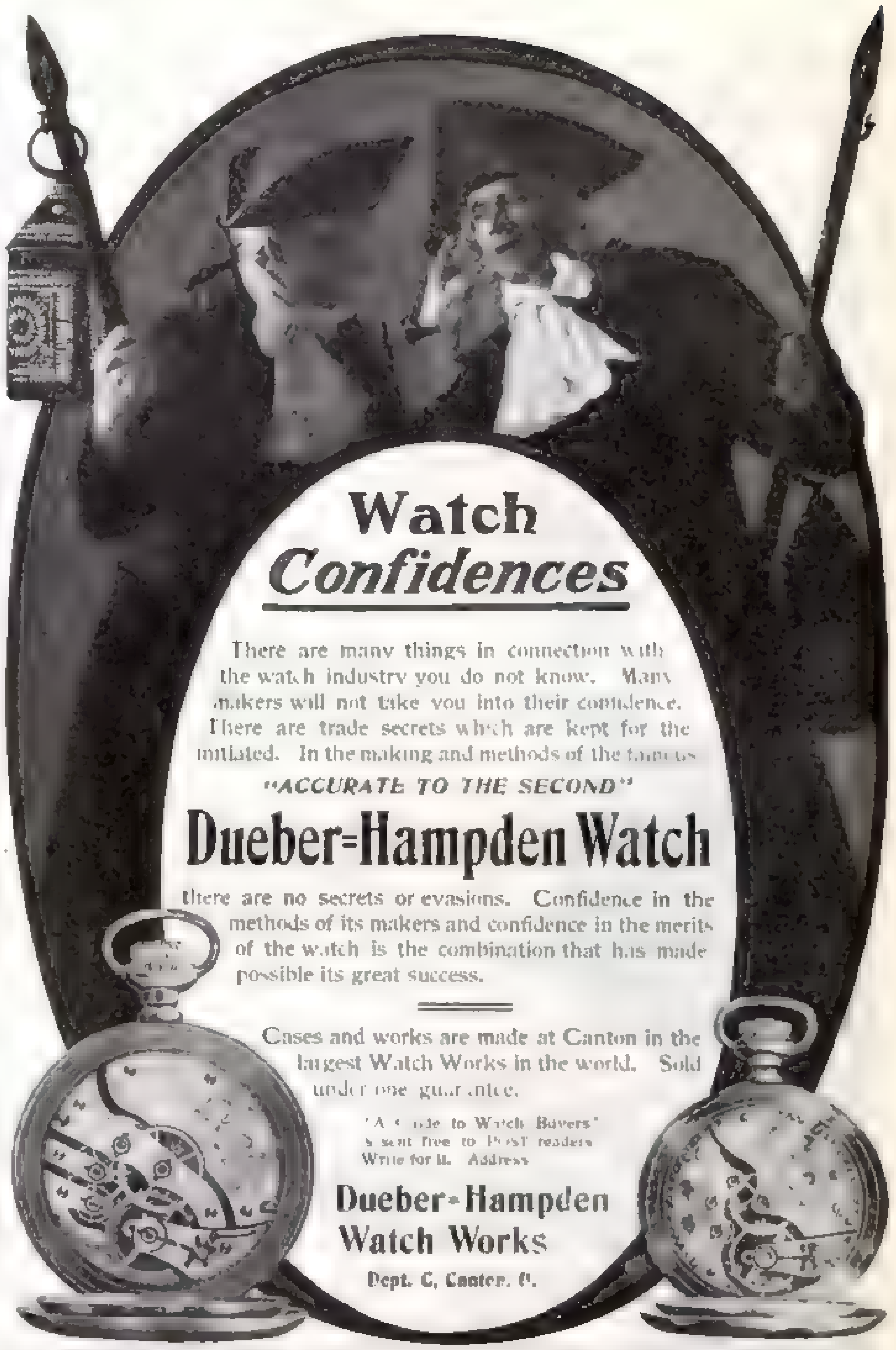

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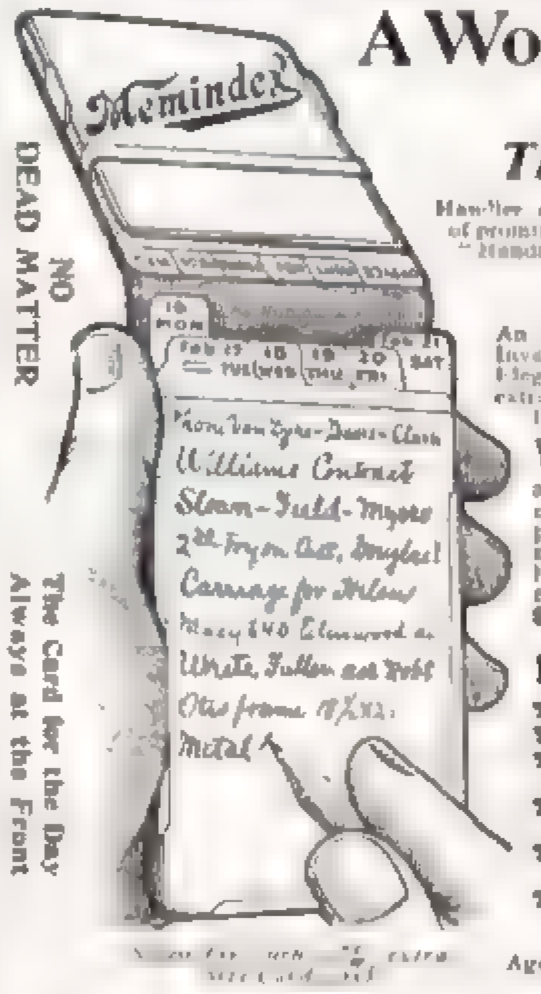
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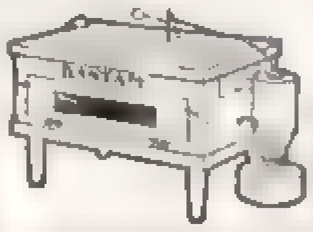

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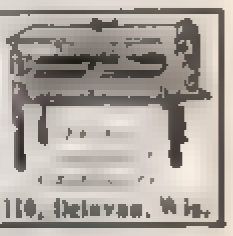

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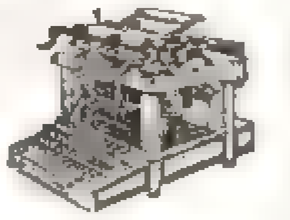

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"All the Wheat that's fit to eat"

Education of the Grindleys

(Continued from Page 7)

under the tutelage of Helvetia Appleyard. His earnestness, his enthusiasm, it quite touched the heart of Helvetia Appleyard. There were many points, it is true, that puzzled Grindley Junior. Each time the list of them grew longer. But when Helvetia Appleyard explained them all became clear. She marveled herself at her own wisdom, that in a moment made darkness luminous to this young man; his rapt attention while she talked, it was most encouraging. The boy must surely be a genius. To think that but for her intuition he might have remained wasted in a grocer's shop! To rescue such a gem from oblivion, to polish it, was surely the duty of a conscientious Hypatia. Two visits—three visits—a week to the little shop in Rolls' Court were quite inadequate, so many passages there were that required elucidation. London in early morning became their classroom: the great, wide, empty, silent streets; the mist-curtained parks, the silence broken only by the blackbirds' amorous whistle, the thrushes' invitation to delight; the old gardens, hidden behind narrow ways. Nathaniel George and Janet Helvetia would rest upon a seat, no living creature within sight save, perhaps, a passing policeman or some dissipated cat. Janet Helvetia would expound. Nathaniel George, his fine eyes fixed on hers, seemed never to tire of drinking in her wisdom.

One Sunday morning in late autumn they walked and talked in the shady garden of Lincoln's Inn. Greek they thought it was they had been talking; as a matter of fact, a much older language. A young gardener was watering flowers, and as they passed him he grinned. It was not an offensive grin, rather a sympathetic grin; but Miss Appleyard did not like being grinned at. What was there to grin at? Her personal appearance? Some gaucherie in her dress? Impossible. No lady in all St. Dunstan was ever more precise. She glanced at her companion: a clean-looking, well-groomed, well-dressed youth. Suddenly it occurred to Miss Appleyard that she and Grindley Junior were holding each other's hands. Miss Appleyard was justly indignant.

"How dare you!" said Miss Appleyard. "I am exceedingly angry with you. How dare you!"

The olive skin was scarlet. There were tears in the hazel eyes.

"Leave me this minute!" commanded Miss Appleyard.

Instead of which Grindley Junior seized both her hands.

"I love you! I adore you! I worship you!" poured forth young Grindley, forgetful of all Miss Appleyard had ever told him concerning the folly of tautology.

"You had no right," said Miss Appleyard.

"I couldn't help it," pleaded young Grindley. "And that isn't the worst."

Miss Appleyard paled visibly. For a grocer's assistant to dare to fall in love with her, especially after all the trouble she had taken with him! What could be worse?

"I'm not a grocer," continued young Grindley, deeply conscious of crime—"I mean, not a real grocer."

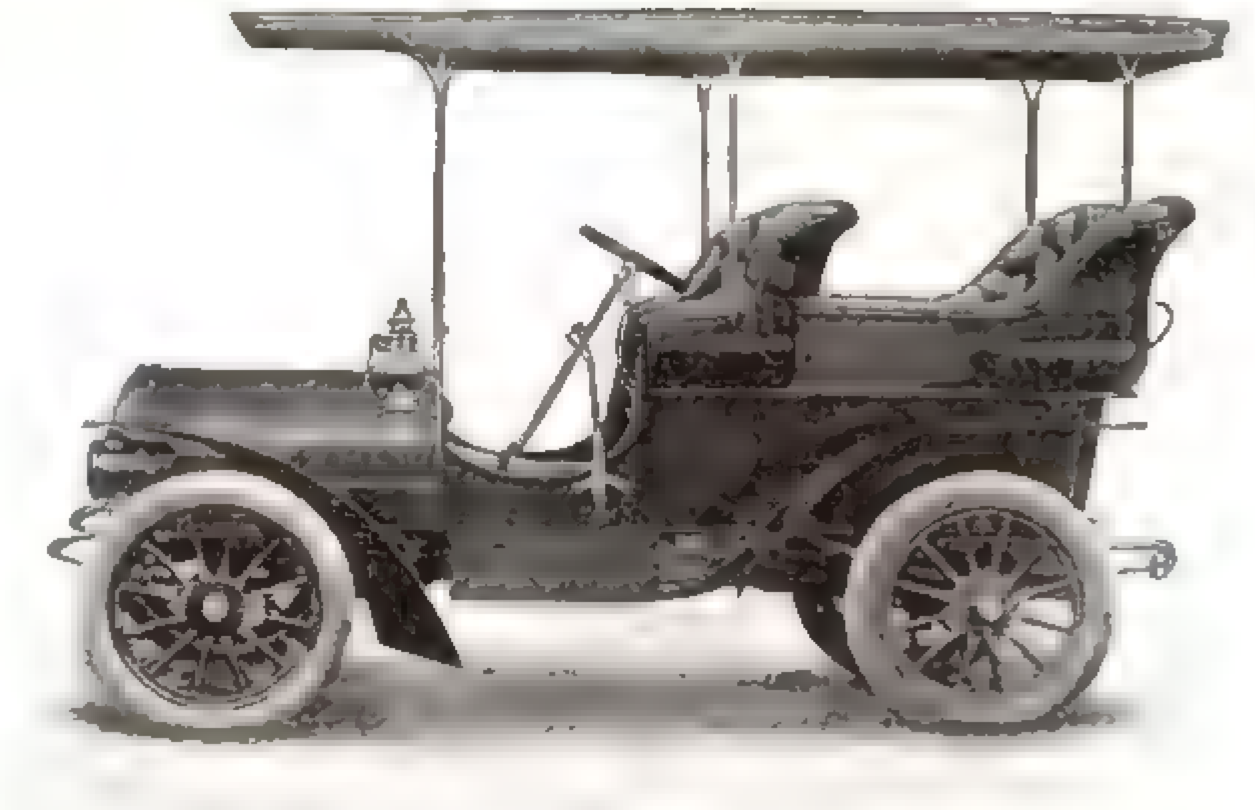
And Grindley Junior then and there made a clean breast of the whole sad, terrible tale of shameless deceit practiced by the greatest villain the world had ever produced upon the noblest and most beautiful maiden that ever turned grim London Town into a Fairy City of Enchanted Ways.

Not at first could Miss Appleyard entirely grasp it, not till hours later when she sat alone in her own room, where fortunately for himself Grindley Junior was not, did the whole force and meaning of the thing come home to her. It was a large room, taking up quite half of the top story of the big Georgian house in Nevill's Court, but even as it was Miss Appleyard felt cramped.

"For a year—for nearly a whole year," said Miss Appleyard, addressing the bust of William Shakespeare, "have I been slaving my life out teaching him elementary Latin and the first five books of Euclid!"

As it has been remarked, it was fortunate for Grindley Junior he was out of reach. The bust of William Shakespeare maintained its irritating aspect of benign philosophy.

"I suppose I should," mused Miss Appleyard, "if he had told me at first—as he ought to have told me—of course I should naturally have had nothing more to do with him. I suppose," mused Miss Appleyard,



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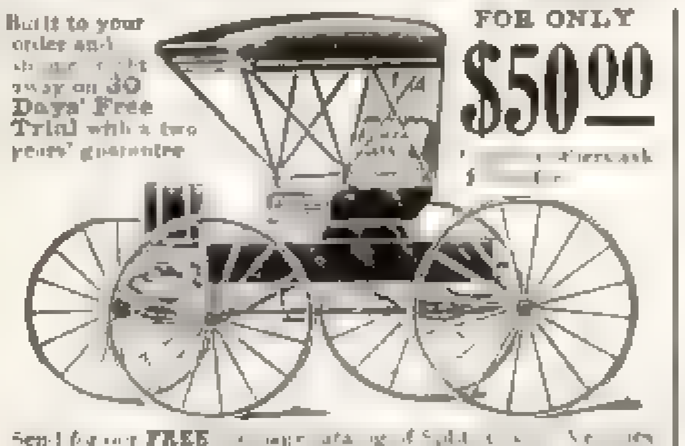

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"a man in love, if he is really in love, doesn't quite know what he's doing. I suppose one ought to make allowances. But, oh, when I think of it——"

And then Grindley Junior's guardian angel must surely have slipped into the room, for Miss Appleyard, irritated beyond endurance at the philosophical indifference of the bust of William Shakespeare, turned away from it, and as she did so caught sight of herself in the looking-glass. Miss Appleyard approached the glass a little nearer. A woman's hair is never quite as it should be. Miss Appleyard, standing before the glass, began, she knew not why, to find reasons excusing Grindley Junior. After all, was not forgiveness an excellent thing in woman? None of us are quite perfect. The guardian angel of Grindley Junior seized the opportunity.

That evening Solomon Appleyard sat upright in his chair, feeling confused. So far as he could understand it, a certain young man, a grocer's assistant, but not a grocer's assistant—but that, of course, was not his fault, his father being an old brute—had behaved most abominably, but not, on reflection, as badly as he might have done, and had acted on the whole very honorably, taking into consideration the fact that one supposed he could hardly help it. Helvetia was, of course, very indignant with him, but on the other hand, did not quite see what else she could have done, she being not at all sure whether she really cared for him or whether she didn't; that everything had been quite proper and would not have happened if she had known it; that everything was her fault, except most things, which weren't; but that of the two she blamed herself entirely, seeing that she could not have guessed anything of the kind. And did he, Solomon Appleyard, think that she ought to be very angry and never marry anybody else, or was she justified in overlooking it and engaging herself to the only man she felt she could ever love?

"You mustn't think, dad, that I meant to deceive you. I should have told you at the beginning, you know I would, if it hadn't all happened so suddenly."

"Let me see," said Solomon Appleyard, "did you tell me his name, or didn't you?"

"Nathaniel," said Miss Appleyard. "Didn't I mention it?"

"Don't happen to know his surname, do you?" inquired her father.

"Grindley," explained Miss Appleyard, "the son of Grindley, the sauce man."

Miss Appleyard experienced one of the surprises of her life. Never before to her recollection had her father thwarted a single wish of her life. A widower for the last twelve years, his chief delight had been to humor her. His voice, as he passionately swore that never with his consent should his daughter marry the son of Hezekiah Grindley, sounded strange to her. Pleadings, even tears, for the first time in her life, proved fruitless.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! That Grindley Junior should defy his own parent, risk possibly the loss of his inheritance, had seemed to both a not improper proceeding. When Nathaniel George had said with fine enthusiasm: "Let him keep his money if he will, I'll make my own way; there isn't enough money in the world to pay for losing you!" Janet Helvetia, though she had expressed disapproval of such unfilial attitude, had in secret sympathized. But for her to disregard the wishes of her own doting father was not to be thought of. What was to be done?

Perhaps one Peter Hope, residing in Gough Square, hard by, might help young folks in sore dilemma with wise counsel. Peter Hope, editor and part proprietor of "Good Humor, one penny weekly," was much esteemed by Solomon Appleyard, printer of the aforesaid paper.

Peter Hope sat at his desk facing Miss Appleyard. Grindley Junior sat on the cushioned seat beneath the middle window. Good Humor's sub-editor stood before the fire, her hands behind her back.

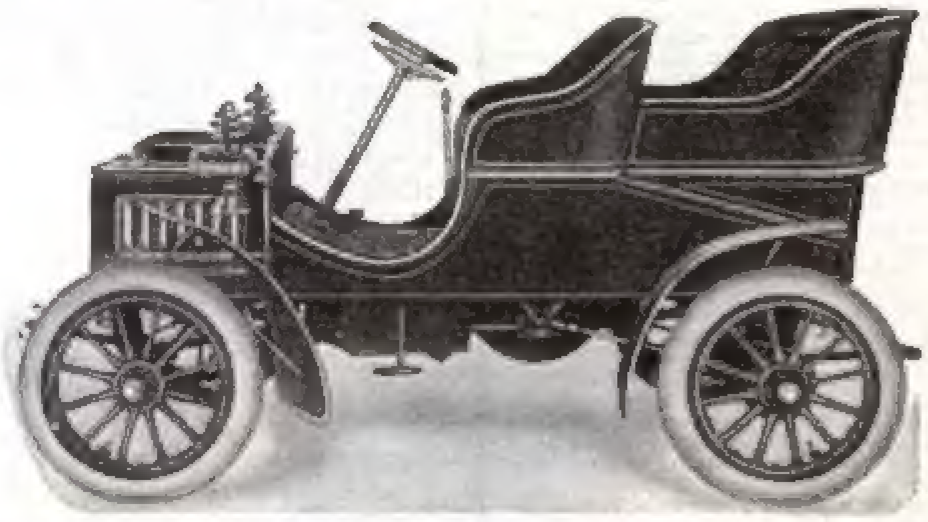
The case appeared to Peter Hope to be one of exceeding difficulty.

"Of course," explained Miss Appleyard, "I shall never marry without my father's consent."

Peter Hope thought the resolution most proper.

"On the other hand," continued Miss Appleyard, "nothing shall induce me to marry a man I do not love." Miss Appleyard thought the probabilities were that she would end by becoming a female missionary.

"I shall go straight to the governor," explained Grindley Junior, "and tell him that I consider myself engaged for life to Miss Appleyard. I know what will happen—I



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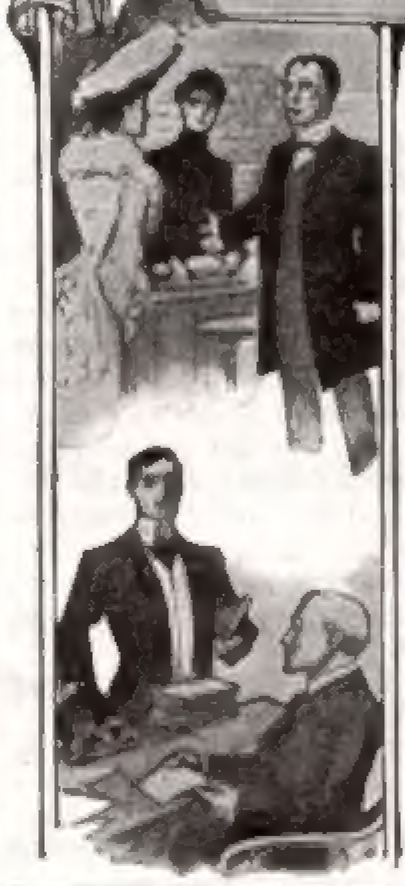

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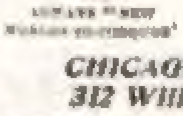

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know the sort of idea he has got into his head. He will disown me, and I shall go off to Africa."

Peter Hope had a suspicion that Grindley Junior had for the moment parted company with that sweet reasonableness that otherwise, so Peter Hope felt sure, was Grindley Junior's guiding star.

"I mean it, sir," reasserted Grindley Junior.

"It seems to me——" said the sub-editor.

"Now, Tommy — I mean Jane," warned Peter Hope. He always called her Jane in company, unless he was excited. "I know what you are going to say. I won't have it."

"I was only going to say——" urged the sub-editor in tone of one suffering injustice.

"I quite know what you were going to say," retorted Peter hotly. "I can see it by your chin. You are going to take their part and suggest their acting undutifully toward their parents."

"I wasn't," returned the sub-editor. "I was only going to say——"

"You were," persisted Peter. "I ought not to have allowed you to be present. I might have known you would interfere."

"That we are in want of some help in the office. You know we are. And that if Mr. Grindley will be content with a small salary——"

"Small salary be hanged!" snarled Peter. "There would be no need for his going to Africa."

"And how would that help us?" demanded Peter. "Even if the boy were so — so headstrong, so unfilial as to defy his father, who has worked for him all these years, how would that remove the obstacle of Mr. Appleyard's refusal?"

"Why, don't you see——" explained the sub-editor.

"No, I don't," snapped Peter.

"If, on his declaring to his father that nothing will ever induce him to marry any other woman but Miss Appleyard, his father disowns him, as he thinks it likely——"

"A dead cert!" was Grindley Junior's conviction.

"Very well; he is no longer old Grindley's son, and what possible objection can Mr. Appleyard have to him then?"

Peter Hope arose and expounded at length and in suitable language the folly and uselessness of the scheme. But what chance had ever the wisdom of Age against the enthusiasm of Youth reaching for its object? Poor Peter, expostulating, was swept into the conspiracy. Grindley Junior the next morning stood before his father in the private office in High Holborn.

"I am sorry, sir," said Grindley Junior, "if I have proved a disappointment to you."

"Keep your sympathy till you are asked for it," said Grindley Senior.

"I hope we part friends, sir," said Grindley Junior, holding out his hand.

"Why do you hate me?" asked Grindley Senior. "I have thought of nothing but you these five-and-twenty years."

"I don't, sir," answered Grindley Junior. "I can't say I love you. It did not seem to me you — you wanted it. But I like you, sir, and I respect you. And — and I'm sorry to have to hurt you, sir."

"And you are determined to give up all your prospects, all the money, for the sake of this — this girl?"

"It doesn't seem like giving up anything, sir," replied Grindley Junior simply.

"It isn't so much as I thought it was going to be," said the old man after a pause. "Perhaps it is for the best. I might have been more obstinate if things had been going all right. The Lord has chastened me."

"Isn't the business doing well, dad?" asked the young man, with sorrow in his voice.

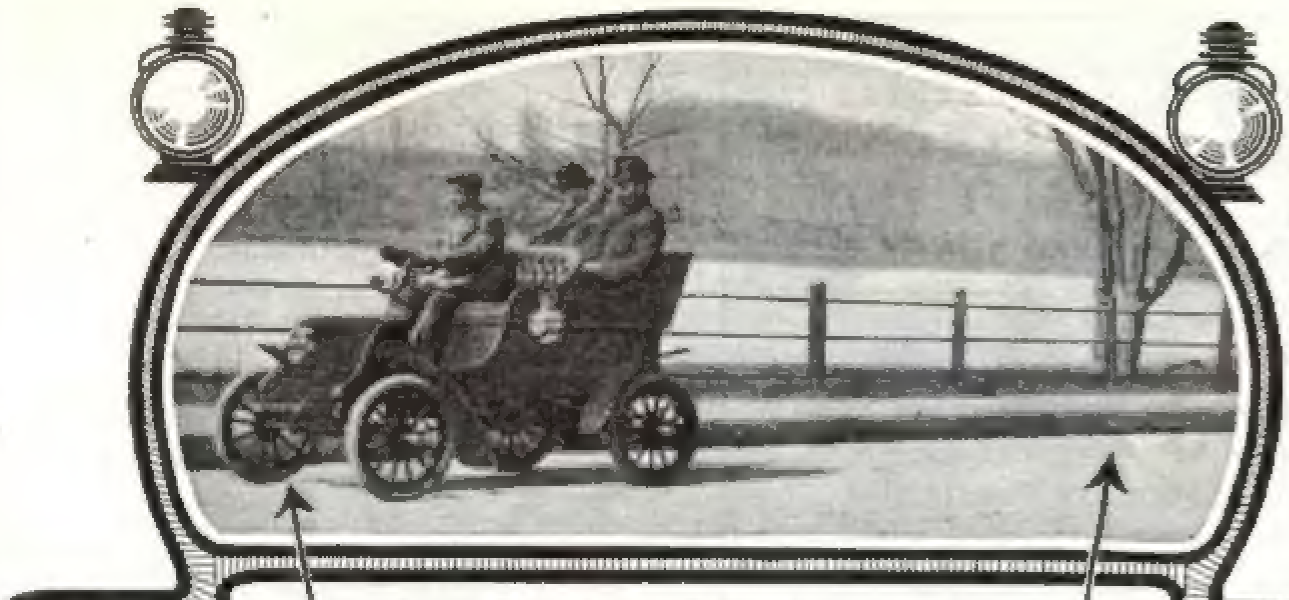
"What's it got to do with you?" snapped his father. "You've cut yourself adrift from it. You leave me now I am going down."

Grindley Junior not knowing what to say put his arms round the little old man.

And in this way Tommy's brilliant scheme fell through and came to naught. Instead, old Grindley visited once again the big house in Nevill's Court and remained long closeted with old Solomon in the office on the second floor. It was late in the evening when Solomon opened the door and called upstairs to Janet Helvetia to come down.

"I used to know you long ago," said Hezekiah Grindley, rising. "You were quite a little girl then."

Later, the troublesome sauce disappeared entirely, cut out by newer flavors. Grindley Junior studied the printing business and eventually became printer and publisher of Good Humor.



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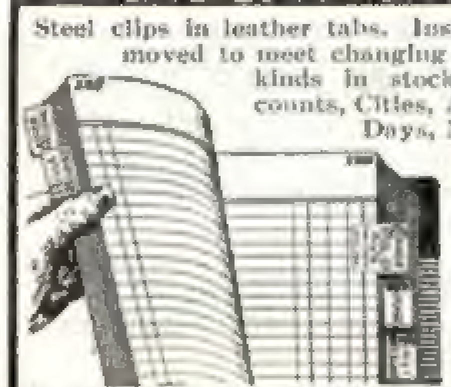

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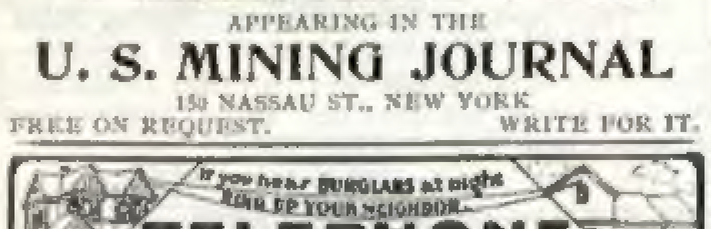
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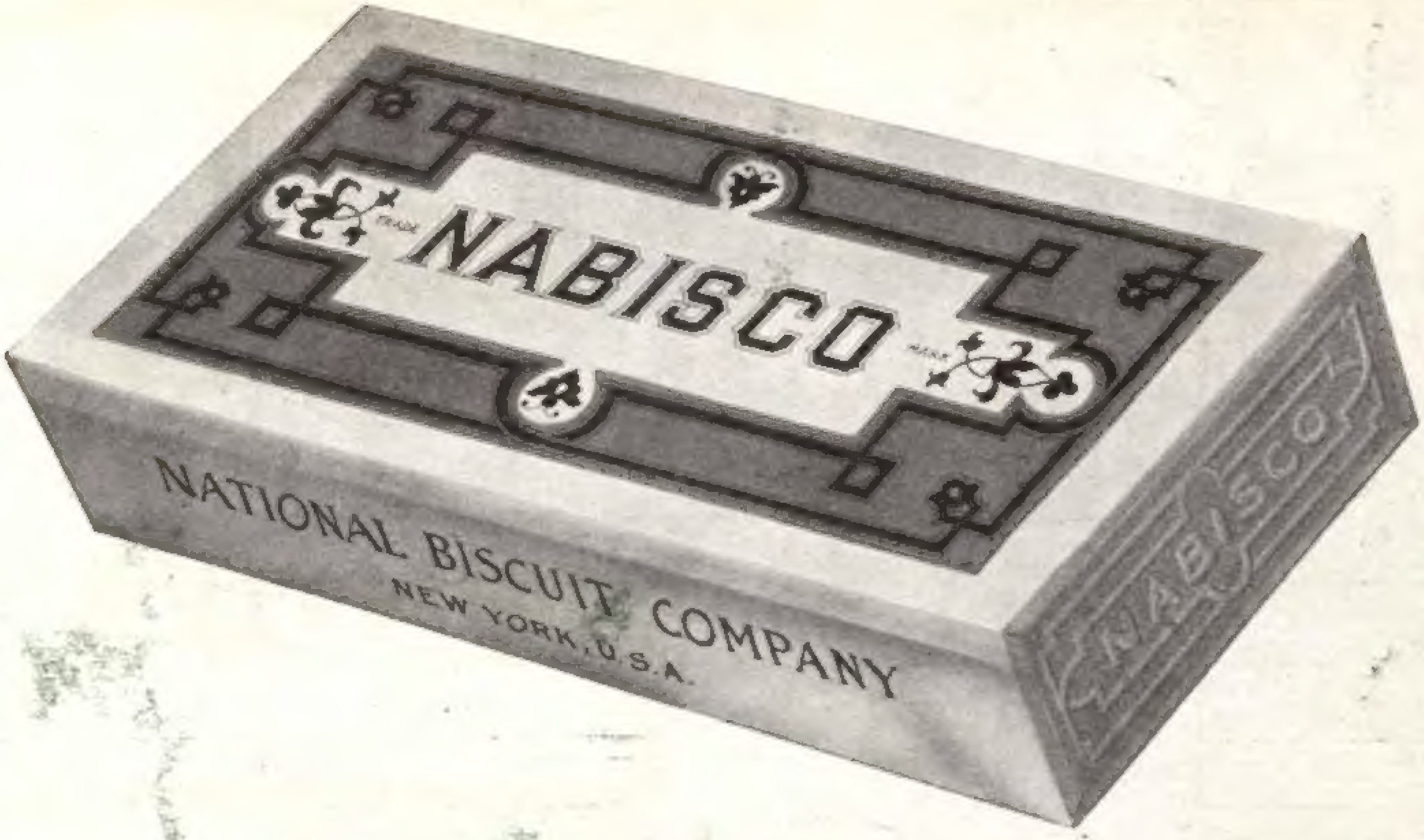

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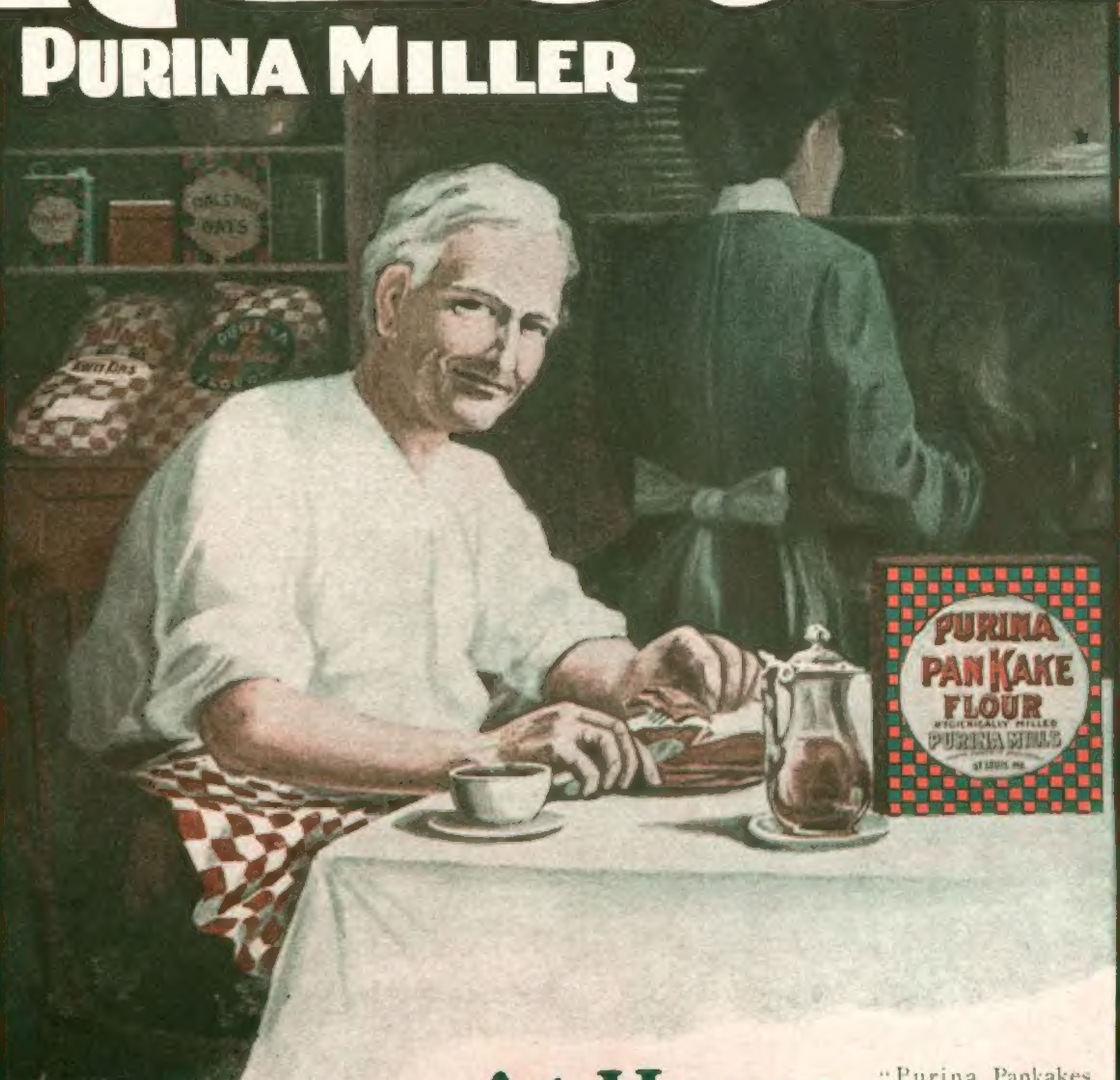

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